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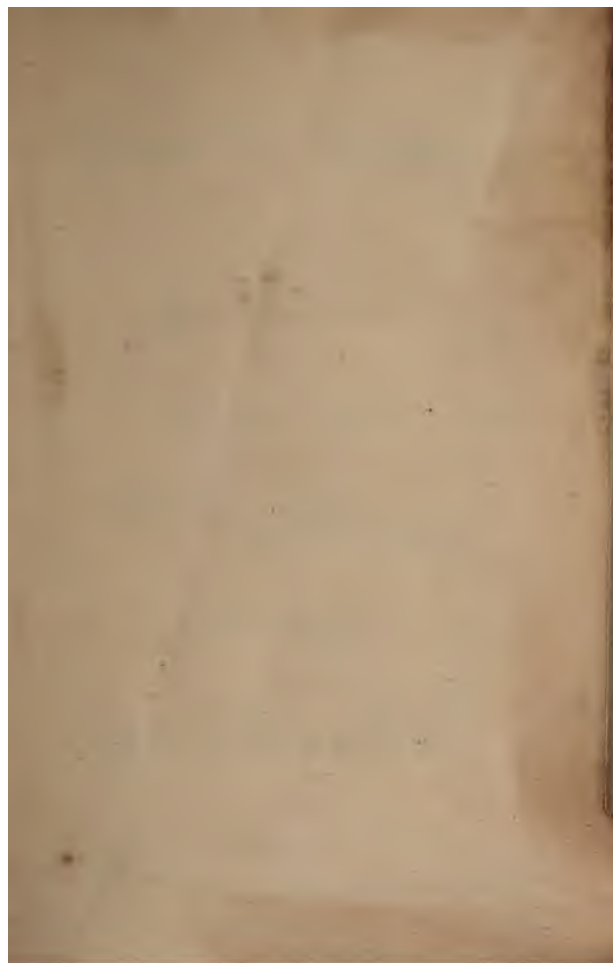


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A
HISTORY OF SHIPWRECKS,
AND
DISASTERS AT SEA,
FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

"The wreck, the shores, the dying, and the drown'd."

FALCONER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

—
VOL. II.



THE ATLANTIC AND SOUTHERN SEAS.

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SHIPWRECKS

AND

DISASTERS AT SEA.

CHAPTER I.

The Shipwreck of the *Toby* of London on the Barbary coast, 1593—
Destruction of the *New Horn* by fire, 1618.

THE following shipwreck is principally remarkable for having been recorded by Hakluyt, and for the information it affords relative to Marocco. The *Toby* was the property of Richard Staper of London, and was in burthen two hundred and fifty tons, having a crew of fifty men. She was laden with merchandise valued at twelve thousand pounds, and was bound to Leghorn, Patras, and Zante. She sailed from Blackwall on the sixteenth of August, 1593. She then touched at Portsmouth, where a quantity of wheat was taken on board, and finally left Stoke's Bay in the Isle of Wight on the sixth of October, having a fair wind.

On the sixteenth of October, the *Toby* was off Cape *St. Vincent*, and the next day in the morning the crew saw a sail lying to a-head, to which chase was given. The stranger proved to be a Spaniard, and

sailed so well that they were at last obliged to give over the chase. Two days after they got in sight of Mount Chiego, the first high land which is seen on the coast of Spain at the entrance of the Straits of Gibraltar. There they had bad weather for two days, and were obliged to keep off shore. The master was a young seaman who knew nothing of those seas, and was exceedingly elated at his command, so that he would take no advice, but was obstinately bent to follow his own opinion. After two days of squally weather, they bore up the Straits, the wind having become fair.

On the nineteenth of the month, the master, estimating the land to be at a greater distance than it really was, kept up his sails all night, and about an hour and a half before day broke, the vessel ran ashore upon the Barbary coast, outside the Straits, and about five leagues southward of Cape Espartel. The crew were all astounded. The master said it was his own fault, and begged the pardon of all on board. The seamen inquired if they should cut away the mainmast. The master said "No, hoist out the boat." One of the crew then came up, and reported the ship to be full of water. The master then desired the mast might be cut away, which was done instantly. The after part of the vessel at the same moment divided, so that there was no place of refuge but the foremast and shrouds, upon both which the crew got and remained for some time. Their fate, however, seemed inevitable, as they could not *make a raft, which they had determined to do at first,*

so they all began to sing the twelfth psalm of Sternhold and Hopkins, and to prepare for their end. Before they had got through four verses, the foremast gave way, and thirty-eight of the crew were precipitated into the waves, and perished. Twelve, by swimming upon chests and pieces of the wreck, contrived to reach the shore, which was only a quarter of a mile from the vessel. Not one of the officers but the carpenter was saved.

On reaching the land in safety they were in great distress. They returned thanks to heaven for their escape, and then consulted with each other on the proper course to be pursued. They travelled all day in every direction until night came on, but they could find no inhabitants. They saw traces of wild animals, and the ruins of houses which had been destroyed by the Portuguese. At night they met with a grove of olive trees, into which they climbed, that they might escape the wild beasts, of which they there saw many. The next day they journeyed till three o'clock in the afternoon, having had nothing to eat or drink except roots of the wild date and water. Going over a mountain they saw Cape Espartel. By this they knew better how to direct their course, and they proceeded onwards until they came to a sort of fence made with long canes. Within they saw a body of horse and foot skirmishing, not less in number than five thousand. They gave themselves up to these strangers, who came towards them with their javelins as if intending their destruction. They only struck with the flat of *their weapons*, saying the sailors were Spaniards.

The sailors denied this, and told them they were Englishmen. The Moorish commander, who appeared to be about fifty-six years of age, inquired through his interpreter, who spoke Italian, whence they came. Henmore, one of the seamen who understood that tongue, replied they were merchants shipwrecked upon the coast. The Moors then stripped them to their shirts, and plundered them of what they had about them of value. Then giving back a portion of their dress, they supplied them with some bread and water.

The next day they were marched back to the place of their shipwreck, sixteen miles. On the way, they were treated as slaves, made to carry the Moors' baggage, and beat if they did not keep pace with their new masters. When they were asked why they treated them so, they were told that they were prisoners. The Englishmen said they were friends, and that no Englishmen were detained prisoners in Marocco. When they came to the sea-side, they remained there seven days. The Moors took all they could get from the wreck, and divided it among themselves. At the end of a week, twenty armed men were sent to escort the Englishmen up the country. The first day they reached a river, called by the Moors Alarach, where they slept all night on the ground. The next day they crossed the river in a galley with nine oars of a side; the breadth was a quarter of a mile; the same day they reached a town called Totteon (perhaps Tetuan) consisting of about thirty houses. They *remained in that town* four days, and were fed only

upon bread and water. They travelled from thence to a town called Cassuri. At this place they were delivered over by their conductors to the Alcaide, who examined them, and when he heard their story, spoke very favourably to them, sending them to lodge at the house of a Jew, where they remained seven days.

While they were lodging with this Jew, twenty Frenchmen and twenty Spaniards were brought to the town. The latter had been taken in a skirmish. The Frenchmen were shipwrecked near Cape de Gata and made prisoners. Thus in a week the number of prisoners was augmented to forty-four. They were all marched together, having for an escort nine hundred Moorish horse and foot soldiers. In two days march they reached Fez, and remained all night, having tents in which they slept. The next day they came to Sallee, and slept in tents without the town. After leaving Sallee, they travelled nearly a hundred miles without seeing a town; they always stopped at night near fresh water, either running, or rain preserved in a reservoir. At last they pitched their tents three miles from Marocco. There they met with a carrier who travelled in the service of the English merchants. By him they sent word of their situation to their countrymen in Marocco.

The next day a Moor was sent to the seamen with provisions, which were very acceptable, they being weak and hungry; pen, ink, and paper were also sent, that they might write an account of their ship, what she was, and how many of the crew were alive. The next day was a court-day, and the English mer-

chants were anxious their countrymen should not be led into Marocco like captives, with ropes about their necks. For all that could be done, they were thus conducted into the city along with the French and Spaniards, and carried before the emperor, who sent them to prison, where they lay for fifteen days ; at the termination of which period, they were set free by the English merchants, at an expense of seven hundred ounces, or about seventy pounds sterling.

When they left the prison, they proceeded to Alfandica, where they remained eight weeks with the merchants, at whose expense they were clothed, and sent a journey of eight days to Sta. Cruz, where some English ships then lay. Two of them embarked for London on the twentieth of March ; five more a few days after in the Expedition, one in the Mary Edward of London, and two in a Flemish fly-boat. Two of the crew who were saved from the ship died in the country, one named Hancock, at Marocco, in the prison, and one at Sta. Cruz, Robert Swancon, from eating roots and unwholesome things to satisfy his appetite on the road thither. Of fifty persons who composed the crew of the Toby, ten only survived, in a bad state of health, feeble and meagre. Their names are handed down by Hakluyt as William Williams, carpenter ; Richard Johnson, John Durham, Abraham Rouse, John Mathews, Thomas Henmore, John Sylvester, Thomas Whiting, William Church, and John Fox.

The loss of the New Horn, a Dutch vessel of one

thousand one hundred tons, commanded by Ysbrantz Bontekoe, which sailed from the Texel with a crew of two hundred and six men, on the twenty-eighth of December, 1618, is, on many accounts, a most interesting narrative. The ship passed Portsmouth, and Plymouth the next day, with a fair wind, on the thirtieth of the beforementioned month. On new year's day they parted from the English coast. A gale of wind on the fourth obliged them to lower their topmasts, and in the night to reduce all sail and drive before the storm. They shipped three heavy seas, and a vast quantity of water got below into the hold. The storm continued several days, and the mainmast was carried away. They secured the rigging as well as they were able, until the gale abated.

Their course was now directed for the Scilly Islands, and a ship called the New Zealand hove in sight astern bound to the East Indies. She had sustained no injury from the storm, and they endeavoured to keep company with each other, though the New Horn could scarcely hoist sufficient sail. Another vessel then came in sight, bound for India, and kept company until they came off the Canaries. They anchored at Fogo, and sent a boat towards the shore, but the Spaniards fired a shot at it, so that, not being allowed to land, they weighed anchor and stood out to sea. While at anchor near this island, a cloud of dust like white ashes came off from the shore and fell upon the vessel; it was so fine, and stuck so close, that it was difficult to remove. These ashes were probably the eruption of some distant volcano.

The two other vessels again fell in with the New Horn, and informed the master that the Spaniards had refused them refreshments, and obliged them to retire with the loss of two men. They experienced calms under the line, with showers and baffling winds that shifted to every quarter of the compass. They were detained by these nearly three weeks in trying to get to the southward. Though the days were calm, the sea was observed to be agitated at night, and the waves seemed to be on fire. At last they stood towards the islands of Tristan d'Acunha, but passed them, and were then obliged to try and make the Cape of Good Hope. They soon saw some sea-fowl with black spots, a sign of being near the Cape. They caught several of them by means of a trap to which a bell was attached. Not readily making the Cape, they resolved to pass it by, having plenty of provisions and a crew in good health. The ship had been at sea five months, and had now parted from the two vessels which had sailed in company from the Canaries, they being bound to different ports.

Subsequent to the foregoing separation, when in 23° south latitude, the vessel began to get sickly. No less than forty men were confined to their hammocks, and others were sickening. It was resolved in consequence to steer for St. Losie bay in the island of Madagascar. On arriving, they were unsuccessful in getting ashore from the surf, and hoisting sail they bore away again from the island, to the great disappointment of the sick. At their supplications the captain attempted to make the Mauritius

or Mascarenhas. They quickly came in sight of the eastern coast of the latter island, and anchored in forty fathoms of water near the shore. The sick, finding that the long-boat had been despatched to the island and returned with a quantity of turtle, requested to be sent ashore that they might be restored by the well known goodness of the air. The supercargo would not agree to it, as the sea was rough. They persisted in their entreaties, and the supercargo still refusing to agree, the captain took the consequences upon himself. They were supplied with a tent and other necessities, but a better anchoring-place being found further off, they were re-embarked and again re-landed. When the boat reached the shore, the sick rolled in the grass, and declared they felt they were better at once. No stronger instance can be given of the influence of land and vegetation upon men ill of the sea-scurvy.

A number of blue pigeons were found on this island, so tame that they were caught by the hand, and two hundred were killed and roasted the first day. Other fowls were in plenty. On taking a parrot or bird of a similar species, it cried, and drew by its cries numerous other birds around to defend it, when they too were caught. Turtles were so plentiful, that twenty-five were found under one tree, and men were sent on shore from the ship to obtain fresh provisions. A fishing party succeeded in catching a species of fish, some of which were as large as salmon. The water casks were filled at a fresh-water river, the banks of which were covered with trees almost in

regular order, so that nothing could be more beautiful. A plank was found near, with an inscription which stated that Captain Adrian Mauts Block had been there with thirteen vessels, and that, sending the boats on shore, they were overwhelmed by the surf and the crews drowned. The island was uninhabited. So plentiful were the fish, that the sailors took off their shirts and used them as nets to catch large and excellent eels. The turtles were seen in the mornings to come out of the sea, scrape a hole in the sand and deposit their eggs, leaving them to be hatched by the sun. The young were observed crawling along the sand after they came out of their holes, not larger than nuts. The palm trees furnished an agreeable liquor. In such a spot, all the sick, except seven, recovered and returned to the vessel. These seven were left until the ship was ready to sail. The vessel was now aired, and fumigated with vinegar. Here the first pilot lost an eye by the bursting of his gun when firing at some birds. His name was John Peter.

Everything being ready for sea again, the sick being on board, the vessel bore away for the island of Mauritius, but getting too far to windward, they were unable to fall in with it. The voyage to Bantam or Batavia being long from the latitude in which they now were, it was resolved to touch at St. Mary's island, opposite the bay of Antorgil in the island of Madagascar. When they came in sight of the island, they stood to the westward, coasting along the shore in six and eight fathoms of water. The water was so

clear that the bottom was distinctly seen at that depth. The natives of the island soon observed the vessel, and came off in canoes, bringing live stock and fruit of all kinds. A traffic was established with them, for the articles of which the ship stood in need. These supplies falling short, the captain went in the long-boat to Madagascar in search of more, but finding neither man, beast, nor fruit, he returned to St. Mary's island and carried all the provisions on board which they had collected there. The crew were restored to perfect health. One of them playing the violin caused much amusement to the natives who surrounded him, making every kind of antic at the sound. These natives are said to have had no knowledge of a Deity, and on attempting to instruct them in the idea, it was seen there was no likelihood of succeeding. The crew heeled the vessel, cleaned her, and then stood from St. Mary's for the straits of Sunda.

They reached the straits on the seventeenth of November, being about $50^{\circ} 30'$ south of the line. On a sudden, the cry of "fire" was heard from below, and the captain found the steward pouring water into a cask in which he said the fire was. The steward had gone down with a candle to fill his keg with brandy, that he might serve out a glass to each man in the morning, according to custom. He had suffered a spark to fall into the bung-hole of the cask. The water poured in seemed to have suppressed the flame, and it was thought to be extinguished. This was unfortunately not correct. The flames revived, and

both ends of the cask were blown out. The spirit all in a blaze, reaching a heap of coals which lay under the cask, set them on fire also. The crew made every exertion to get the fire under, but there were unfortunately four tier of casks, one above another. The sulphurous smoke from the coals almost suffocated those who were in the hold labouring to put out the conflagration, and they could scarcely find the hatchways to regain the fresh air. It was now proposed to throw the powder overboard, but the supercargo would not give his consent. He alleged that the fire might be got under, and that the powder alone would enable them to defend the ship in case of hostile attack. The powder, therefore, was suffered to remain. The fire every moment augmented. It was soon impossible to remain in the hold. The decks were scuttled, that the water might rush in as quickly as possible, but all appeared to be useless for the salvation of the vessel.

The launch was astern, and the cutter was also lowered. There was nothing in the ship to be seen but flame, and out of her only the sea and sky. The crew began to feel great terror. It speedily seized most of them, so that they deserted their posts, slipping covertly to the outside of the vessel and concealing themselves by the chain wales, until they dropped into the sea and swam to one or other of the boats, where they endeavoured to lie unobserved. The supercargo saw them from the galley, and they saw *him*. *They told him that they were going to cast off from the ship, and requested him to lose no time i*

saving himself, and, if he wished to accompany them, to descend the stern ladder. He went down to them, but endeavoured to persuade them to wait for the captain and allow him to be called; this they refused, cast off the painter, and pulled away from the burning ship. The captain was, during all this time, endeavouring to get the fire out. A seaman came to him with tears in his eyes, and said, "The launch and the cutter have deserted us, what can we do?" The captain replied, "If they are gone, it is not to return again," and he then ran upon deck. There, seeing that the boats were indeed gone away, he set all sail upon the ship to run them down, but when only three ship lengths from them, they got the weather gage and made their escape.

The captain now renewed his efforts to get the fire under. He told the crew that as, under God, there was no hope but in their own exertions, they had better persevere steadily for that object. He ordered the powder to be thrown overboard, and they endeavoured to obey him. The fire was at the bottom of the hold, and it was difficult to reach it on account of the things which lay in the way. The water, it was resolved, should be let in through the ship's side, and the carpenters set about boring the necessary holes. Quantities of water were poured down the hatchways, and the utmost efforts were made, in the midst of groans and lamentations. A quantity of oil which *was on board now took fire, and the flames became more and more ungovernable.*

The situation of those who were in the burning

ship was now become the most terrible that can be conceived. The greater the exertion that was made to subdue the flames, the more furiously they seemed to rage. Consternation was on every face. The boldest were appalled. Exclamations of terror burst from the unhappy crew, spreading from one to another like the fire that was beneath them. There was no escape, and death appeared more and more inevitable; as the moment of destruction approached, their exertions and courage seemed to wither away together into apathy; indifference to their fate gradually destroyed the principle of self-preservation, when it was clear to the conviction of all that even hope had taken leave of them. The captain, Bontekoe, one of the survivors, was standing on the deck with sixty-five others close to the main hatchway, receiving the water in buckets. Sixty barrels of powder had been thrown overboard, but three hundred yet remained to follow. The fire reached them, the ship mounted into the air with one hundred and nineteen persons on board. In a moment not a human creature could be seen. The ocean was covered over a large circumference with the shattered pieces of the wreck.

The captain, Bontekoe, who left a narrative of the circumstances, says:—"Although stunned by the explosion, sensation did not entirely forsake me, and perhaps some slender remnant of life and resolution *still lurked in my heart*. Thus, on falling back into *the water, near the wreck of the ship now in more than a thousand pieces, I took a little breath, and*

looking around me, saw the mainmast, and then the foremast, floating close by my side. I gained the former, uttering exclamations of regret; and, occupied by reflections which my situation excited, I observed a young man rise from the water, who swam to part of the vessel, crying out, 'I have got it!' 'My God,' said I to myself, 'does any one survive?' A yard was drifting towards him, and the mast which I had seized not being steady enough, I cried out to him to push the yard a little nearer me, that I might secure myself on it and then join him, though two wounds on the head, and bruises over all my back, almost precluded me from moving; so that recommending myself to heaven, I thought a little longer time would terminate my existence. Thus my companion and myself being seated together, each holding a plank in his hand, part of the wreck of the fore-castle, he raised himself, trying to discover the long-boat. He saw her indeed, but at such a distance, that he was unable to discern whether the head or stern was foremost. At this period the sun went down, to our great affliction, for we were destitute of all prospect of succour, and our only consolation lay in invoking the mercy of God to relieve our distress. After doing so with all humility, we were agreeably surprised with the sight of both the launch and cutter, which met beside us. I cried to the people to save their captain, which they answered with demonstrations of wonder, asking if he was still in life. On my assuring them of the truth, the young man leapt boldly into the water and swam to the boat.

but, incapable of following his example, from the wounds I had received, I exclaimed, if they meant to save me, they must approach nearer. The trumpeter then threw out a rope, which I fastened about my body, and being drawn towards them, was taken into the boat. Formerly I had made a small place in the stern of this same boat, where two men could easily lie, and now went there to repose, thinking myself about to expire. Heyn Rol, the supercargo, and the rest, soon came to see me, when I told them that we ought to remain near the wreck during the night, in hopes of saving provisions, and try whether we might not by chance recover some of the compasses, for they had abandoned the vessel with such precipitation, as not only to leave all instruments behind them, but also every kind of provision. I now learned that the pilot had removed the compass from the binnacle; a sure proof that he anticipated the destruction of the ship.

“Whilst lying in the little recess in the boat, Heyn Rol, the supercargo, set the men to the oars, and made them row all night, as if there had been a prospect of finding land: but morning came, and they saw no appearance of it, which affected them grievously, or having left the wreck. Thus coming to ask my advice, I said they should have done as I had directed, for had we remained by the wreck, we should have saved plenty of provisions, as both meat and cheese were *driving about in such quantities among our legs, that we could scarcely get free of them.* They entreated *me to come out, though for a short time; to which*

answered, that my present condition rendered it very difficult, but I should do so if they would assist me; therefore they carried me out. The first thing I did, was to ask how much provision they had: when they brought me one or two little casks, containing seven or eight pounds of biscuit, which was all they had saved. ‘Comrades,’ said I to them, ‘we must follow another plan; lay aside your oars, for your strength will soon be exhausted.’—‘What shall we do then?’ said they. ‘Take your shirts and make sails of them.’—‘But how can we do that?’ the people answered, ‘seeing we have neither needles nor thread.’ I directed them to untwist all the cordage they could find about the boat, and then to run it through the linen. Thus they took off their shirts and made sails out of them. But when I offered mine, they refused it, as essential to my own safety from my feeble state. Forty-six persons were in the launch, and twenty-six in the cutter, being seventy-two in the whole. A dressing-gown and a pillow had been thrown into the latter, which were brought me; I put on the night-gown, and rested my head on the pillow, on account of the two wounds I had received in it. Our surgeon was among those preserved, but having no medicines, he applied some chewed bread to my wounds, which, through God’s assistance, healed them.

“Occupied in making the sails, we drifted the whole day, and towards night they were ready. Hoisting them, we steered by the stars for a guide, though we could scarce observe their rising or setting. The

night proved excessively cold, and the following day extremely hot, from the sun being perpendicular above our heads. On the twenty-first of the month, and the two succeeding days, we made a kind of a cross-staff, by means of the cooper, who could draw a little, and had a pair of compasses; and we afterwards contrived to make a quadrant. I engraved a chart, as well as I could, of the island of Sumatra and that of Java, together with the straits of Sunda lying between them, on a plank in the stern of the boat. Having on the same day that our unfortunate vessel was destroyed made an observation, and found we were $5\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ south of the line, I pricked the chart, and calculated that our distance was now ninety leagues from land; I also constructed a compass, whereby we might steer with greater certainty. The seven or eight pounds of biscuit were now distributed by equal portions daily, of the size of a man's finger; but that slender stock could not last long among so many. We had nothing whatever to drink, and thence suffered thirst insupportable. Fortunately, however, the sky became overcast, and we spread the sails to receive the falling rain, that we might fill our casks to serve again in case of necessity. A cup was made of a shoe, and I caused the people to observe order in drinking, that is, whoever went to the cask to drink, should immediately return, leaving his place to another. They all besought me to drink as much as I chose, but I restricted myself to the same allowance that was given to the rest.

"The launch and cutter had set sail in company,

but the former being the better sailer of the two, the cutter could scarcely keep up with her. None of the people understanding navigation, they were apprehensive of losing their course, and earnestly entreated me to receive them into the launch : but those with me opposed it, observing that, although the launch was large, she could not contain so many, and all would infallibly perish ; they then cut the tow-rope. Great misery prevailed among us, we had no food whatever, and we were far from sight of land. However, I tried to encourage the men with assurances of being near the shore ; but they began to murmur, saying, ‘ Although the captain tells us we approach the land, it rather seems that we are receding farther from it.’ One day, when much distressed from hunger, it pleased God to send a flock of sea-fowl, flying close to us, as if on purpose to be taken ; and accordingly having caught some, we greedily devoured them raw, and as heartily as if they had been cooked. Yet we had not enough for a plentiful repast ; and there still being no appearance of land, our hopes died quite away. The people in the cutter, renewing their entreaties a second time, were received into the launch, for we thought that it was best we should all perish together. For better accommodation, as the launch was deep, a kind of deck was laid of the oars where part could sit, while others were below, and seventy-two souls were now crowded together, destitute of both meat and drink. While casting a melancholy gaze on each other, it happened, by the mercy of God, that a quantity of flying-fish rose from

the water, and some fell within our reach. These we divided among us and ate raw, which proved a salutary relief, and saved our lives. It was wonderful indeed, that no person died, for several had begun to drink salt water, notwithstanding my assuring them that they would derive no relief from it. Our misery daily increased, and the rage of hunger urging us to extremities, the people began to regard each other with ferocious looks.

“ Consulting among themselves, they secretly determined to devour the boys on board, and after their bodies were consumed, to throw lots who should next suffer death, that the lives of the rest might be preserved. I want words to express the sensations which this declaration excited in my breast; and when I saw some of my comrades ready to tear the boys piecemeal, I earnestly prayed God to divert their hearts from such cruelty; then approaching them, I said, ‘ My friends, I pledge myself that we are not far from land, for I know it by our instruments; let us put our trust in God, and he will send relief.’ But the people answered, that I had long amused them with such predictions, yet no land appeared; and then indulged in loud murmurs, plainly expressing, that, should we not get sight of land in three days, the boys should be sacrificed. Satisfied of their barbarous intentions, I redoubled my prayers to Heaven. I implored the Almighty, that he would preserve us from so horrible a crime, that our sufferings might *not be protracted* beyond endurance, and that *would guide us to a haven of safety.* We became

enfeebled that we could no longer stand upright. Heyn Rol was unable to rise, and though I could crawl from the stern to the head of the boat, encouraging the people, I myself stood in greatest need of consolation. In this way we steered in a manner at random until the second of December, the thirteenth day after the calamity that befel our vessel. The sky became overcast, and having spread the sails, we caught our two kegs full of rain water. All the people had given up their shirts for sails; and they were almost naked besides, from having left the vessel in such precipitation; therefore they crowded close together to increase their natural heat. At that time I was at the helm, always anxiously looking out for land; but feeling quite benumbed, I called the quarter-master to relieve me, while I crawled as well as I could to the others, thrusting myself among them to obtain a little heat. The quarter-master had not been an hour at the helm, when the weather became clear and serene, and he suddenly called out 'Land! land!' Universal joy was disseminated; our strength was renewed; we crept out from under the sails, and hoisting them, stood for the shore, which we reached the same day.

"Our first employment on landing was returning thanks to Heaven, in which I was not the least fervent, seeing we had now, on the last of the three days, been preserved from executing the cruel and barbarous resolution of devouring our own species. This land proved an island, where we found plenty of *cocoa-nuts*, but no fresh water, though industrious

sought. However, we drew off the milk from the freshest of the nuts, and ate the kernel of the old ones, though in too great quantity, as it brought on the fluxes. Next day we had recovered, and traversed all the island without seeing inhabitants. Laying in a store of cocoa-nuts, we sailed, and the following day came in sight of Sumatra, four or five leagues distant. So long as our nuts lasted, we coasted towards the east, and these being exhausted, it was necessary to seek some convenient place for debarkation, which the breaking of the surf opposed; but four or five of the seamen ventured to swim ashore. After traversing the beach some time, they discovered the mouth of a river, and made signs to us to come to them. We did so; and, finding a dangerous bar at its entrance, I asked the people whether they would run the risk of crossing it. All answered in the affirmative. Thus sending two men astern, one at each side with an oar, and myself being at the helm, we attempted the passage. The first breaker half filled the boat; but the men hastened to free her, some baling out the water with their hats, others with their shoes. The second wave almost completely overwhelmed us, and it required our utmost exertions to save ourselves, always standing right across the bar. Happily the third broke short of the boat, and we landed in safety.

"We now found fresh water, and beans growing among the grass; and, at some distance from the landing-place, some tobacco beside the remains of a fire. We were overjoyed at the sight, as it showed the island to be inhabited; and kindling five or six

fires, we went to sleep and smoke by turns. As darkness approached, sentinels were posted in different directions from the fires, lest the natives might attempt to surprise us. But during night we felt ourselves extremely ill, being attacked by severe colics from the vegetables we had eaten; and at this time, the natives, taking advantage of the darkness, secretly stole near, with the design of massacring us. Fortunately our sentinels descried their approach, else we might have been in great danger; for, independently of indisposition, all our arms were two hatchets and a rusty sword. Yet, although so slenderly provided, we resolved that our lives should not be cheaply sold, and, having little time for deliberation, I drew up my men, each with a firebrand in his hand, with myself at their head. All rushed against the natives, who, terrified at the formidable display, and not well knowing whether we were armed or otherwise, took to flight. We, therefore, returned to our fires, and remained undisturbed during the rest of the night. At break of day three natives were observed coming down to the beach, on which we sent three of our men who had formerly been in India, and understood something of the Malay tongue, towards them. Approaching our people, they learned who we were, and agreed to traffic with us: they then came to our main body, asking whether we had arms, which we took care to answer in the affirmative, adding, that we had a great quantity of warlike stores, in which respect our weakness could not be betrayed, for the

sails were spread over the launch, and prevented the from seeing what she contained.

“ Collecting about eight crowns among us, we purchased boiled rice and poultry from them, of which we made a comfortable repast. This finished, we endeavoured to discover the name of their country, but we could make nothing of their answer, except that they frequently expressed the word Sumatra. Pointing to leeward, as if toward the island of Java, they repeated the name of Jan Koen, signifying that he was governor, and truly they were right, for Jol Peter Koen was then general-in-chief. We were agreeably surprised by this intelligence; but provisions being scanty, I carried four men and our remaining money to a village, which was not far distant, in order to purchase a supply; and having done so, despatched them as expeditiously as possible to Heyn Rol, with instructions to make an equal distribution. In the village we were supplied with a pleasant kind of liquor extracted from trees, possessing an inebriating quality; and during a repast which we made on some fowls, the inhabitants of the village sat down beside us, gazing with astonishment, but saying nothing. I then purchased, and paid five crowns and a half for a buffalo, which proved so fierce that we could not catch it. The evening now beginning to close, we considered it time to depart; but my people were anxious to remain behind, thinking it would be easier to catch the buffalo by night than in the day. We therefore, bade them adieu, and came away. Return-

ing to the banks where the little boat lay, I fell in with a troop of natives quarrelling among themselves, and the subject of their dispute doubtless was, whether to allow us to embark or not. Assuming a commanding mien, I took two by the arms and pushed them towards the boat. They entered it each with a paddle before and astern, and I between them in the middle. After we had made some progress down the river, he who was behind me signified that he wanted money, whence, putting my hand in my purse, I drew out the fourth part of a piastre, with which I presented him. He looked at it a long time, as if in doubt whether to accept it or not; at length, having wrapped it in a piece of linen encircling his waist, he returned to his place. The native before also came to me with signs that he too wanted something, whereupon I drew another coin of the same value from my purse, and gave it to him. He gazed on it, as if hesitating whether it should be accepted, and then took it, with marks of dissatisfaction. While about half down the river, they began to murmur, and, darting ferocious glances at me, I became alarmed for an attack. Indeed, I must acknowledge that I laboured under great apprehension, for I had no means whatever of defence. Putting my trust in Heaven, I began to sing a psalm, and so loud, that the banks of the river resounded with my voice. Whenever the natives heard me, they laughed immoderately, conceiving that I had no impression of fear: and happily we got in sight of the launch. I then *made a sign* to my own men, who ran down to

the beach to receive me ; and I directed the negroes to carry the boat close ashore.

“ The natives now inquiring where our people slept, I pointed to tents that they had constructed of boughs of trees ; and I told Heyn Rol what had happened respecting the buffalo. Next morning, accordingly, two men brought a buffalo, though not the same that I had purchased ; and by means of our cooper, who understood a little of the language, we explained this matter, also expressing surprise at the absence of our four men. However, they said that the buffalo should be brought whenever it could be caught. To guard against a similar accident, William Galen, a serjeant, by my orders, ham-strung the animal, which fell down ; and the negroes, uttering a shout of surprise, two or three hundred natives, posted in a neighbouring wood, rushed out and tried to intercept us from the boat. But one of the sentinels gave the alarm, and hastily fled to join us. Perceiving them approach with sabres and shields, I called to my people to save themselves ; when some gained the launch, and others plunged into the water. The natives pressed furiously upon us, but were warmly received, the ship's baker using the rusty sword with great effect, and the other two vigorously supporting him with the hatchets. Though we did our best, we should soon have been overpowered, had we not left our grapnel behind, and hoisting sail, escaped. Several of our people were *wounded*, particularly the baker, who fought so *courageously* ; he received the thrust of a poisoned lance *above the navel*. Afterwards he became severely

indisposed, and immediately the wounded part grew quite blue; nor did an incision all around the wound, to prevent the poison spreading, prove of any assistance, for having attacked his bowels, he died. The negroes, seeing us under sail, hastened to the bar at the mouth of the river, in hopes that we should be wrecked in crossing it, but it was otherwise ordained, for our boat, being high before and strong built, passed it without taking in a drop of water, to their great surprise, and indeed to our own, considering the trouble we had before experienced.

“Having gained the open sea, we ascertained, on mustering the people, that we had lost sixteen, viz., eleven in the rencontre, the baker who died of his wound, and the four men who were left ashore at the village. These four, I firmly believe, were the means of saving my life, for unquestionably the dispute on the banks respected the natives murdering me, a measure which some opposed, awaiting my return with a great number of people, as I had promised. It was very distressing for us to leave our men behind, without knowing anything of them; but on reflecting that the natives could not have left them alive, and as we had only eight fowls and a small quantity of rice to sustain fifty-six persons, it would have been imprudent to remain longer. Thus we coasted along a shore begirt by shoals, where we found some small shell fish, which proved a seasonable supply, and then we filled our kegs with fresh water in the neighbourhood. Leaving a bay behind, we stood out to sea, to prosecute our voyage. After

sailing some time, a great storm rendered it necessary to take in all the sails which we had spread over the launch for shelter, and we allowed her to drift until day-break. The gale then abating, three islands were discovered at a distance, for which we resolved to make, in hopes of obtaining some nourishment to support our miserable bodies. With the wind on the quarter, we reached them before night, and found bamboos and palm trees. The extremities of these plants being tender, we cut off a quantity, which we ate, and then proceeded to fill our casks at a river. But all they could contain being insufficient, we used, as a substitute for others, the hollow part of the bamboo between the joints, and got a quantity equivalent to four casks of water by that expedient. While our people traversed the island without interruption, I withdrew unperceived to ascend a high mountain, trusting that there I might encourage the men with some new hope, for they expected everything from me, while I was at a loss for want of proper instruments.

“ The weather was fine and serene : looking around me in all directions, at length I discovered two great blue hills, and at the same time recollected to have formerly heard from William Cornelius Schouten, an experienced navigator, that, on the extreme point of Java, there were two of that description. Having left the island of Sumatra, I saw the mountains to the right, without intermediate land in view. Therefore it was now evident, from the straits of Sunda being between Java and Sumatra, that we were in

the direct course. Prostrating myself on the earth, I prayed Heaven still to be our guide, and gratefully acknowledged the mercy we had hitherto experienced, and transported with joy, hastened down the mountain to impart the glad tidings to the rest.

“ Impatient to depart, we summoned the people, and quitted this, which we called Prince’s Island. About midnight we descried what was taken for a vessel on fire, but on nearer approach, the light proved to proceed from a small island called Dwars in de Weg, in the straits of Sunda. One of the seamen, climbing up the mast, discovered vessels at a distance, of which he counted twenty-three. Our joy may be easily figured. We instantly got out our oars for greater speed, as the wind had lulled, and exerted ourselves to get up to them. Had we not discovered these vessels, our fate was inevitable, for we should have gone on to Bantam, where war had been declared against our countrymen, and thus run headlong into the hands of our enemies. Frederic Houtman, who commanded these vessels, which were Dutch, had seen us with a telescope from the quarter-deck. Wondering at the singularity of our sails, he could by no means make out what we were, and sent out a boat to ascertain the truth. We recognized the people in the boat, for we had left the Texel in company, and separated in the Spanish Sea. After mutual congratulations, Heyn Rol and I went on board Houtman’s ship, called the *Virgin of Dordrecht*. He ordered a table to be covered in his cabin for us ; and we could not refrain from tears at now finding our-

selves in the midst of plenty. Houtman was never weary of listening to our adventures, and expressed his admiration of our good fortune. We were provided with clothes adapted to the climate, and a yacht was appointed to carry us to Batavia."

Captain Bontekoe reached Batavia, and found there John Peter Koen the commandant, who gave him a new ship, called the Berger Boot, of thirty-two guns, in which he served some time, and encountered numerous dangers. At last, on the fifteenth of November, 1625, he reached Holland in safety, and died at Horn, where he was much respected.

CHAPTER II.

Misfortunes of Captain Norwood, 1649.

CAPTAIN NORWOOD was one of the royalist party in the time of Charles I. He engaged with other royalist officers to embark for America, seeing the affairs of the crown were not likely to amend, and that the monarchy existed no longer. He agreed in the year 1649, to meet two other officers who were royalists, and to arrange their immediate departure from England. A great many had already embarked for the colonies in different parts of the western world, and the captain with his two friends fixed upon Virginia for their residence. Captain Norwood was nearly related to Sir William Berkeley, the governor of that colony for the king, of whom it is handed down, that, reporting on the state of things in Virginia, he wrote, "I thank God there is no free schools, or printing here, and I hope we shall not have either, these hundred years."

It was in the month of September, that Captain Norwood and others took their passage in a vessel called the Virginia Merchant, of three hundred tons, and thirty guns. He and his friends paid, for six pounds sterling each, to be transported to James River, in the colony already mentioned. On the fifteenth of the month, they met the

ship at Gravesend, and having gone through the necessary forms previous to the embarkation as passengers, and paid their money, they posted to the Downs. On the twenty-third, upon the vessel's coming round, they embarked at Deal, and in three days had cleared the Channel. They had a prosperous voyage for twenty days towards the Western Islands, where they designed to touch. The cooper first began to complain that they were short of water, there not being enough to last out the month for the number of three hundred and fifty souls, which were on board. This occasioned great alarm in the ship, and the master thought it necessary to consult his officers on so fearful a situation. They were now, according to their calculation, off, or very near the Western Islands, and expected to make Fayal, where they might replenish. The passengers were all rejoiced at the thought of seeing the land.

At day-break, on the fourteenth of October, they saw the peak of Fayal, the most conspicuous in the Atlantic, except that of Teneriff, with which seamen are acquainted. They soon made the harbour, and on anchoring, were speedily invited to dine on shore, by the English merchants resident there. They refreshed themselves with the fruits of that delightful island; but they lost their long-boat, owing to the neglect of the sailors, who got drunk, and lay up and down in all quarters, in a very bad condition. The loss of the long-boat was a most serious inconvenience to them. In their revels they drank the two kings, of Portugal and England, although the latter

was an exile, and cannon were fired in honour of the occasion. The sailors who were on shore continued their carousings, and water was got into the ship very slowly. The consumption of liquors on board made great havock with the stock. On the twenty-second of October they sailed from Fayal, with a store of pigs and fruit to supply them at sea. The wind was easterly—a topsail breeze which carried them into the trade wind; and they swept along at the rate of fifty or sixty leagues a day, until they made the Bermudas. In this latitude the seas were often stormy. The officer on the watch pointed out a water-spout to Norwood, which he seems to have viewed with thankfulness to God's providence, that it did not "hoist the ship out of her own proper element."

The passengers and crew were equally pleased at the sight of land. The latter knew it by the true bearing from Cape Hatteras, and they all hoped to put their feet soon again upon dry land. The weather was fair until the eighteenth. The water was then observed to change colour. They hove the lead, and found thirty-five fathoms, at which they were glad, having consumed almost all the stock on board. It was about break of day that Captain Norwood visited the watch in charge of the mate, whose name was Putts. The captain offered him some brandy, which he refused, unless he could have tobacco with it: he observed it was break of day, and that he would see what change there was in the water. No sooner had he looked, than he called out to the sailors,

"All hands aloft! Breakers, breakers on both quarters!" The seamen sprang to the deck in a moment, but when they saw how the ship lay, they desponded and fell on their knees. The captain, who came on the first alarm, was as much dismayed as his men. The mate was a stout-hearted sailor, and instead of remaining still, called out, "Is there no good fellow who will stand to the helm and let go a sail?" Yet of all the crew, only two foremast men dared from fear to obey the command; one was named Thomas Raisin, the other John Smith, sailors of undaunted courage. One went aloft and loosened the foretopsail; the other stood to the helm, and shifted it at the critical moment, for the ship was in the very act of dashing among the breakers to the starboard. This was the more remarkable as the vessel was generally noted for not feeling the helm. She now fell off from the danger manfully. On the larboard bow was another rock ready to receive her. By this time the crew were ashamed of their dastardly behaviour, and taking heart from the examples of Raisin and Smith, went to work, when the ship fell off again and escaped this new peril. Daylight showed them the full hazard of their situation. Breakers surrounded them, and the sea was white with the foam of the raging water. There did not seem to be any channel among the rocks by which the vessel could be worked out of the labyrinth in which she was involved. There was no time for deliberation, and in these miserable circumstances the ship struck, though fortunately only on a sand-bank. The water and sand rose together

in foam, and fell into the vessel; yet though there seemed but little hope, the sailors were now all under command, and omitted nothing which could contribute to their preservation. The ship still floated, and appeared to go ahead—most cheering circumstance. Raisin, the man who before displayed so much activity, seized the helm, and afterwards hove the lead. After a little further progress, beyond their most sanguine hopes, there was still more water than the ship drew; and it began to deepen, the lead showing twenty feet. They kept the vessel in this channel, until the light was strong enough to enable the quarter-master to con her. At last they got clear of the formidable breakers of Cape Hatteras, and stood out to sea. No sooner was the ship clear of the rocks and in the offing, than the seamen surveyed each other for a moment, like so many ghosts, in silence and wonder. They seemed to doubt whether they were really in safety. They shook hands with each other as if they were strangers, or had just arisen from the grave, and met they knew not how. They could scarcely believe that they were still in an existence of flesh and blood. When they recovered themselves, they made from the land with all the sail they could carry.

But they had only escaped one danger to get into another. A storm from the north-west now came on to blow with great violence. They left the land behind them, at the rate of eight miles an hour, with the fore-courses only set. It was soon thought necessary to slacken their way. The ship was

ordered to be put about, the sails to be furled, and to try with the mizen. The sea ran so high that the sailors were puzzled how to put about the vessel, yet they were running at such a rate off the land, that it was absolutely necessary to control the rapidity of their course. They lowered the main-yard to ease the mast, but found it difficult to handle the foresail, as all hands were not strong enough to haul home the sheet to bring the vessel round. They shipped several heavy seas, and one broke with such violence aft, that a ton of water at least entered the round-house. The noise was like the report of a cannon, as it struck the deck, and put the passengers in terrible fear. The ship was at length got about, and they lay trying under their mizen.

Porpoises in immense numbers now appeared around the vessel, so that the oldest seamen on board declared they had never seen so many. They are generally supposed to be the forerunners of a storm, though in the present instance Captain Norwood observes the tempest was raging at the time they were first noticed. The ocean was covered with hissing foam. The wind appeared to rise still higher, so that the officers began to think they could not be long without some disaster in the rigging. Between ten and eleven o'clock a crash was heard aloft, and the cry that the fore-topmast had come by the board. It had indeed been carried away, and with it had broken off the foremast head, just under the cap. The crew were now in great straits. Putts, the

mate, had the watch at the time, and apprehended that worse damage must soon follow. Between twelve and one the following morning, a tremendous sea broke into the ship forward, and so deluged the deck where the mate happened to be walking, that he retired aft with prayers on his tongue. He imagined that the ship was on the point of foundering. The blow seemed to be a stroke of death to the vessel, which remained stock still with her head in the wave, and then seemed to bore her way through it, and free herself. The passengers, men, women, and children, took leave of each other. A melancholy cry was heard throughout the ship, from the apprehension of immediate death. The mate, however, seeing that the water cleared away from the deck, called all hands to the pumps. Upon examining the mischief which had been done by the sea, it was found that the forecastle, six guns, all the anchors but one, which was bent to the cable, together with the two cooks, of which latter one was miraculously saved, were carried overboard. The breach made forward for the sea to enter, opened a passage to the hold for the water. All on board who were able set to work to construct a platform of wood that would keep off an ordinary sea, to render the vessel as secure as it was possible to do in such distressing circumstances. In fact the storm cut out sufficient labour for all who were able to work every hour in the twenty-four. The bowsprit got loose, having lost the stays and rigging, so that they were obliged to cut it away. *The stays of all the masts were gone, and the shrouds loose and useless. The main-topmast, it*

was next seen, would not stand long; and Raisin, still the most active fellow on board, ran aloft with an axe to cut it away, hoping to save the mainmast by that means. The danger of the operation seemed so clear to those below on deck, that he was called down urgently. He was scarcely on the deck, when the mainmast and topmast came down at once, and fell into the sea to windward. Fortunately no one was hurt by their fall. The mast was still attached to the ship by the shrouds, and struck her like a battering-ram at every motion of the waves. The rigging, therefore, was with difficulty cut away, and the mast set free. In this state several of the seamen fell overboard. Their loss was the less regarded by those who were safe, as they expected the same fate. The mizenmast was now left, by which alone they could hope to bring about the ship, whenever it became needful. Two days were passed in this distressing state, the tenth and eleventh of November. On the twelfth they saw an English merchant vessel, which showed his flag, but avoided speaking, fearing he might be compelled to lend assistance, as his force in guns was the weakest. He fired a shot to leeward, and stood away.

It was now absolutely necessary to bring about the ship. The sailors were exhausted from toil and want of rest, and for some days had been unable to get their meals. The passengers had no appetite, but all were likely to fall short, for the bread was wetted by the sea; the cook-room was carried away, so that nothing could be dressed as usual, and they were *compelled at length to saw a cask asunder, fill the*

half of it with ballast, and thus make a hearth to parch peas and boil their salt beef between decks. This was executed with difficulty, for the whole apparatus was often upset, to the great grievance of those who were in expectation of satisfying their hunger.

On the seventeenth of the month the sea grew calmer, and they saw several English vessels, none of which, save one which was in as bad a condition from the storm as themselves, and felt a community in misfortune, would speak with them. The vessel which accosted Norwood's ship lay to, for the boat which paid him a visit. The master of the stranger proposed that he should be spared hands to aid him at his pumps, in lieu of other things he might give in return. He promised to keep in company, and, if possible, to take the Virginia Merchant in tow to weather the cape; but he disappeared in the night, forgetting his promises, although he was bound to the same port.

On the thirteenth of November, the weather being fine, they thought it a good opportunity to get the ship about with the mizen. This they succeeded in effecting, but the next consideration was how they should make sail. The foremast, as high as to where it had lost its cap, still remained, and it was necessary that a yard should be fixed to it. The difficulty was to climb the bare and greasy stump, for there was nothing of which to take hold for support in ascending. The ship's crew were at a loss, until Tom Raisin, who was apparently a genius born with

great resources, undertook to make the attempt. The passengers, to encourage him, promised to present him with a stock of Virginian tobacco upon the arrival in port, should they be so fortunate as to reach it in safety. They set down on paper the proportion each would bestow on the gallant fellow, and many of them were not nice as to the quantity, for they never expected to reach the place of payment. Rais selected from the ship's stores half a dozen spile nails. He drove one of them into the mast as high as he could reach. He next took a ten-foot rope, and threaded a block with it, which divided it equally. He then made both ends of the rope meet in a knot over the spike. The block hanging on the opposite side of the mast served for a stirrup to stand in driving the next spike, and so on until he was as high as he wanted. He was careful to strike with his hammer at the time of the smoothest sea. He soon managed to receive help from others of the crew, and they got up a yard and tackle in a few hours, so as to be able to carry sail towards their destination. The main-yard, which they had lowered at the commencement of the gale, was now made to serve the purpose of a main-mast, being lashed to the stump which still remained eight or ten feet above the deck. They, not without difficulty, contrived to rig the masts with spare top-sails. The sea grew still calmer, and all seemed to promise well. The crew indulged a hope of seeing the capes, and making their destination in safety. They now fell in with another ship bound to Virginia, which promised to remain

them. They endeavoured to get to the weather side of Cape Henry, thinking they were to the southward of Cape Hatteras; but they found, by an observation, that they were carried by a current to windward, far beyond all their reckoning or allowances for sailing; in fact so far, that when they thought they were to the southward of the cape, they were in reality to the north of Achomack, according to their mate, whose opinion no one was capable of disputing. He averred, that if the wind remained as it was, there was no doubt they would all dine the next day within the capes. This expectation was the more agreeable as their water was again nearly gone, their meat spoiled and useless, and only a biscuit a day per head, and of that not enough to last much longer. The mate fancied he saw the usual landmarks, being hummocks of trees, of which his twenty-third voyage had given him, as might be supposed, the capacity of judging rightly. The error was afterwards discovered, and was a sad disappointment. Had their sails and rigging been in a sound state, the mischief might have been of less importance: both capes were in sight, but the ship would not lie within eleven or twelve points of the wind, and they were compelled to run from the land which they were so eager to make, and a short time previously so certain among themselves of making in a few hours. There was only an allowance now of half a biscuit to each person on board, five of which made a pound. Of drink *here was none* except Malaga wine, which *in-creased their thirst*. Towards night the wind grew

fresher, and they were carried away at a swift rate of sailing ; the mate Putts being much cast down at the consequence of his error.

For days and nights together the wind set them out to sea so rapidly, that they were at least a hundred leagues from the capes before they could settle what should be done. They tried every method, by the help of top-gallant sails, and little masts wherever they could be fixed, to keep to windward ; but for want of bowlines and tackle to force the sails stiff, the wind would at times take them and rend them in pieces. The ship would then be tumbling about on the ocean until they were repaired. For not less than forty days they were tossed about after they had lost the land. On the nineteenth of November the wind shifted to the eastward, but came back again in a short time to the north-west. The sea began to run high. They feared the guns would break loose when the ship rolled, while they mended the sails, the lashings being rotten. They at last were enabled to get rid of this fear by moving them into the hold. By placing them, too, thus lower in the vessel, she had a tendency to lie steady in the water. They got a little rain water for drink, but for provisions they were in a famishing condition.

In a week they had run two hundred leagues to the east. There were differences of opinion among the crew upon the subject. Some thought they had gone a good deal to the south, and recommended the making Bermuda. In the midst of a contrariety of opinion, it was at length resolved to make any part

of the American coast they were able to fetch, even if it were as far to leeward as New England. In the meantime hunger began to press heavier than ever upon both crew and passengers. The women and children made the ship resound with their cries and complaints. The rats which were caught were all eaten, and the price of one on board was sixteen shillings. One woman, far gone with child, offered a man twenty shillings for a rat, which was refused, and the poor creature died. Miserable days were thus passed until Christmas came, which, according to the custom of the times, must needs be kept with merriment amidst the most depressing calamity. They scraped and ransacked their meal-tubs to compose a pudding. Malaga sack, sea water, fruit and spices well fried in oil, were the luxuries with which the officers and passengers regaled themselves, and upon which the crew looked with longing and greedy eyes.

Captain Norwood says, that the greatest suffering he experienced was from thirst. At night in his slumbers he dreamed of nothing but overflowing cellars and their contents, in which he imagined he was refreshing himself, and the effect of which in his waking moments he found very prejudicial by tantalizing his fancy. The captain had a small store of claret in secret, of which he made Norwood a partaker, but it wanted the qualification of water to quench the thirst; notwithstanding which, it was a very great refreshment. One day the captain took Norwood into the hold to seek a draught of fresh water in the *bottoms* of the casks. They found just enough

to satisfy their longing, though it was so thick as hardly to be palatable. They then got astride upon a butt of Malmsey, and swallowing some of it found it preferable to the water, and the effect on Captain Norwood was cordial and beneficial. The captain became more gloomy, trembling for his position, and then, confessing how much he felt for having been the means of bringing so many into trouble by a false confidence in the goodness of his ship, he burst into tears. Captain Norwood comforted him as well as he could, and recommended that they should rely upon Providence, and hope for the best.

They were now making for the nearest land, and suffering much from hunger, fatigue, and thirst. In eight days they got once more into soundings, and on the fourth of January saw the land, but in what latitude none could tell. The persons who should have kept the reckoning had neglected the duty for some days. The sun had not been seen a good while. The desperate situation in which the vessel had been, and the little hope they had of reaching the shore, together with the idea that they must very quickly render up an account in a different state of being, made them neglect both log and journal. One day, about three in the afternoon, they were fairly set in for the shore; the weather was calm and the sea smooth, the land was seen about six miles distant, and they had twenty-five fathoms of water. They had only one anchor on board, which was not let go, because if it were lost there was no chance of saving the ship, in case an absolute

necessity for its use should arise, and moreover the cable was too short for such a depth of water. The necessity of the crew and passengers was so great, that it was at length agreed the ship should lie to, and a boat be sent off to examine if there was a harbour for anchoring. Twelve or thirteen of the more sickly on board, one of whom was a Major Morrison, embarked in it, determined to risk any chance on shore, rather than remain longer in the vessel. In a short time the boat returned with the tidings of there being a creek where the ship might anchor, and also fresh water, whereof a bottle was brought to the vessel. There were also plenty of fowls observed, which would serve for food. The captain was eager to save the lives of the remaining passengers; and not relying wholly on his mate's report, he set off for the shore himself with Captain Norwood and a few others to examine the spot. As night came on, they saw the fires of those on shore, which guided them to the place. The weather was very cold. As soon as they landed, they rushed to the water, as if it were the most delicious beverage they had ever tasted. They then shot a duck, which was cooked and eaten on the spot. They found a bed of oysters hard by, some of which made an agreeable addition to their repast. The duck was soon devoured, the head, legs, and entrails, being given to the cook as his share.

The captain now examined the water on the bar of the creek, and seemed satisfied of its depth. When day broke, though he appeared determined

to come in and anchor, he still wanted Captain Norwood to go back with him to the ship. The latter replied that he did not see any necessity, as the ship would so soon be in herself. Borrowing a coarse cloak of one of the party, Norwood remained behind, and the captain re-embarked. No sooner had the boat pushed off, than the ship was seen under sail with all canvass spread. This it is probable the captain had noticed when he asked Norwood to go with him. The vessel had set sail without orders from the captain, who had difficulty in getting on board; and but for the mate, who saw the boat from the tops, and got the seamen to lay by until it came alongside, the captain would have been abandoned as those on land were, and probably to a worse fate.

Words cannot paint the anguish and horror of the party left on shore in this unforeseen manner. They were without food or necessaries of any kind, and they had not the slightest shelter. They consulted together on their miserable condition without being able to determine on anything. They prayed Heaven to have mercy upon them, and finally requested Captain Norwood to be their leader, and to advise them in what was most likely to contribute to their preservation. It fortunately happened that Captain Norwood's Dutch servant had saved from his own wants a hoard of thirty biscuits, which he had starved himself more than he need have done, to preserve for an hour of yet more pressing want. They were in a *bundle he had put into the boat when his master came on shore.* Captain Norwood divided them into

portions, being one for each individual on board. It was now the fifth of January, and the weather was severely cold. The whole party contented themselves with nothing but death after protracted misery. Each man was mustered with a gun, and a piece who had ever been accustomed to its use; and a quantity of powder and shot, which had fortunately been landed on the shore, were delivered to each, by which means the men were enabled to kill the geese that day for their food. In the mean time Mr. Francis Cary, the second mate of the Captain Norwood, was sent to explore the coast, to see if he could discover any Indians or settlements, from whom it was likely the wants of the crew might be relieved. It was possible they might be the enemies, and in that case it was resolved to sacrifice their lives as dearly as possible. Cary returned after more time than an hour's absence, with the intelligence that they were upon a small island, where he had seen no traces of natives, and the distance between the island and the main was deeper than he had expected, as far as he could observe. The fowls were the only living things he had seen. The gloomy and melancholy intelligence filled them with dismay, and they with difficulty kept themselves from utter despair. The likelihood of perishing by hunger and freezing death was considerably increased; and they were wholly without food. Cary now disappeared from them, and no one knew where he was. After a little time he came back with a quantity of provisions in his hands, which he found by accident in a cove, of a current, contiguous to a large bank of

the main props of the party, could no longer stand on his legs. Captain Norwood was still in the enjoyment of tolerable strength, and he could think of no other plan than attempting to swim the creek between the island and the main land. The water was not more than a hundred yards across; and having passed it, he thought, by coasting the woods to the south-west, he might meet with Indians who would either relieve or destroy him. Death at their hands would be better than dying of famine. The party agreed, upon deliberation, that it was the only rational scheme which could, in their circumstances, afford any hope of relief. The enterprise was desperate, and so was the present situation of the party. It was now the thirteenth of January, and they had been nine days on the island, in the open air, for their huts excluded neither wind nor rain. They had been landed from a vessel where they had endured hunger, thirst, and fatigue, for several months. A last effort it was therefore necessary to make. They gathered as many oysters as would fill two quart bottles, to be boiled in their own liquor, and given to Captain Norwood for his travelling stock. Everything was ready for setting out on this forlorn adventure, and the cooking of the oysters was nearly effected, when Cary, who had been out rambling, declared that he saw Indians on the main land. Captain Norwood set out, but could not get a glimpse of any, and treated the matter as some deception of Cary's sight, *thinking that what he wished, he had fancied or persuaded himself he actually saw.*

Captain Norwood now returned again to the task of completing his cookery, and had filled one bottle, when he was tempted to go out with his gun, hearing the noise of geese. He had the good fortune to shoot one without a witness, and determined to eat it alone, hoping to be so much the stronger for swimming the creek in consequence. He therefore hung the goose on a tree, while he went to call the cook to dress it secretly: from him the head, bones, and entrails, would have secured secrecy. When the captain came back, he found all the bird but the head was carried off. This, as he learned afterwards from the Indians, was done by foxes or wolves, which abounded in the island. The loss was looked upon by the captain with a sad heart, and, with a hungry stomach, he was obliged to return to the cooking of his oysters. On the tenth day of his being on the island, all was ready to begin the journey, when a canoe was found lying on the south of the island, and it was soon found that the Indians had discovered the women's hut in the night, and had given them shell-fish to eat. The men had, as already observed, removed to some distance from the spot where they had been quartered at first, in order to be less exposed to the cold; the poor women, it would seem, had remained. They said that the Indians pointed to the south-east, but they did not understand their signs, and only thought that they intended to intimate they would come again the next day.

This intelligence respecting the Indians gave the suffering party new life. Many had lain down

in despair, determined they would rise no more. They now began to think of the best mode of receiving the Indians on their arrival; and it was agreed that each man should have his gun by his side, loaded, and rendered fit for use, so that if the Indians showed themselves inimical, which was not very probable, their lives might be disposed of as dearly as possible. In this way did every eye look out keenly for the strangers. When the sun was in the south-east, each man looked through the avenues of the woods in hopes to see them approach. The sun came to the south, but they were not seen; and then the sufferers were tortured with doubt and uncertainty, in a manner impossible to describe. All the forenoon they watched; those who were able going out as scouts to try and discover them in vain. The necessity of their case increased their anxiety. They felt too deeply that their doom depended on the appearance of the Indians—it was the last stake for life. To swim the creek in the severe cold which then prevailed was a dangerous experiment in respect to life, yet Captain Norwood began again to think of it.

It was between two and three o'clock in the day when the Indians appeared from behind a tree, without arms, and with kind countenances. There were men, women, and children, who all appeared to pity the wretched situation of the English, shaking hands with them heartily. They repeated frequently the word *Nytop!* which was thought to have a friendly signification, and in fact to mean "My friend."

and this they could not understand each other, their interview was a mere jargon of unintelligible sounds. They then gave the English ears of Indian corn, to satisfy their hunger for the moment. Indian women, in particular, seemed to feel deeply the sufferings of the emaciated beings before them; one of them presented Captain Norwood with the skin of a swan, which he remarked he thought the best, because it was the largest, he had ever seen. The Indians remained two hours, and parted with the assurance, as well as signs could be understood, that they would come again on the following day. They pointed to the sun, to indicate the hour of two in the afternoon. Some ribbon, and a few similar articles which Captain Norwood happened to possess, were presented to the chief. They then pointed to the sun, and took their leave, having left a quantity of Indian corn and bread to supply the want of appetite among the party, which did not seem to go away without regret. The next day these charitable Indians came again, men, women, and children, bringing bread and corn enough for all: many of them asked for beads and other similar things of those who had brought them on the first day, and they were given to them freely. Those who had none to give in exchange, received food from the kind Indians without any return. One of them, an old man, applied to Captain Norwood by gestures, to inform him he wished to be informed of what country Norwood and his friends were. Signs in reply were made, but both parties were equally unintelligible to

each other. At last the captain recollected having read that *werowanee*, which the old man had frequently pronounced, meant *king* in English. Speaking the word to the old man emphatically, seemed to please him, and he led Norwood to the sea side, when he embarked in a canoe for a place where a much larger one was laid up. This was set afloat, and the party got into it, being six short of the number which had come ashore from the ship. Four men and one woman were known to be dead, and one other woman was absent, but the Indians hinted they knew it, and would take care of her. They were now carried to the home of an Indian, and welcomed with great hospitality, after the manner of that people. Their arms and powder were placed in security, food supplied to them, and a large fire. Furs and deer skins were placed over them for warmth ; in short, no kindnesses which their unaffected hosts could show or obtain were omitted towards them. Compassion and tenderness were visible in everything these children of nature did. To Christians it was felt as a reproach, that they frequently, so far from affording succour to persons shipwrecked, too often neglected them wholly, or treated them with barbarity. In the woods of America, the brave, but simple Indians practised those virtues of which Christians only talked. They neither plundered, nor did they seem to covet anything in the possession of the shipwrecked men. In a hut of mat, bark, and reeds fixed on poles, the party were thus entertained, and treated with a boiled swan for their supper.

Refreshed by a sound sleep upon a stomach no longer craving, Norwood and his companions in misfortune awoke, as it seemed to them, in an earthly paradise. A good breakfast was provided for them, their fire-arms restored, and they set off to where the king or chief resided, leaving the two women to the care of the Indians, who were so weak that they could not accompany them, until means could be adopted of getting them to Virginia, where they ultimately arrived in safety, and were afterwards married. The travellers had not gone far upon their journey, when they were stopped by orders from the chief, and sent back to their old quarters, he having heard of their weak and emaciated condition. The chief would not suffer them to walk, but had sent canoes to the creek for them to come to him by another route. They went back accordingly, and embarked, passing about three miles through another branch of the creek they had formerly entered; and they landed near the residence of the chief's wife, who treated them with food of various kinds. They then set out for the chief's own residence, which was built of matting and reeds. Posts of wood were sunk in the ground at the corners, to sustain the fabric and render all secure. The roof was tied down with strong rushes. The breadth of the house or palace was about twenty feet, and the length sixty. The only furniture were platforms for reposing upon, each about six feet long, placed on both sides of the building, about five feet from each other. A hole in the midst of the roof served for the chimney, through which all the smoke

did not issue, enough being left to be troublesome to those seated below, who were divided into two ranks, disposed one on each side of the house. Fourteen fires were lighted at once. The apartment of the king, or chief, was twice as long as that of the rest; and he sat upon a bed of deer skins, otter furs, and beaver, the finest that could be procured. The party of Captain Norwood was conducted to a fire by themselves, to which no Indians came but those who were bent upon some friendly office. The chief sent his daughter, about twelve years old, with a bowl of refreshments, which were delivered out of a mussel-shaped shell.

After the visitors had eaten, the chief sent to Captain Norwood, requesting he would come to him. He was made to take his place by the chief, who called him his brother. A consultation was then held among the Indians present, which seemed to relate to the situation of the shipwrecked people. Captain Norwood presented the chief with a sword and belt, which he put on, and with which he was much delighted. After mutual civilities, and having received much kindness, Captain Norwood parted, without making any progress in getting their Indian friends to understand they wished to set out for Virginia.

Thus kindly treated, they gained strength daily, and became more and more anxious to get away. They thought Virginia could not be at any very great distance, and that it bore from them south by west, to *south-west*. They were ignorant of the latitude of the *spot in which they were*. They imagined it was

pretty clear they were to the south of Menados, a Dutch plantation, now the city of New York. They therefore began to save some provisions for their journey; but the chief penetrated their design, and endeavoured, by every means he possessed in the way of gesture and sign, to dissuade them from attempting it. He showed them that the cold, rain, darkness, and swamps, would prove fatal, unless they were directed by persons acquainted with the route. He pointed to his corn and his fires, and signified that the party was welcome to them. In fact, the goodness of the chief towards them was unbounded. In a little time he made Captain Norwood understand better what he wished to say. He seemed to desire to know whether they wished to go to the south or north. Upon being informed that the south was the direction, the chief was much pleased, and one of his suite made a sort of map on the ground with a stick, and drew the country to the south. The most southernly point he called Achomack, which Captain Norwood believed to be Virginia, and made them understand that it was there he wished to go, at which the chief appeared much gratified. They began at last to be impatient to go away, which seemed to displease the chief, who again showed them his corn, and in fact forced them to lay aside the thought of departing until he gave the word. On the mention of Achomack he indicated that it was not yet time, and he despatched a messenger to that place, which after all might not be Virginia. Still everything in the way of attention and kindness, which these

Indians could lavish upon the party, was freely yielded. The weather was frosty, and the cold excessive. Captain Norwood had been on a visit to the wife of the chief, conducted by his daughter, and had just returned, when he found that the messenger whom the chief had sent was come back with others, one of whom wore the English dress. He informed Captain Norwood of the ship's arrival, and of the difficulties she encountered before she entered James River, where she ran on shore. This person brought an Indian with him, who served as interpreter. From these it was ascertained that the party were about fifty miles from Virginia. The chief wanted to get up a dance to entertain his guests, but Captain Norwood was too impatient to go away, and would not remain to witness it.

The chief having taken a fancy to Captain Norwood's camblet coat, he presented it to him. A piece of scarlet ribbon was given to the chief's daughter, together with a French tweezer, which delighted her. A few presents from others of the party were tied up with it, to ornament her hair. Captain Norwood, and three or four more who were hale and stout enough for the journey, set out immediately under the guidance of the messengers. Major Morrisson, the two women, and some others, were left to wait until the boats, which the governor had ordered to go round to receive them, should arrive. They took a regretful leave of the chief, and set off, passing swamps and *creeks without number*, and being entertained hospitably on their way by the Indians and their chiefs,

they chanced to fall in with them. The toil considerable, and Captain Norwood was nearly overcome by the fatigue, which, from wearing the weight of that age, was very much increased: his shoes were all worn out. At length he became desperate and ready to sink down. When they came within view of a resting place, on the last day but one, he willingly consented to a motion for sleeping out of doors, rather than go a hundred yards farther to a shelter. The next day they ended their toils at Achomack, properly the county of Northampton, in Virginia. They were treated in the most hospitable manner by the colonists, who would not accept any remuneration for their good offices. At the death of Mr. Yardly, who had been governor of Virginia, and who had married a Dutch lady named Anna, from Rotterdam, whom Captain Norwood had known in Europe from a child, he was treated as a relation, and sojourned ten days, waiting for a passage across the bay to his ultimate destination. Captain Norwood was well received by the governor, William Berkley, a devoted royalist. He appears to have corresponded with Charles II. during his exile, and to have made all appointments in the colony only upon the king's authority. Captain Norwood was his relation, and was sent by him to England to solicit of Charles the place of treasurer of the colony, void by the delinquency of one Claybourne. The place Norwood subsequently obtained, and there probably he ended his days.

unaccountably, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a violent storm came on, which attacked them before they had time to prepare to meet its fury. The wind and sea drove them on shore to a coast full of rocks and sharp banks, and the ship being carried into

CHAPTER III.

The Shipwreck of a Spanish vessel, in 1678, on the coast of America.

A SPANISH vessel of burden, laden with various goods, set sail in 1678 from Callao, bound to Panama, at which place she arrived safely, and anchored on the sixth of May. From Panama she sailed with merchandize for Caldera, a port in New Spain, situated in the province of Costa Rica. There were several passengers in the vessel from Panama to Caldera. They sailed on the 10th of May, hoping to arrive at the end of their voyage in about nine days, as was usual. Instead of making the distance in the time they had anticipated, they were obliged, after beating about for five days, to cast anchor at the mouth of the Manglares, which descends from Chiriqui, a lofty mountain noted for its gold mines. Most of those on board, thinking the passage would be short, had only taken with them provisions for eight days. At this anchorage, therefore, some of them were obliged to go on shore to purchase more. These provisions consisted of calves, pigs, fowls, Indian corn, and some of the fruits of the country.

Having set sail again they encountered a heavy *sea, which continued until the eighteenth,—the time about which they had anticipated they should be able to anchor in the port of their destination. On the*

nineteenth, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a violent storm came on, which attacked them before they had time to prepare to meet its fury. The wind and sea drove them so close to a coast full of rocks and sand-banks that, had the ship been carried a musket-shot farther, she must have been dashed into a thousand pieces, and every soul on board have perished, there being no beach on that coast, but all terribly bristled with rocks. In order to escape a fate so dreadful, the long-boat was set afloat, and eight vigorous rowers exerted their utmost to tow the vessel clear of the danger. By great exertion they succeeded; but their labour during the storm subjected the crew to so much fatigue, that they ceased to keep a good look-out, and at midnight the ship got among the rocks, and was carried close to one of them with such impetuosity that, before they were aware of it, the ports on the larboard side were carried away.

All on board were now aroused, and believed everything was over,—none doubted but that the keel of the vessel had struck. It was dark, and impossible to discover where they might be, or what injury was done. The night was passed in a state of dreadful anxiety; though fortunately the storm had abated. Happily when day dawned they found that they had suffered more from fear than the injury done to the ship would justify; though a few feet nearer the rock, and they must have foundered. The wind was favourable, and they ventured to hoist their sails; but the breeze did not long continue in the same point: the

four days following it changed no less than six times. In fact, after beating about until they found they made no way, they were just off the mouth of the river where they had gone on shore a few days before to purchase provisions. They were now again short of sea stock : some of the passengers had eaten up all their provisions three days before, and were living on the captain's. It became necessary, therefore, to go on shore again, which most of them did, and furnished themselves with a store for fifteen days. They also brought off a quantity of bananas, which, roasted in the cinders, are an excellent substitute for bread. The captain laid in a month's stock to guard against the worst that might happen. The sails were again hoisted, and they reached Cape Borica, but could get no farther, for it fell calm and remained thus for twenty-two days. From sun-rise to sun-set there was not a breath of wind. At night a light breeze blew, which enabled them to proceed favourably, but when day came and the wind died away, the current, which prevails on that coast, bore them farther back in an hour than they had gone forward in six. Whenever day broke the man at the helm cried out "land, land !" but as the light increased the point of Borica was sure to be recognized from which they had sailed at nightfall. In this manner they were at last tired out and given up almost to despair.

They endeavoured to entertain and amuse themselves as well as they could. Some fished, others *read, or swam* about in the sea. They passed a large *portion of the time* in lamenting their misfortune.

Again their stock of provisions became so low that it was necessary to replenish it at the same place as before. The captain was of opinion that they had better return to Panama. The pilot and sailors asserted that in four or five days, with the least favourable wind, the ship would make Caldera. To this opinion the passengers ceded their own, for all were alike eager to reach their destination. They now got on board provisions for the third time in greater quantity than they had done previously, and once more they set sail for Caldera. In eight days they made the Isle of Cagno, and the seamen flattered themselves that in two more they should enter the port which they so desired to gain. But human judgments are as frail as human hopes. The sky, which had been for some time serene, changed all at once. It was near the hour of sunset. The pilot not liking the aspect of the heavens, lowered the sails. A small dark cloud was seen approaching with great rapidity. No sooner was it over the ship than it poured down a torrent of rain. A second deluge seemed falling from the heavens. The thunder and lightning were terrific, enough to make the most intrepid heart quail. The lightning and obscurity alternated so rapidly that it struck the crew with tenfold horror, and prevented anything being done on board which the urgency of the moment might demand, as it was impossible to see. In vain they fatigued themselves with successive attempts, they were absolutely obliged to give up *all in despair, and abandon the vessel to the mercy of the wind and sea.*

At day-break the storm ceased, but the sea continued to run high, and the heaven was still covered with clouds which did not seem to announce the approach of fine weather. The captain wished to find out exactly the ship's place, but could not take an observation from the state of the weather. It was proposed he should find out some secure place on the coast to remain sheltered from the wind and waves, until more settled weather appeared, rather than remain at sea uncertain of their situation and exposed to new storms, which were evidently approaching. The poor captain, with tears in his eyes, answered that he had no doubt his sins were the cause of the bad success of his vessel, and that he could do nothing, for the seamen refused to obey him. The sailors, on being questioned, asserted that they were now drawing so near Caldera that if the sky were clear it might be distinguished.

In this assurance the passengers continued beating about for five days longer. The sixth was clear, and the captain took an observation, and then said that the ship was within five leagues of the port, and land must soon be seen. All the sails were set and night came on, but no land appeared. The next day the captain persisted in his opinion until mid-day, when he discovered some high mountains, which he was nearly two hours examining. After he had done so, he said, with great chagrin, that these were the mountains of Chiriqui towards which the currents had borne them back. The disappointment and *anger of the passengers* were great, both towards the

pilot and captain, and they were appeased with difficulty. The captain proposed returning to Panama, but as part of the passengers had business at Costa Rica, it was agreed to call at Chiriqui for provisions a fourth time. There they remained six days to put the ship in order, get in the provisions, and refresh themselves. They then set sail again on the eighty-first day of their departure from Panama.

On the day after they sailed they encountered a breeze which carried them rapidly forwards; but the very next day the wind fell again and their hopes were once more destroyed. In short, in twelve days they made little or no way from the want of wind and the reaction of the currents against the way which they did make. At length their provisions were again consumed, and they were not near enough to Chiriqui to purchase more. They were reduced to such a necessity that a little dirty Indian corn remaining in the pigsties, was equally shared among all on board. They afterwards made a ragout of the leathern flesh and limbs of an old spaniel, which had been the captain's favourite. All devoured the dish with avidity, but none had a sufficiency for a good meal.

The following day they prepared a bull's hide, which had, till then, served as a bed for the unfortunate dog. They boiled it a long time until it was dissolved into a sort of black glue, not very agreeable to the eye any more than to the taste. But so far from *its exciting anything like disgust*, they devoured it as *if it had been a dish of most exquisite flavour.* A

negro sailor offered the captain a banana, of which he had two; one he eat with the paring and shell, and prayed the captain to give him the paring and shell of that which was presented him. He devoured it with greediness, fearing any one might take it from him. There was plenty of wine in the ship, the use of which beyond moderation injured the discipline on board. The captain seeing that hunger had taken from the pilot and seamen those insolent airs which they were accustomed to exhibit, now began to encourage them by a little flattery and management to keep a good look out, and see if they could discover in the distance a particular mountain, which might serve as a guide to the vessel.

The next day-break the man at the helm cried "a sail! a sail!" The crew were full of joy; for could they land upon a savage territory, or one inhabited by the bitterest enemies of the Spanish nation, they would gladly do it at such a time of distress. They soon made the usual signals, and the stranger, a Mexican and an acquaintance, informed them that they were near the Island del Cagno or Isle of Dogs, on the south side of the American isthmus, at the extremity of the province of Costa Rica. The island is about a league from the continent, in $8^{\circ}35'$ north latitude. It is inhabited; and there they determined to take the ship. The captain of the Mexican vessel being informed of the famine on board, supplied them with provisions, and thus they were finally able to reach *the island the same day*. There they disembarked and dined under the shade of some banana trees, on

the side of a pleasant rivulet a hundred or two paces from the sea. The Mexican vessel being laden with provisions the crew and passengers obtained enough for four days, certain now, in their own minds, of soon reaching Caldera. The captain refused payment for anything furnished, the generous Mexican saying, that it was possible the favour might be returned to him under similar circumstances. The vessels both weighed anchor, sailing from the island the next morning, and proceeded on their respective voyages.

About seven in the evening, the day following, they saw the desired port. All was joy in the ship. The captain presented the sailors with a cask of wine, and a Genoese merchant on board gave them another. The men were in too good a temper to postpone the tasting wine until the next day. They attacked the cask at once, headed by the pilot, and it was soon emptied, but not without materially affecting their heads.

The Genoese merchant, fearing the ill effects that must arise from such a state of things when so near the shore, posted himself, in his excess of caution, between the man at the helm and the pilot, from having remarked that the pilot, sitting on his seat quite drunk, worked the ship from recollection alone, as he was close to a port perfectly well known to him. The merchant placed himself in the situation already mentioned, to repeat with more precision the words of the pilot to the timoneer, and this act caused the loss of the ship. The pilot gave the word "north-west, to

the north-west," "*Al noruésste*." The merchant, who stammered and spoke bad Spanish, repeated the words "*Al nornoruésste*," to the north-north-west, which is a different point of the compass. The timoneer, thinking it was his master's order, did as he was told, kept away from the port and yet approached the coast.

In the meanwhile night was approaching fast. The passengers and the captain were in their beds wrapped in slumber. About two in the morning, the captain was surprised by hearing the waves breaking upon the rocks. He cried out to the pilot, "What is this pilot? are we entering the port already?" The pilot, on the question being reiterated, roused from his lethargy, and saw with astonishment and terror that the vessel was steering right upon a rock which could scarcely be seen for the obscurity. Above all a high mountain towered in shadow, covered apparently with trees. The pilot called out to come about, but there was now no time, the vessel was close on the shore, and struck with such force that one of her sides opened. A huge wave recoiled from the rock against which it had dashed, swept over the vessel, and filled her with water.

Then there was nothing heard throughout the ship but clamorous cries and shrieks of horror. Lamentations succeeded to sounds of mirth and revelry, which had been heard so short a time before. Some awaked suddenly from their sleep, and cried in astonishment as they heard the others do who were aware of *the danger*, though they knew not yet any reason *wherefore*. The noise of the vast waves of the Pacific

thundering around and over the ship, the darkness of the night, the dashing of the sea on the rocks, increased the terror of the scene. What was still more extraordinary, the vessel was lost none could tell how or where. This reverse of fortune was terrible to them. They had imagined themselves close to the entrance of the port. In the terror which came upon the crew, some fell on their knees in prayer, making vows to heaven for their safety ; others, with uplifted hands demanded God's mercy ; while many in a loud voice, heard even amid the louder thundering of the waves around, revealed their most secret sins.

The captain preserved his presence of mind. Seeing that all must perish if something were not attempted speedily for the safety of those on board, he encouraged the sailors to cut away the masts, and to provide themselves with planks, or any loose timber upon which there was a chance of gaining the shore. Every thing above deck contributing to the breaking up of the ship by its weight, was cut away or flung overboard. In this state morning broke upon them. The captain, when the vessel had opened her planks and was settling in the water, seeing that the sailors would endeavour to gain the shore upon anything they could seize that would swim, advised several of them to fasten themselves to the ends of a long rope, one at each end, so that whoever got on shore first might draw after him a second, who might not be so fortunate *in his attempt* at reaching it. *In this manner the captain got the pilot safe to land, although he did not deserve it.* Nearly all the crew escaped.

Five or six only, who were dashed by the waves with great force against the ship or the rocks head foremost, were lost.

Some hours after they landed the tide ebbed, leaving the vessel nearly dry on the shore. They then found it was no difficult task to get out anything that was on board. They succeeded so well by their diligence in this undertaking, that they not only got out the cargo, but recovered most of what they had thrown overboard, the sea having cast nearly all upon the shore. They afterwards proceeded to burn the vessel, that they might save the iron work in her construction. All their effects they placed under some shady trees where they had taken up their quarters to keep themselves from the action of the sun's rays, which were very powerful in that torrid latitude.

As it was not desirable they should remain long in such a situation, the captain exhorted them to choose some one of the company for a leader, to repress any disorder or confusion which might arise. They immediately begged the captain to take upon him full powers for such a purpose. He immediately divided them into three parties. One was detached to find fresh water, of which there was great want. Another to search for provisions of any kind, as the sea had wetted those which were got out of the ship; and the third, to reconnoitre the country, and endeavour to find out the inhabitants if any were to be found. The pilot said they could not be more than three or four leagues from Caldera. The first party were not long absent, returning with some good water which they

had discovered at no great distance. The second party returned not long after the first, loaded with wild fruit of an ill flavour, and with turtles' eggs: a porcupine had been seen, and also the dung of Indian owl. These were satisfactory reports. A good quantity of water and of turtles' eggs was provided; of the latter there was no fear of a want; they were found in the sands two or three hundred together, and though they had a smell which was not agreeable, they were eaten with good appetite by the company.

They next proceeded to make themselves shelters, or roofs of palm leaves, and passed the day at this labour until evening, when the third party returned, which pleased their companions, who made no doubt but that they had found human habitations. They reported that they had proceeded until they fell in with a river so deep, rapid, and full of alligators, that they could not cross it. The captain blamed them for returning, as they might have constructed a raft and have got over that way. Fearful they had not done as much as they ought, the captain determined to go with them himself on the following day. When the morning came, having left one of those who had been at the river the day before, to serve as a guide to the party if it were necessary for them to follow by that route, the captain and the others set off, leaving word that if they heard nothing of them in eight days, they had better set out the same way and try their fortune. In the interim they had orders on no account to go far from the coast where they had for the present taken up their abode.

After a journey of two hours over a sandy soil, which rendered walking exceedingly painful, they arrived at the river which the party called the River of Alligators. It appeared that the truth had been spoken regarding its size. They were now obliged to traverse the banks as far as the first spot where they could obtain wood to construct a raft. After journeying about two leagues, they fell in with what they wanted. They carried the wood on their shoulders to the place where they had first seen the river, wishing to keep as near as possible to the coast, for they hoped by that means to fall in sooner with Caldera. Having formed the raft as well as they were able with their hatchets, and bound it together with ropes which they had brought with them for that purpose, they ventured to trust themselves upon the current, which was very rapid. The captain first went upon the raft with his arquebuse in his hand, and then the pilot, who took his station at one end; the strongest seamen, with poles and oars to guide it, followed. As all could not be accommodated at once, one part remained on the bank while the others crossed. A long cord was fastened to the raft, that it might be pulled back by those who were to follow. This being arranged, they crossed in safety, and journeyed about ten leagues farther, when they came to a second river, which they crossed in the same manner as the former. About sunset, they arrived at a level country of considerable extent, where they *halted, being much fatigued.* The captain was more *tired than the others,* because his shoes, which had

been soaked with water, stretched and let in the sand, which gave him great annoyance. As they were looking around for a place where they might repose during the night, they heard a noise near the trunk of an old tree, and discovered an iguana, which, though an ugly-looking animal, is excellent eating. The pilot killed it, and as the party were hungry after their fatigue, they soon devoured it, having roasted it on the embers of their fire. They then went to sleep.

At day-break they set off again, and about ten o'clock in the forenoon reached a hill exceedingly steep, and in order to save a point, which would have obliged them to go a good way round, they entered a wood to go over it. The wood was full of thorns and brambles. There the captain suffered a good deal of pain. His stockings were worn out, and his feet became blistered and sore, being little accustomed to so uneven a road. Matters became worse when on leaving the wood they were upon the sea-shore. The heat of the sand, owing to the rays of an ardent tropical sun, raised bladders on his feet as large as pigeon's eggs. They broke, and the sand got into the wounds, which gave excessive pain on friction by walking. The captain's sufferings raised the pity of his companions, and obliged him to stop under the shade of a tree, where they washed his feet in a stream of fresh water, and remained some time sheltered from the burning sun. While the party were thus resting, one or two of them discovered in the holes of the rocks a great many periwinkles, called by the

South Americans *buyados*, which they deem very good eating. They are generally boiled, but having no cooking utensils they were now obliged to roast them.

After this sorry repast, they set out again. The feet of the captain were bound up as well as they could be under such circumstances, in their torn linen and tattered clothes, much in the way mendicants supply the want of shoes. They then proceeded till sunset, and reached the borders of a pond, which so abounded in mosquitoes, that they were obliged to continue their journey until ten o'clock in the morning. They passed the night with much inquietude, fearing an attack from the Indians, some of whom they had seen passing among the trees in a neighbouring wood. Fortunately they remained till day-break undisturbed.

During the next day's journey they met with a river, on the bank of which they found the remains of a fire and a quantity of banana skins, though none of the fruit grew there. About mid-day they came upon a large river bordered with trees, which gave a pleasant shade. Hunger now pressed them, and they were fortunate enough to catch three large fish, which they roasted. They crossed the stream in the way they had done before, until they came to another much larger, on the bank of which they slept, first planting a sentinel for fear of being surprised by the Indians. They found a great number of palm-trees growing near them, the buds of which they collected *and ate*; the hearts, which are poor food, are like a *wax-candle in taste*. A little further on, they found

a fruit resembling an apricot, called by the people of the country the *icacos*; it was of a bitter acid taste, but far better for food than palm buds. They now again came upon the coast, having crossed a wood and a mountain. They saw a good quantity of lobsters, but they could only capture four. They shot six paroquets in addition, and thus supplied another day's provision. They slept on a spot where there were plenty of *icacos*, eating the ripe and roasting those which were unripe. On the fifth day they passed two rivers on rafts, but got nothing to eat until six o'clock at night, when the captain shot a peacock. The following day they reached a deserted house, where they found a quantity of ripe bananas. They eat half, and carried away the other half, not without the fear that the family might pursue them. At night they rested on the bank of another river, and eat their stolen bananas. Hunger was the most disagreeable enemy they yet encountered, and they were obliged to supply themselves in the best way they could without being too scrupulous about the mode.

The next day four of the party went about two leagues off to the top of a hill to find wood fit to make a raft. While they were absent, leaving the captain and one man together, the latter were fortunate enough to see a number of wood-pigeons perch on a tree not fifty paces off. The captain crept within a short distance of them, and brought down eighteen at a shot; *these furnished them all with a banquet, in which, had they wine, their gratification would have been complete.* Those who had gone to the wood

had found some dates, which they eat instead of bread.

After this unexpected feast, they set out once more. The captain was now so much worn down by pain, that he could proceed no farther. He was unable to stand on his feet, and he begged his companions to leave him, as it would be unjust to detain them there to perish for the sake of one of their number. He said he might get better and follow them in a few days, or they might fall in with some Spanish dwellings, and be able to send him assistance. He conjured them to keep together, happen what might on their future journey. They shed tears upon this address, and declared they would not leave the captain, let the consequences be what they might. They offered to take him upon their shoulders, but he would not agree to it. He told them their time was dear, and that they had better get as quick as possible to Caldera. They would not stir until the captain consented to be carried, which they undertook with such good will, that it was seven o'clock in the evening before they stopped, as well to rest themselves as to find something to eat. They were obliged to satisfy their appetite with periwinkles boiled on the coals. The fatigue they had undergone under a tropical sun during the day, and the hardships endured from the heat in those which preceded it, had made a great change in their appearance. Their throats were inflamed and parched, and they had no water to quench their thirst. To remain where they had stopped was impossible. They set out again in their

wearied state, and after reaching a league farther, discovered a stream bordered with bananas, and other fruits and trees, the shade of which meeting over the water formed a beautiful and agreeable avenue. They thanked God for his goodness to them, and rushing to the river quenched their thirst. The pilot added to their delight, by stating that the river was that of St. Antonio. He assured his companions that, about four leagues off, there was a rich farm belonging to Alonzo Macotela, where there was an abundance of cattle. Macotela was an inhabitant of the town of Esparza in Costa Rica. They supped on the fruit around them, which they roasted on the cinders when not ripe. The same night they crossed the river on a raft, and slept more soundly than they had done for many nights before, their anxiety respecting the termination of their journey being now dismissed.

They despatched several of their number the following morning to the farm of Macotela. The captain and two others remained behind to rest during that day and the next. They caught lobsters in the river for their support. The two who remained with the captain were the Genoese merchant, and a religious brother of some order. The brother was charged with the duty of sentinel the second night, in order to guard against their being surprised. More accustomed to the cloister than to military duty, he fell asleep so soundly, that about eleven o'clock, the captain was awoke by a voice calling out *his name*, and upon hailing the good brother to ask

if he had spoken, got no reply. Upon finding this the case he got up, and heard his own name again repeated, though from some distance off. He then awoke the Genoese and the slumbering sentinel, but had scarcely done so before a large raft came floating down the river with more than twenty people upon it. The raft was under the direction of Don Domingo de Chavarria, a native of Navarre, the curate of Esparza. Three of the shipwrecked party, who had been sent forward to the farm of Macotela, had met them, and related in what state they had left their companions at the river St. Antonio, where they were waiting for assistance. The good curate, moved at their tale, set out with refreshments and necessaries to recruit their health. He learned exactly where they were left by their companions, and summoning all his domestics and friends well loaded with provisions departed to their succour immediately. The joy of the Genoese and the religious brother was not less than that of the captain, upon finding there was now no fear of their perishing by hunger or the Indians. They were now soon mounted on horseback, except the captain, who was placed on a litter in the manner customary for invalids in warm climates. Six Indians formed a relay, two taking the vehicle by turns on their shoulders, and moving on as well and as rapidly as the mules of the country. In this way, a little before the dawn of day, they reached the farm of Macotela, where they rested for some time, and then proceeded to Esparza.

The small town of Esparza is described as placed

in an admirable situation upon a small eminence. Two convents and one parish only were included in its limits. One of those religious houses was of the order of St. Francis, the other of John of God. The captain was conducted with his companions to the house of the curate, where they met those who had preceded them. They now returned thanks to God for their preservation, and sent a courier to Carthago, the capital of Costa Rica, to give an account of their arrival to Don Juan de Salinos, the captain-general of the province, who was a friend of the captain. In twenty-four hours, so speedy did the courier travel, the governor made his appearance in the captain's chamber, who, relating his story, a frigate was sent off immediately to the place where the rest of the crew were left. It returned without being able to find any traces of them. A second was then sent with orders to land and search the country round. The commander of the second vessel obeyed his orders, but could discover no traces of the crew of whom they were in search, until just as they were about to embark on their return, they saw a large quantity of leaves which seemed placed in their position for some particular purpose, and on examining, they found under them, placed as it were for concealment, goods, boxes, and the various things which had been preserved from the wreck. These they put on board and brought away. Of the ship's company, who had been left behind, they could discover nothing, and all began to think they had been cut off by the Indians.

In a few days afterwards, the governor being with the captain, at the house of the curate, a young cavaliero came in with haste and in great terror, to say that the English had landed on the coast. All the place was in alarm. The governor mounted directly and the captain, though an invalid, hobbled out to take measures with his party for their defence. People rushed in from all parts of the country to get orders for their future conduct from the governor. Don Juan and the captain set out to reconnoitre, and had gone no great distance, when they saw approaching with a very slow pace the remainder of the shipwrecked crew, which had been taken for a formidable body of English threatening the country. Fear was now changed into joy. The reporters of the alarming tidings of the English having landed slunk away ashamed in the midst of the jeers of their countrymen, for having transformed a half famished and unarmed body of their countrymen into formidable enemies in battle array.

The rest of the ship's company, having waited three days beyond the eight agreed upon with the captain, determined to follow the steps of those who had preceded them, and easily tracked their friends along the coast. They subsisted in much the same manner as the first party had done.

This shipwreck is remarkable for the singular account of the currents northward of Panama, and for the ignorance of the captain and the pilot in *obstinately following* the same course along the coast, *which constantly* led them into the current again,

when they should have run further out to sea. The discipline of the ship from the chief downwards, and the wreck clearly owing to the revelling of the crew, are a curious picture of a Spanish vessel in those days. The English name was evidently very formidable at that period, in the Spanish South American possessions. Perhaps the recollections of past times, and the achievements of Drake and others in the Gulf and in the Pacific, had been handed down as *le grand Talbot* was in France, until the English name became a scarecrow to the children.

CHAPTER IV.

Wreck of the Speedwell, 1719, at Juan Fernandez—Burning of the Prince, 1752.

Two vessels, fitted out in 1719 to cruize against the Spaniards in the South Seas, sailed from Plymouth in that year. One was the Speedwell of a hundred men, Captain George Shelvocke; the other the Success, which parted company soon after they left Plymouth, on the thirteenth of February. The Speedwell, after the two vessels parted, encountered on the nineteenth a violent storm from the south-west, and the topsails were taken in. In an hour after they were obliged to scud under bare poles, not being able to show an inch of canvass during the night, except at one time a reefed mizen. About midnight a sea struck the ship on the quarter, which, among other mischiefs, stove in one of the deadlights, and the vessel shipped a quantity of water, so that for some time she was in danger of foundering. They could not get her before the wind, nor were they able to work the pumps on deck, for one of them was constantly under water, and the seas washed over her so rapidly in succession that the crew could not keep their feet. At last they got the chain-pump to work. The Speedwell was not of more than two hundred tons burthen. *She carried eighteen six-pounders on her deck, and a large fourteen-oared launch as well. She was*

laden for a long cruise in a distant sea, and three-fourths of her people were landsmen. They were much alarmed at the storm, and even talked of coming about for England, because the ship was too crank to bear a long voyage.

On the twenty-third of February, the captain observing the discontent on board, ordered up his crew, assured them of the seaworthiness of his ship, cheered them with a prospect of success, and promised they should have a shelter in the way of awning, which they had hitherto been without. This address was in vain, the crew stated their determination to put the helm round for home, and he was obliged to demand the assistance of his officers, as in a case of mutiny. The sight of the officers armed cooled the courage of the mutineers; they broke up, and two of them were selected for punishment, but pardoned on expressing contrition, at the submissive entreaties of their comrades. The wetting a barrel of powder, which it was not then the custom, as now, to secure hermetically, and that of half a ton of bread, was all the injury they sustained from the storm.

They made the Canaries on the seventeenth of March, and captured a boat of sixteen tons, laden with salt and wine. On the twenty-ninth they set sail with their prize for the Cape de Verd Islands, in the hope of falling in with the Success, which had left Plymouth in company. Again the crew became discontented, and the captain thought it prudent to remove all the arms out of their reach. On approaching the Isle of May, the Speedwell was mistaken for

a pirate by some vessels there, and a shot was fired at her, for which they apologised. The gunner was dismissed for bad conduct.

On arriving at Porto Praya, the prize was sold to the governor for one hundred and fifty dollars. Six of the crew deserted, and only two were retaken. The vessel then sailed for St. Catherine in Brazil, where she took in wood and water after a passage of twenty-one days. On the second of June, they saw a large vessel, which obliged them to prepare to act on the defensive. Two guns and a proper proportion of men were landed to protect the place where they were watering, and the launch was sent well armed to see what could be made of the supposed enemy. This vessel was the Ruby French man-of-war, commanded by M. la Jonquière. He sent one of his officers to assure Captain Shelvocke that his intentions were pacific, and to ask him to dine, when he was very politely received. He told Captain Shelvocke that the Spaniards were apprized of two English vessels being gone into their seas, and had sent men-of-war to meet them. This intelligence, on account of the uncertain state of his reliance upon his crew, the captain kept secret. The French commander dined in return in the *Speedwell*, where a mutiny broke out, which was only quelled by the aid of the French officers, with those of the ship. The boatswain, the chief offender, was pardoned, but sent home in the French man-of-war. These were causes of many *melancholy* reflections to the captain, who was an old and tried seaman.

Another ship was now seen working into the harbour, which the Frenchman found was the consort of the Speedwell. M. la Jonquière set off to sea in a great hurry, taking three Frenchmen belonging to the crew of the Speedwell with him, and leaving two other Frenchmen and an Irishman on board her in return. Another French ship, called the Sage Solomôn, of forty guns, soon after came into the port, and proved to be that which had made the Ruby set sail. Captain Shelvocke purchased some provisions from her. Three of the crew now deserted from the ship.

They left the port on the eighth of August, and while off the coast of Patagonia fell in with an immense number of whales, which lay so thick that there was great difficulty in preventing the ship from striking some of them. On reaching Terra del Fuego they had misty weather, and saw the stupendous mountains in that vicinity covered with snow. Passing close to the shore on the thirteenth of September, they observed the bare and desolate appearance of the land. When they were through the straits of Le Maire, they had cold weather with snow and sleet. They made Chili on the fourteenth of November, in want of wood and water, and then endeavoured to make Narborough's Island, where the anchorage appeared so unsafe, that Captain Shelvocke made the island of Chiloe, and anchored there on the thirtieth, when he passed himself off for a Frenchman, Jean le Breton, who then commanded a vessel in the South Seas called *the Rose*. There was some difficulty in getting provisions, until the first lieutenant was despatched to

take what he could find, and thus an abundant supply was obtained.

On the seventeenth of December the *Speedwell* sailed for the Bay of Concepcion, and captured two vessels, the *Solidad d'Anday* of two hundred and fifty tons, and one of twenty-five belonging to a priest. Intelligence was now received of a vessel lying two leagues off to the north with a valuable cargo. An officer and twenty-five men were sent to the bay in which she lay, but they were not to land or make any attempt upon her. They found her men ashore, and landing, were suddenly set upon by horsemen driving wild horses before them. Five of the party were killed or wounded. This ill success increased the discontent of the refractory crew. They next captured the *St. Firmin* of three hundred tons, and a valuable cargo. Proposals were made to ransom the prize, and a Jesuit came on board to request the return of ten silver candlesticks, each weighing twenty-five pounds, which had been a gift to his convent. They were offered for their weight in dollars, but the Jesuit said they never purchased things for religious uses. Sixteen thousand dollars were demanded as the ransom of the ship. The Spaniards offered twelve thousand for both ship and cargo. At length the captain set both ships on fire, and sold the plunder before the mast. The voyage was continued to the island of Juan Fernandez, and then to Arica in Peru, where some prizes were captured. They *then sailed for Payta*, which they entered with French colours flying, on the twenty-first of March. A

vessel of sixteen tons which they had captured, and called the *Mercury*, was taken with the captain of marines on board her.

At Payta a small vessel was captured, and the *Speedwell* anchored off the town, but found it deserted. The *Success* had been there before them. All the treasure, among that the king's, amounting to four hundred thousand pieces of eight, had been removed into the mountains. They spent a day in embarking the live stock, flour, and sugar, which they found in the town. The governor now sent to demand what ransom would be taken for the town and the small ship. The reply was ten thousand pieces of eight in twenty-four hours. No conclusion was made to the bargain, and the town was burned. This was scarcely effected before signals were made for the captain to come off. All hands were ordered into the boats, and before they were half way to the vessel, a large sail was seen with topsails aback and the Spanish flag flying. This vessel was the Spanish admiral's ship, and had she continued her course, she must have captured the *Speedwell*, which had only eight or nine hands on board. The master, Mr. Coldsea, however, kept up so vigorous a fire with these few, that the Spaniards, thinking there would be a sharp defence, brought to their ship, to put her in a condition for a vigorous contest. This gave time to Captain Shelvocke to get on board. He then made his preparations to give the admiral a warm reception, as well as to deceive him until all the officers were on board, they having delayed on shore to get off a gun they

were unwilling to abandon. By this time the enemy were within pistol shot. Captain Shelvooke now cut his cable, but the vessel unfortunately fell off the wrong way, and he could but just clear the admiral. The crew were by no means in spirits at the sight of a ship of fifty-six guns and four hundred and twenty men, while the Speedwell had only twenty guns mounted, seventy-three white men and eleven negroes. Some were for getting ashore as fast as they could, and one man actually did swim ashore. Shelvooke being under the Spaniards lee, attempted to get into shoal water, but he unfortunately lay becalmed nearly an hour exposed to the enemy's fire, which he returned as rapidly as he was able. In getting away from the town the men had wetted their small arms, and it was long time before they could be got ready for service. In the town the people were some of them trying to extinguish the fire, while others were looking at the engagement. Captain Shelvooke was for some time in fear of being captured by boarding, the enemy's forecastle being full of men who were shouting. He discovered, however, that it arose from their having shot away the ensign-staff, which seeing in the water, they imagined the Speedwell had struck. Another ensign was immediately hoisted in the mizen shrouds. The Spaniards now attempted to bring their whole broadside to bear on the Speedwell, but with little effect, for she had time to shoot ahead before their sails could fill again, and if her masts kept up, she had the chance of getting beyond their fire. The masts held on; the Speedwell got out of

range, and then lay to for the repair of her damages. She had lost no men, but her rigging was cut up, and the mainmast was wounded and sustained with a single shroud. The Spaniards after a short chase returned to the port.

Another Spanish vessel, mounting thirty-six guns, chased the Speedwell the next day, and gained upon her. At night the captain set a lanthorn adrift in a tub, darkening a part of it to look like a ship's light, and altered his course. When day broke no enemy was in sight. The captain, finding an embargo was laid upon all the shipping along the coast, determined to sail for Mexico, first watering at the island of Juan Fernandez. He hoped by this means to fall into the track of the Manilla ship, which was always of great value. On the twenty-sixth of March, 1720, they bent their course to the southward, thinking in five weeks to make the island. The carpenter began to build a boat for the purpose of watering with on their arrival. The ship sprung a leak soon after, and the greater part of the powder became injured. They with difficulty stopped the leak, which was caused by one of the enemy's shot that had worked out of their sides and permitted the sea to enter through the orifice.

On the sixth of May they came in sight of the westernmost of the islands of Juan Fernandez. The carpenter had completed a boat that would carry three hogsheads. In five days more they saw the great island. They stood off and on until the twenty-first, when they found they could not get water enough

on board in this manner. In consequence it was determined upon to anchor for a few hours in the road, and they prepared the casks accordingly. The ship was now worked in and anchored in forty fathoms water. They made a warp of three hawsers and a half, which was fastened to the rocks to keep the ship steady, and by that means haul their raft of casks on shore and on board. On the twenty-fifth of May it blew a gale upon the land with a heavy swell. The cable, though new, parted in a short time, and shipwreck appeared inevitable. The *Speedwell* struck with such violence, that the mainmast, foremast, and mizen topmast were carried away at one sweep. The people could not keep their feet, and in a short time the hold of the ship was full of water. All the crew except one were saved.

Captain Shelviocke preserved his commission, and got up some powder which had been placed in the bread-room, with some bags of bread. These were secured, for the ship did not immediately go to pieces. Some mathematical instruments and books were saved, and two or three compasses. The masts fell so as to leave a clear space to form a raft, and by this means and the assistance of those already on shore, the crew landed. They were without provisions beyond subsistence for a day or two; without shelter, and obliged to sleep on the wet ground. The seals and sea-lions lay so thick upon the beach, that they were obliged to clear their way through them as they came along. *They lighted a fire, and notwithstanding the loss of the ship slept soundly.* When they awoke the past

seemed like a dream. The captain urged the crew to procure necessities from the wreck, but instead of this they began to build huts and tents as if designing to settle upon the island. A violent storm soon arose, and destroyed all the wreck except one cask of beef. Eleven hundred dollars belonging to the owners of the vessel, which happened to be uppermost in the bread-room, were saved, being in the captain's own chest; all the rest being in the bottom of the vessel were lost.

A spot was now selected by the captain for his own tent, secure from wind, weather, or surprise by the enemy. It was half a mile from the sea, near a fine stream of running water, and there was plenty of fuel hard by. The crew quartered themselves near, in the best way they could. The winter season was coming on, and many thatched their dwellings, while some covered theirs with the skins of seals and sea-lions. Several of the crew rolled water-casks to the shelter of a tree, and slept in them.

The captain now summoned the crew together, and told them that the sole means of leaving the island was to build a vessel, to carry them away, and demanded if they would work upon her. This they all agreed to do, requiring directions for the work. A number of articles were obtained from the wreck which were useful, and the blocks for the keel were laid on the eighth of June. Their vessel was to be thirty feet keel, sixteen beam, and seven deep.

The wood lay at a considerable distance, and the progress made was necessarily very slow, for it had

in launching, the ship was got off at one tide, and named the Recovery. She had two masts, and was twenty tons burthen. Her anchor was a large stone, and her cable a light rope, so that she might easily go ashore on the rocks. The water was therefore got on board the same day, and on that which followed, all except eleven or twelve of the crew, and as many negroes, who remained behind. One pump was found quite sufficient to keep the vessel clear of water. An eel was allowed each man, every twenty-four hours. This was cooked by a fire made in a half tub filled with earth. The water was sucked out of the cask with a musket barrel. The crew were crowded together, and lay upon bundles of eels.

Captain Shelviocke was for standing into the Bay of Conception, and there capturing some vessel larger than his own. While a breeze continued to blow, the ship was very uncomfortable, she rolled much, and the water ran over them. The deck was only a grating, having no tarpaulin to cover it, and the pumps scarcely kept them free. The captain did not like to bear away, and ease the vessel, lest he might miss the Bay of Conception, on which their hopes were centered for a change of condition. On the tenth of October, they saw a large European built ship, and stood towards her. The people on board at first seemed to pay no attention to the bark, until they observed that her sails were brown, while those of the Spaniards in the same seas were white, *being generally made of cotton.* She then wore and *hauled close on the wind to the westward.* The

Recovery hoisted her colours and fired a gun. It fell calm, but they were able to make good way with their sweeps toward the enemy. The arms, however, were found to be in very bad repair. They had only three cutlasses, and were very ill provided to board, in which their only chance of success lay. A third of their muskets wanted flints, and they had but one small dismounted cannon, two round shot, a few chain bolts and bolt-heads, and some bags of stones for grape shot.

In four hours they were alongside the enemy ; from her decks the English were abused, called dogs, and defied. A volley of large and small shot killed the gunner and injured the mast of the Recovery. Three attempts were made to board, and each was unsuccessful. The enemy was lofty, and the crew had not pistols and cutlasses to use. They nevertheless made slugs the whole night, and in the morning determined to carry the foe, or submit. At day-break it was resolved to man the yawl, and lay her athwart the hawse, while the captain boarded in the boat. Just as they were on the point of coming to action, a breeze sprang up, and the ship gained upon them ; the gale freshened, and the captain expected the enemy would have run him down, but she bore away, and was pursued in vain by the Recovery. They had one killed and three wounded. The wounded all got well, though one man was nine or ten months before his cure was perfect.

They now had a gale which lasted for several days, and put them in great danger. The yawl lay astern,

and having too little rope, on every descent of the sea, it fell after the ship with such violence, they feared it would be beaten in. They were in great terror during the storm, from the knowledge of the description of vessel under them. They soon came in sight of the island of Iquique, on which they made a descent, and brought off a large quantity of provisions, and also a boat of good size. They had now plenty to eat in the place of famine. They thought of steering for Arica, but finding a large ship was lying there, they sailed for Nasco, lying in 16° south latitude, and Pisco, between 13° and 14°. Off the high land of Nasco, they fell in with a large vessel of seven hundred tons, which they unsuccessfully attacked. This made the crew murmur, and although the captain did all he could to prevent desertion, two men went off with the best boat; they were afterwards recovered when nearly starved.

They now looked into the Road of Pisco, and there saw a large vessel, which, being desperate, they determined to carry by a desperate attempt. She was taken without resistance, the crew receiving them in a submissive manner. She was a good vessel of two hundred tons, laden with pitch, tar, plank, and copper; all she had valuable besides had been carried away in her boat. The captain offered sixteen thousand dollars to ransom her, but Captain Shelvocke was obliged to keep her for their own use. They removed everything from the bark, on board the *new vessel*, gave the former up to the Spaniards, and then stood out to sea. They afterwards pro-

ceded to Mexico; and at Sansenite took the *Sacra Familia*, of three hundred tons, after a smart action. Being a better sailer than his own vessel, Captain Shelyocke shifted his company on board the prize. They now left the coast for want of water, the first lieutenant and some of the men being on shore. The crew lived upon half a pint a man, for thirteen days, but they succeeded in obtaining some at last in the island of Cagno. After being attacked by a fever and dreadful mortality, they crossed the Pacific, and the ship reached Macao, with only six or seven hands fit for duty, and in such a condition she could scarcely keep the sea. They succeeded in getting her up to Canton, where her miserable state was a matter of astonishment to all who saw her. Most of the surviving crew came home in *Indiamen*. The captain reached Dover in the *Cadogan*, after an absence of three years and seven months.

A French East Indiaman, called the *Prince*, sailed in 1752, on her outward-bound voyage from Port L'Orient. The day was the nineteenth of February, and as if ominous of future disaster, she got on a bank, and was unable to resume her voyage until the tenth of June.

They proceeded at first prosperously, and had reached $8^{\circ} 30'$ south latitude, and 5° west longitude from Paris, when the intelligence was brought to the lieutenant, M. de la Fond, that smoke was coming *up the main hatchway*. He immediately ordered the *hatchway to be opened to ascertain the fact, which*

was found but too true. The captain hastened on deck from the cabin where he had been sitting at dinner. Some sails were dipped in the sea, and the hatchways covered with them, to stifle the fire as much as possible. It was intended to let in the water between decks a foot deep, but clouds of smoke issuing from below, and the flames increasing, prevented this from being done. The soldiers on board were ordered under arms to prevent confusion, and their commander exhibited great firmness in the alarming circumstances.

Buckets were put in request, and the pumps worked into the hold by pipes, but still the fire gained ground, and defeated every effort to subdue its violence. The yawl being in the way, was hoisted out, and the boatswain, with three seamen, took possession of it. They had no oars, but were supplied with them from the ship by three other hands, who leaped overboard. They were desired to return by those on board, but they excused themselves, saying they had no rudder, and asking for a rope. The flames, however, soon convinced them that their only security lay in keeping away from the vessel, and a breeze springing up, she moved away from them. The crew still courageously exerted themselves, feeling there was no escape if the vessel perished. The master ventured down into the hold, but the heat was so intense, he was obliged to return, and they were forced to dash water over him while there, to prevent his *being burned*. Soon after the flames burst forth from the main hatchway.

The captain now ordered the boats to be got out, but the long boat was slung high up, and as they were about to put her over the side of the ship, the fire caught the mainmast, and she fell down on the guns, bottom upwards. Thus it became impossible to get her out. The fate of all now seemed but too clear. To perish by fire or water, was the inevitable doom of every one on board, and it was so felt. Lamentations and bitter cries resounded through the ship, amid the crackling of the flames. The chaplain, from the quarterdeck, gave the crew a general absolution, and then repaired to the quarter-gallery, to give it to those who had plunged into the sea. The great principle of self-preservation acted upon all. Yards, spars, hencoops, everything on which there was a hope of floating, were flung overboard. Many leaped into the waves. Others swam to fragments of the wreck which floated around. The shrouds and yards of the vessel were covered with hesitating men, who could not yet determine on their mode of perishing. A father folded his son in his arms, and then throwing him into the sea, followed him, and both perished.

The helm was shifted, and the vessel heeled to the larboard side, which afforded a few minutes of preservation longer, while on the starboard side the flames raged from stem to stern. Lieutenant de la Fond, on whom the active duty of the fearful time had fallen, and who had been only occupied in trying to save the ship, when all hope of that was over, had begun to contemplate the horrors of his own

situation. Looking around him he found he was alone on the deck. He went into the roundhouse, and on his way met M. de la Touche, the commander of the military that were on board, a brave French officer, who said to him, "My friend and brother, farewell!" M. de la Fond, on asking where he was going, replied, "To comfort my friend the captain." M. Morin, the captain, stood overcome with grief, amid his passengers, among whom were several female relatives. He recommended them to commit themselves to the sea upon hen-coops, while the seamen swimming with one hand, endeavoured to support them with the other. The floating masts and yards were covered with men, who were striving for a momentary existence. The guns now went off shotted, and destroyed many who were struggling in the waves. The fire in the meantime reached the starboard gallery, and was seen blazing awfully within the window of the roundhouse and great cabin. The flames approached M. de la Fond, who having long seen any further attempt to save the ship utterly useless, determined to prolong his life a few hours if possible, that he might devote them to preparing himself for another world. Yet did he escape, and from his narration is the present account compiled.

M. de la Fond stripped off his clothes, intending to slip down a yard, one end of which was in the sea, but it became so covered with fugitives, that he rolled over them into the water. A soldier, in a drowning state, ~~got~~ hold of him. De la Fond dived, but in

gain, to get free of the man's grasp; he plunged a second time, the man still holding firmly on, until the poor wretch having swallowed much water, found his strength fail him as De la Fond dived a third time, and probably sensible he was again sinking, instinctively withdrew his grasp. When De la Fond found himself free, he dived again, and rose as far off from the spot as possible. He was now cautious of approaching any one; he even avoided the dead bodies, until he was forced to move them aside with one hand, while he made way with the other. At last his strength began to fail for want of respite. He first found a part of the ensign-staff. He put his arm through a loop of rope attached to it to secure himself, until perceiving a yard he seized that, but seeing it scarcely supported a man who had hold of it at the other end, he abandoned it as too slight to afford him assistance. He next fell in with the sprit-sail yard, which was covered with people whom he feared to approach. Some were quite naked, others in their shirts, yet in their own miserable situation they seemed to feel pity for him. The captain and M. de la Touche, it appears, never left the ship, and perished in her. A terrible and heart-rending sight presented itself everywhere around. The mainmast being burned below the deck, fell overboard, killing many in its fall. It was afterwards covered with people, and driven about by the waves. De la Fond seeing two seamen support themselves on a hen-coop and some planks, ordered them to swim to him with the latter; this the fellows did, and, accompanied by others, they

thus contrived to paddle along, until they gained the mast where so many had already secured themselves. There new scenes of horror encompassed the survivors. The chaplain was upon the mast, and in that situation De la Fond received absolution. Two young ladies were also there, who seemed to await their fate with pious resignation; they were the survivors of six, four had already perished. Not less than eighty persons were upon the mast. They were every moment exposed to death from the discharges of the cannon in the ship. The chaplain losing his hold of the mast, De la Fond contrived to lift him up: "Let me go," he cried, "I am already half-drowned, and it is only prolonging my misery." De la Fond told him that when he could support him no longer they would die together. While in this state he saw one of the ladies fall from the mast and perish; she was too far off for him to give her any assistance.

At length De la Fond observed the yawl at no great distance. It was then near five o'clock in the afternoon. He called to the men that he was their lieutenant, and requested to be taken in. They were not averse to this, for they were unable to steer the boat towards land, from not knowing where the nearest shore lay. They told him if he would swim to the yawl, they would take him in. They knew that if they approached the mast the boat would be sunk by the numbers who would crowd into it, and all must inevitably perish. De la Fond set off, and summoning every effort, reached the object of his wishes. *The pilot and master following his example, swam to the yawl, and were taken in also.*

The flames continued to rage until the vessel blew up, which happened when the yawl was about a mile and a half distant. The explosion was terrible. A vast dense cloud of smoke ascended from the shivered wreck, and obscured the sun for a short time. Pieces of flaming timber were hurled into the air, and falling, crushed the miserable beings who were struggling in the sea for their existence. Even the yawl was not beyond the reach of the danger. The spectacle shocked them dreadfully, the sea around them being covered with the burned and mangled bodies of their friends, some of whom retained life enough to struggle, and be sensible of the horrors around them. De la Fond, who still possessed his presence of mind, proposed that they should pull to the spot, in the hope of finding some articles of provision, and other things which might be of use to them, for they had nothing in the boat, and could only expect a lingering death by famine if they were unsuccessful in their search. They discovered several barrels, but had the mortification to find they contained nothing which could be of service to them. Towards night they were fortunate enough to pick up a cask of brandy, fifteen pounds (as well as they could guess) of salt pork, a piece of scarlet cloth, about twenty yards of linen, a dozen pipe-staves, and some cordage. The night coming on, they were obliged to pull away from the place, lest the fragments of the wreck, which were floating around them, should endanger their *frail boat*. They rowed as far as they could from the spot, and, although it was night, began to get their

boat into the best trim practicable for sailing. The inner work of the boat was torn up for planks and nails. A seaman fortunately had two needles, and the unravelling of the linen supplied thread. Of the piece of scarlet cloth they formed a sail. An oar served for a mast, and a plank made a rudder. They worked so well during the night, that a good part of their labour was completed by the morning.

These unfortunate people were two hundred leagues from the nearest land, and did not know in what direction to shape their course. They resigned themselves to the divine will, and prayed to Heaven for aid. They now hoisted their sail, and De la Fond and his companions were soon borne far from the place where their vessel had been lost. For eight days and nights they saw no land. They were, several of them, utterly naked, and exposed to the heat of the sun by day, and to the cold air of the night. They had no water to satiate their thirst; their mouths were parched, but they were relieved by a shower of rain, of which they tried to catch a little in their mouths, and with their hands. They also sucked the sail which had been wetted by the rain, but unfortunately it was bitter from having been soaked in the sea, and this bitterness was imparted to the rain water. They bore it with the reflection that had the rain fallen heavier, the wind, which was favourable, might have gone down, and their progress have been arrested.

They ascertained the direction in which they should sail, by a constant observation of the rising

and setting of the sun and moon. The stars indicated also the way in which they should steer. They allowed themselves a small bit of pork each man, once in twenty-four hours, but they were obliged on the fourth day to give up taking it, from the irritating effect it produced upon their constitutions. They tried the brandy, but found that it inflamed their stomachs, without in the slightest degree satisfying their dreadful thirst. They saw flying-fish rise out of the water, but they could not capture them for food, which made the hunger they suffered less endurable. They strove as much as they could to bear up against despair, and the melancholy prospect before them, which scarcely left hope alive in their bosoms.

It was on the night of the eighth, that De la Fond, after being for ten hours at the helm, desired some one to relieve him, and sunk down under his sufferings. His companions were in no better state than himself, and they began to resign themselves to their destiny; hunger, thirst, and exposure, having nearly completed their work. On the dawn of day they saw land. Though almost in the last stage of exhaustion, the sight raised them to life again. They seemed as if they were new-born, and they made every necessary exertion to prevent being drifted away by the current in which they now found themselves. They soon reached the coast, which was that of *Brazil*, in 6° south latitude, where they entered *Tresson Bay*, not far from *Rio Grande*, and instantly returned thanks to Heaven for their provi-

dential escape. They even rolled themselves in the sand, so transported were they with joy to be safe on shore. Their appearance was anything but human, their joy was "moody madness laughing wild amid severest woe." Some were quite naked, others had only their shirts which were in rags. De la Fond fastened a piece of scarlet cloth about his waist, that he might appear to be the chief of the party. They had still to bear up against hunger and thirst, nor did they know whether they were landed among civilized men or savages; yet to have landed any where was the great object gained.

They were consulting together what should be done, when the Portuguese settled there came down to them in a body of fifty, and inquired who they were and whence they came. The moment their tale of misfortune was told, they were led to the dwellings of the settlers, who sympathized with their distresses. A river being near the road they plunged into it, and drank freely to allay the thirst with which they had been so long tormented. They found afterwards that bathing aided greatly in restoring them to health and activity. The principal inhabitant of the place came, and led De la Fond and his companions to his house, being about half a league from the place where they landed. He gave them clothes, and boiled some fish for them, the broth of which they found excellent. Though they required sleep as well as food, yet, when they found *there was a church dedicated to St. Michael, only half a league distant, they immediately went thither*

to thank the Almighty once more for preserving them in such an extraordinary manner. They could not return to the house of their kind host owing to fatigue and the badness of the road, and were obliged to remain in the village close to the church, where the inhabitants, touched with their piety and misfortunes, hastened to administer everything in their power to relieve them. They did not stay longer than would enable them by rest to return to their former host, who at night treated them with a second meal of fish. They found that they wanted something of a nature more nourishing, and with some of the brandy they had saved they bought an ox.

They were distant fifteen leagues from Paraiba, and were obliged to travel thither barefooted, and without provisions for their journey. They therefore dried in smoke some of their ox-flesh, and added a little flour to it, and in three days set off on their march escorted by three soldiers. They marched seven leagues the first day, and were received with great hospitality at the place where they passed the night. The evening of the following day, a serjeant and twenty-nine men came and escorted them to the commandant of a fortress, who gave them a hospitable reception, supplied their wants, and sent them in a boat to Paraiba, where they arrived at midnight. A Portuguese captain presented them to the governor, who treated them with great kindness. In three days they were conducted at their own desire *to Fernambuco, accompanied by a corporal, in order to obtain a passage in a Portuguese fleet about to sail*

for Europe De la Fond's feet were so bad from previous travelling that he could hardly stand, and he was provided with a horse. They reached Fernambuco in four days, where De la Fond met with great attention and kindness from the naval and military officers at that place. He was so fortunate as to get a passage for himself and companions as he expected, and he sailed for Europe on the fifth of October, arriving at Lisbon on the seventeenth of December. From Lisbon procuring a passage to Morlaix, he rested there a few days, and then repaired to Port l'Orient; his health deeply injured by his misfortunes, and left after twenty-eight years of service in a state of destitution, all he had in the world having gone down in the ship, with three hundred souls that had perished so calamitously.

CHAPTER V.

Wreck of the Doddington, 1755—Of the Utile, 1761—Famine in the Peggy, 1765.

THE Doddington East Indiaman sailed from England on the twenty-third of April, 1755, with several ships in company. In about a week they got clear of the Channel, and the captain, whose name was Samson, found that his vessel sailed much better than the others, which induced him to part company and proceed on his voyage with all haste. On the twentieth of May he made the Cape de Verd Islands, and on the twenty-first entered the bay of Porto Praya, when he found two of the vessels had reached that harbour before him. In seven weeks after sailing from Porto Praya Bay, they made the Cape of Good Hope. They now took a new departure from Cape Needles, having doubled the Cape of Good Hope. The vessel had been steered eastward between latitude $35^{\circ} 30'$ and 36° for a day, and was then ordered to be steered east-north-east, which course was continued up to the time the ship struck. This was on the 17th of July, about one o'clock in the morning.

The shock was so violent, that those who were asleep below started from their slumber in consternation, and rushed upon deck. The dreadful situation of the vessel was apparent to all on board. *The men were dashed backwards and forwards by the*

violence of the waves, the ship giving way at every blow from the mountain surges that were tearing her piecemeal. The larboard side of the quarter-deck lay highest out of the water, and the captain, who had taken his station there, told those nearest to him that all must perish. A sea struck that part of the vessel a moment after, and he was seen no more. In the midst of the consternation which reigned everywhere around, the cry of "land" was heard. The place was an uninhabitable rock, situated in $33^{\circ} 44'$ south latitude, about two hundred and fifty leagues east of the Cape of Good Hope. Upon this rock twenty-three out of two hundred and seventy persons on board were now assembled; all the rest had perished. The names of the survivors were Evan Jones, chief mate; John Collett, William Webb, S. Powell, second, third, and fifth mates; Richard Topping, carpenter; Neil Bothwell and Nathaniel Chisholm, quarter-masters; Daniel Ladova, captain's steward; Henry Sharp, surgeon's servant; Thomas Arnold, a black, and John Macdowel, servants to the captain; Robert Beaseley, John Ding, Gilbert Cain, Terence Mole, Jonas Rosenburg, John Glass,—Taylor, and Hendrick Scantz, seamen; John Yets, midshipman; John Lister, Ralph Smith, and Edward Dysoy, matrosses.

They were exposed to the open air, many without being half dressed, and they soon began to look about them for shelter and covering. These they fortunately succeeded in finding among the things *thrown up by the sea*. Their next care was to *provide a fire*. They rubbed two pieces of wood together

rain, until some of them prying about the rock, and a file and two flints in a box, but they were yet without substitute of tinder. A cask of gunpowder had been washed upon the rock, and though most of it was spoiled, enough still remained to bruize upon a rag, which was then easily inflamed. They now made a fire, and collected around it the bruized and wounded men. They carefully collected all which came ashore from the wreck. A box of wax candles and a case of bandages were found the next afternoon. Of the latter rum was immediately served out to each person. A cask nearly full of fresh water was fortunately discovered next, and several pieces of salt pork with seven sheep which had reached the shore alive. Casks full of various kinds of provision and water were seen floating about, but could not be reached. The first night soon came upon them. Some canvass had been cast on the rock, but the quantity was too small to shelter them, and they were obliged on account of the sea to erect it on the highest part of the rock, which was covered with the dung of the sea-fowl that frequented it in great numbers. Those who could not walk to the exercise were placed under the tent, and a fire was made near them. The night was very tempestuous, scattered their fire, and the rain put it out. They had been all the day without food and could not rest at night. They sunk a foot or more into the sea-fowl's dung. At length, after a dreary night, day came again, and the most active went to discover and what had come ashore from the wreck. To their disappointment, they found all the casks they had

seen the night before staved upon the rocks save two, one of flour and one of beer. These they saved before the tide flowed and put an end for the moment to their further search. They then took their first meal, which consisted of pork broiled upon the coals.

While sitting down to their desolate repast, during which, when reflecting upon their terrible state, they wrung their hands in the height of their despair, they at last began to suggest plans for their emancipation. The carpenter was one of their number, and he suggested the possibility of a sloop being built, if they had the tools and could collect materials. The idea cheered them. The carpenter declared he would undertake the task, and they soon began to forget their hopeless situation in the cheering prospect of making De la Goa bay. They debated on the size and rigging of their prospective vessel. When they left their meal, those who could be spared from the duty of tending their sick companions went to search for tools, but they found none.

Four casks of water were secured on the nineteenth of July, also a cask of flour, and a hogshead of brandy. A small boat was thrown up by the sea much shattered. No tools except a scraper were found that day, but the next they discovered a hamper containing files, sail needles, gimlets, an azimuth compass card, two quadrants, a carpenter's adze, a chisel, three sword blades, and a chest of treasure.

A heavy surf had rolled in all the preceding day, and *they determined* to renew the search early in the *morning*. They found that day most of the packets

belonging to the king and East India company, which they dried and secured. They also found the body of Mrs. Collett, the wife of the second mate, who was fortunately not near the spot at the moment. This couple had been greatly attached to each other. Mr. Jones the first mate went to Mr. Collett, and contrived to get him to the other side of the rock while they buried her body, reading the service over her from a French prayer-book which they found driven ashore with the deceased. Some time after they disclosed to Mr. Collett what they had done and restored him the wedding ring, which they had taken from her finger and preserved on purpose. He received it with great sorrow, and spent many days afterwards in raising a monument over her remains, composed of the squarest stones he could find, fixing an elm plank on the top, on which he inscribed her name, age, time of decease, and an account of the fatal shipwreck which occasioned it.

On the twenty-first of July, more pork and water were washed on shore. Some timber, plank, cordage, and canvass were also obtained. These were joyfully put by for the projected vessel. The carpenter contrived to make a saw, although he had neither hammer, nails, nor other requisites for his future task. Hendrick Scantz was a Swede, and had once been a blacksmith. He picked up an old pair of bellows, and bringing them to his comrades, told them that by *their aid* and a forge which he *could instruct them how to build*, he would furnish *the carpenter with all the tools he wanted, and even*

with nails, by burning the iron out of the wreck as it came on shore. This news was received with great satisfaction. Scantz mended the bellows, and in three days they built a tent and forge. They collected timber for the carpenter, and all things were prepared for beginning their boat.

On the twenty-fourth of July, the carpenter and quarter-master began to shape the keel of the vessel. They planned that she should be a sloop thirty feet long and twelve wide, and they continued their labour with indefatigable diligence, except when prevented by the weather. Part of an anchor which was found on the rock served the smith for an anvil, and he made the tools as they were wanted, until the carpenter was attacked with sickness. The whole of the company were in great anxiety respecting him, as they well knew their existence depended upon his labours. In three days he fortunately became convalescent to their great joy, and returned to his work.

The stores which they had saved from the wreck were exhausting very fast, and even the water began to fall short. Two ounces of bread constituted the daily allowance of each man. The salt pork they were obliged to keep for victualling their ship. In order to get water they dug a well, but could not find a spring. They contrived to kill some of the gannets which visited the rock; and though the flesh was black, fishy, and rank, they eat it. Some seals which *they killed for food* made them sick. They contrived *a raft on which they went out in the hope of catching fish, and in this they succeeded.* Still their necessity

was so great, they were obliged to kill a hog. One day Mr. Collett and Mr. Yets were nearly driven out to sea upon a fishing excursion, where they must have perished. They were seen from the rock drifting very fast, and ropes were sent out to them with killicks to enable them to fix their raft until the wind changed, but the raft on which they were embarked upset three times, and the men were obliged to swim to the rock. In the meantime those who were fishing still continued to drive. The carpenter, when they were given up for lost, contrived to make the boat so tight that, with one hand baling, she would float very well, and in her they ventured to save their comrades, whom they took off from the raft. The additional weight made the boat leak faster than she could be baled, so that just as she reached the rock, she was so full that she sunk. They were now afraid to venture any more upon the raft. The carpenter put the boat in complete repair, to use in the place of the raft. Sometimes they succeeded very well in their fishing, at other times they caught nothing. On the rock their success was very similar. At one time the gannets came in great numbers, at another they saw none for several days. They were desirous of finding some method of preserving the flesh of these birds. They tried to make salt, but unfortunately in a copper vessel, which getting corroded, had nearly cost the lives of several.

The third of September completed seven weeks on the rock. They had frequently observed a great smoke at a distance ascending from the main land

and three of them, Taylor, Bothwell, and Rosenburg, took the boat and set out to explore the cause. At night a great fire was made upon the rock, as a mark to them should they be on their way back. While they were absent the carpenter cut his leg with an adze, so bad, they feared he would bleed to death. Again his comrades were in deep anxiety about his life, but the bleeding was fortunately staunched. The boat did not return until the ninth of September, when, just at dinner-time, she was seen approaching rowed by only one man, and they were apprehensive for the fate of the others, until they saw a second rise up from the bottom of the boat, which still came on very slowly. They forgot their dinner, and ran to the beach, where they waited an hour, until their comrades landed. Two, Rosenburg and Taylor, only appeared, who, as soon as they landed, threw themselves on their knees, and returned thanks to Heaven that they were safe again upon the rock, barren as it was. They had exerted all their efforts to gain the rock, and could not now rise from the ground without being assisted. As soon as they could be helped to the tent they were furnished, as quickly as possible, both with food and water. They were so exhausted, that when they had eaten they fell asleep, and were humanely left in that state by their comrades to recover themselves, though, very naturally, anxious to hear a relation of their adventures.

When the two men awoke they said that about three o'clock on the day they departed, they made and got round a point of land, about six leagues from

the rock, which appeared double from the sea, and they hoped, between the two points, to find a good harbour for landing. The surf was so high they were disappointed. At five o'clock they had seen one native only, and ventured to pull in at all risks. In the surf the boat upset and Bothwell was drowned. They reached the shore in a very feeble condition, destitute of everything except a small keg of brandy.

They tried to draw up their boat to sleep under, but it was too heavy, and they reposed on the sand covered with the branches of a tree. In the morning they found the surf had removed their boat, and while searching for her they found the body of Bothwell, partly devoured by some wild beast. Finding their boat, they were so frightened, they determined to return instantly, but a fresh gale had set in from the west, the boat upset a second time before they could put back, and, after struggling and swimming, they safely reached the land, overcome with hunger and fatigue, having ate nothing from three o'clock the day before. They found a fruit like an apple, of which they partook eagerly, and it fortunately proved to be innoxious. They now contrived to hawl the boat on shore, and turning it upside down, they crept under it secure from the ardent rays of the sun, and from wild beasts. They slept soundly after their fatigues. Peeping out from under the edge of the boat before the morning appeared, they saw the claws of several creatures, which they judged to be tigers, pass by them.

They remained under the boat until daylight, when

they saw the foot of a man near them. They now crept from their sleeping place to the astonishment of a savage who stood close by. Two other savages and a boy were seen farther off. They made signs for the two sailors to go away, which they endeavoured to do, but could only proceed slowly. A number of natives now came down armed with lances. Rosenburg had the mast of the boat in his hand, and a pistol, which he had found washed ashore, and in this state he advanced in a threatening manner upon the natives, thinking they would be afraid and retreat. Instead of this they surrounded him and began to whet their spears. Taylor threw himself on his knees and cried to them for mercy, while Rosenburg ran into the sea. The natives immediately began to strip him. He suffered them to take his shoes and shirt, but when they came to his trowsers he made some resistance, and they desisted. They then beckoned to Rosenburg, who was swimming in the sea, but he refused, intimating they would kill him. The savages pointed to Taylor, as if to show they had not killed him. He then advanced and threw them all his clothes but his shirt. They offered him no violence, but only held up the pistol and mast to deride his attempt to scare them. They seemed pleased with the clothes, and immediately divided them. They then began to rifle the boat; took all the rope they could find, and the hook by which the rudder hung to the stern, and were *about to knock the stern to pieces, when the two sailors, although not of the softest mood in general, burst into tears, and appealed to the feelings of the*

savages by such tokens of distress as could not be mistaken. They desisted from injuring the boat. Thus encouraged, the two seamen by signs asked them for something to eat, and they gave them some roots, making signs for them to depart. On this they once more launched the boat and got into it, but the wind, being on the shore, they could not get off. The natives, seeing it was not the fault of the men, covered them with the boat and left them. They slept under it; and on the following morning, the weather being fine, launched it, and returned to the rock.

The carpenter now continued to work unremittingly upon the bark. All of the wreck thrown up, adapted to the purpose, was carefully preserved for rigging. Some more casks of fresh water were recovered, which it was determined to preserve for sea-stock. It was found that the chest of treasure which had been saved from the wreck was broken open, and a part of the treasure secreted. The sailors considered all that came ashore from the wreck as common property, especially as when a ship is lost they lose their pay. They were in general over-religiously inclined, and were not conscious of acting dishonestly. The officers were of a different opinion, and proposed to administer an oath to each man, as to his knowledge of where the treasure was which had been so taken; but this they could not enforce, and the design was dropped.

They were fortunate enough about this time to find a fowling-piece cast on shore, which, although bent, *the smith put in order and employed in shooting the birds, before which event they were obliged to knock*

them down with a stick in the best way they could. On the eleventh of October the birds flocked to the rock in great numbers to lay their eggs, of which plenty were fortunately obtained, and continued an article of their food until January, when the season for laying terminated.

On the twentieth of October, five of the company again ventured out on a raft to fish, but the wind rising they were driven to the other side of the rocks from that which they had chosen. The waves ran high and the wind increased. It was impossible for the boat to put off to their assistance, but they were obliged to remain exposed the whole night upon some isolated rocks among the seals. This, however, was preferable to being driven off to sea, where they must have perished. It was noon the next day before the boat could venture to bring them to the rock; the raft was left behind.

Rainy weather now came on and they were able to save some water for a sea store. They were not so fortunate with the article of bread, which began to run short. They had several barrels of flour, and these at last they succeeded in converting into tolerable biscuit, but this had become nearly exhausted. Only a small quantity of brandy remained, which was preserved for the carpenter. A pint of water a day was the allowance for each man. Their health was however very good, and continued so until the sixteenth of February, when they launched their vessel, *which they christened the "Happy Deliverance."* On *the following day* they got on board their stores, few

indeed, but precious to them, and on the eighteenth they set sail from the rock, on which they had sojourned seven months. They named the rock "Bird Island." Besides two live hogs, they had six casks of water, four pounds of biscuit each man, a firkin of butter, and ten days' salt provisions at the rate of two ounces a-day per head.

They directed their course for the river St. Lucia in Natal Bay, South Africa. For five days they had adverse winds, and for twenty-five were so carried out of their course by currents, that their provisions were nearly all expended. They were at length obliged to make for the Cape of Good Hope, as they despaired of ever reaching the river St. Lucia. They bore away to the west accordingly. The wind now blew a storm, and they endeavoured to lie to, but the sea broke over them in such a manner, that they feared their little bark would be dashed to pieces. They were obliged to bear away under a topsail. The sea at times was so high that it appeared like cliffs impending over their stern. Thus they were driven along for several days, when the weather became fine. On the seventh of March, during a calm, they anchored three-quarters of a mile from a shore on which they had observed some inhabitants descending from the mountains. They attempted to land in the boat. Arnold, a black, and two sailors, carrying a string of amber beads, pulled for the shore. Arnold, when near it, leaped into the sea and soon reached the beach, and the boat returned to the vessel, which was standing in search of some place where the

people might disembark. Arnold kept alongshore with the vessel, attended by forty of the natives, and the boat was sent to take him off. He said that at first the natives appeared to be reserved, but at length they made him sit down amongst them, and he then presented the string of beads to the oldest, who received it in a friendly manner: Arnold then made signs that those in the ship wanted food, and they supplied him immediately with corn, fruit, and water. They had sent into the country for cattle and other things, and the black was desirous of returning to them. The wind was still westerly, and the boat was sent, which brought back food sufficient to last the crew for four days. They now coasted along the shore until the tenth of March, when the wind shifting to the eastward, they cast anchor about half a mile from the land. Some of the natives now came down upon the beach and made signals for them to land, which did not seem practicable. The next day a great number of goats and bullocks were driven down to the coast by the natives. Still it did not appear possible to effect a landing, much as those on board were inclined to attempt it. Two of the people requested to be sent, at all hazards, as it was better, they thought, to live among savages than to die of hunger on board. For two days they had tasted nothing. With great difficulty they were landed safely. The wind fell the same night and it was feared that it might change to westward, and force them to abandon the shore and leave their two men behind. Signals were made to get them down to the

beach in the night before the surf ran too high, but in vain, for they were not seen until six the next morning, when the sea was too high to take them off, or even for the ship to remain at anchor where she lay. They now proceeded along the coast, and signals were made for the two men to go in the same direction. After sailing about two leagues a place was found where the vessel could work close to the shore, and she anchored in five fathoms water. The boat was now sent out to sound with four men, two of whom were to try the mouth of the river, in the hope of finding water on the bar deep enough to take over the bark. In about three hours the four men were seen joined by the two who had been put on shore, but the surf was too great for them to embark. The people in the vessel now began to fear that they should be unable to take off their men again, and made a signal to that effect, upon which two of them ventured through the waves, and reached the ship in safety. They reported that the natives had received them with kindness, supplied them with milk, and given them flesh and fish to eat. They had then conducted them over the hills, where they had met their companions. At length the ship entered the river at flood-tide, and anchored in two fathoms and a half of water.

They now established an exchange with the natives. Their stock of articles for this purpose was but small,—brass buttons, nails, iron bolts, and copper hoops, of which they made rings, called in India bangles, worn upon the legs and arms. Two small oxen were

purchased for a pound of copper, and three or four brass buttons. These oxen were five or six hundred weight each, and the flesh excellent. The natives promised to bring more cattle. Two or three gallons of milk were readily bought for a single brass button. They sold a small grain, resembling Guinea corn, equally cheap: it was found excellent when boiled with the meat. They remained at this anchorage fifteen days. The crew made excursions for ten miles or more into the country to the dwellings of the natives, which were huts covered with rushes. They were neat within, and the sailors frequently spent their nights there: they testified great pleasure in their society. Their employment seemed to be hunting; and they had no arms but lances and clubs. They would have sold some elephants' teeth at a cheap rate, but the sailors had nothing to give them in exchange. Among them they saw a youth of fourteen years of age, perfectly white, with European features, and light hair. He was treated as a servant, and ran errands for the natives.

On the twenty-ninth of March they weighed anchor, and stood over the bar, in which they succeeded with some hazard; and on the sixth of April reached the river St. Lucia. Here they entered into a traffic with the natives again for more provisions, and remained for six weeks. They found these people reserved and haughty; given to theft; and by no means hospitable. They saw persons from De la Goa bay among them, trading in ambergris and elephants' teeth.

On the eighteenth of May they weighed anchor, and set sail to cross the bar, and proceed to sea. Unfortunately they anchored upon a sand-bank before they were clear out, and lowered their sail. They were soon carried among breakers; and nine men got into the boat, and rowed ashore, willing to run any hazard on *terra firma* rather than be a second time shipwrecked. The sea, fortunately, fell calm, and they got out of the river in safety. Those who had gone ashore, having only a shirt and pair of trowsers each, followed along the coast on foot. On the twentieth of May they entered De la Goa river, where they found the *Rose*, commanded by Captain Chandler, in which some of them begged a passage to Bombay. They remained three weeks in De la Goa river. Three of the nine men, who left them at St. Lucia, now joined them overland, and said that their six companions were waiting the other side the bay to cross over.

The officers, who were on board, now deemed it their duty to recover the treasure which the men had taken, and also to forward the letters belonging to the Company which had been saved. Captain Chandler's boat was sent armed on board, and the money, plate, and letters found were placed in the *Rose*, to be delivered up at Madras. That ship sailed on the twenty-fifth of May for Madagascar. She was followed by the bark, which the carpenter persuaded Captain Chandler to purchase for five hundred rupees. The six men who were left on the other side of De la Goa bay were taken up; but five of them

died of the fatigue they suffered in travelling to that place overland. The *Rose* and the bark reached Madagascar on the fourteenth of June, and anchored off Morondora. There an East India ship was found bound to China, on board which the letters and money belonging to the Company were put, and she sailed for her destination on the first of July, 1756.

THE annals of romance do not furnish a parallel to the horrible situation of a part of the unfortunate individuals on board the *Utile*, commanded by M. de la Fargue, who were shipwrecked on a miserable sand-bank, called Sandy Isle. The abandonment of the unfortunate negroes by the whites only affords another specimen of what that class of individuals must have been made who commanded vessels engaged in the horrible and infamous traffic long since abandoned by every nation that has a claim to the term civilized. The English annals of that horrible trade in the blood and muscles of men, exhibit instances where masters of slave-ships, if they found themselves short of water or provisions, used to fling their breathing cargo into the sea. This was mercy to the abandonment of the unhappy victims shipwrecked in the *Utile*.

In the year 1776, on the 29th of November, M. Tremelin, who commanded a corvette, called the *Dauphine*, fell in with a sand-bank, which had been named by seamen Sandy Island. There he found seven negroes and a child alive. It is a dangerous shoal, and nothing more, situated in 15° south lati-

tude, not a great distance east of Madagascar, and almost on a level with the ocean. It measures but eleven hundred yards in length, by six hundred in breadth. The loftiest part of this accumulation of sand is only fifteen feet above the level of the sea. As may naturally be expected, nothing vegetates upon such a site, and the ocean tempests sweep its sterile surface with unmitigated fury. It was discovered in 1722, by Captain Feuillée, in the ship *Diana*. Water, which may be drank, though brackish, is found fifteen feet under the surface, being in all probability the sea-water filtered through the sand.

The officers and crew of the *Utile* were wrecked upon this flat of sand in the year 1761. Those on board saved themselves upon the shoal, where the crew remained for six months, and constructed a bark out of their wrecked vessel, in which all the whites embarked. In a very short time they reached St. Mary's, on the eastern coast of Madagascar. Not one effort did they make for the preservation of the blacks left behind, who vainly expected their aid. Day by day passed over the unfortunate negroes, to revive the hope that "keeps alive despair." The whites took no further trouble about these unfortunate people, nor made the smallest exertion to save them. They were abandoned to perish by the most horrible of deaths,—a miserably long protracted starvation.

There is great difficulty in effecting a landing upon such a shoal, exposed to the surf from the vast extent of ocean which surrounds it. M. Tremelin succeeded in

making good his landing, and in carrying off to the Isle of France the melancholy remnant of human beings who were still alive. Eighty negroes and negresses had died, many of want and disease ; some upon rafts, on which they had vainly attempted to quit the scene of horror. Seven negresses had contrived to resist the hardships of such a life for fifteen years, and they were all that had survived a state more deplorable than language can figure, or poetry conceive. The wreck of the vessel had furnished materials enough for a rude hut, besides what had been used in the construction of the boat in which the whites had gone away. The roof was made of the shells of turtles. They had picked up feathers, of which they had made a species of clothing, by ingeniously interweaving them. One of these poor women had a young child with her, enfeebled by the miserable weakness of the mother. Raw shellfish had been their sole subsistence for a long time.

These unhappy women said they had seen five vessels, and some of them had in vain attempted to land upon the shoal. A boat, belonging to one of them, the *Sauterelle*, last attempted to get a-shore, and they had thus hopes of escaping from their captivity. From the fear of being lost, however, the boat put back so hastily as to leave a sailor behind on the bank. Seeing himself thus abandoned, while trying to save these unfortunate persons, he formed a raft, in his desperation, hoping to reach Madagascar. Three negroes, and as many negresses, embarked

This only happened about three weeks after the arrival of M. Tremelin. They most probably perished in the ocean.

In the following narrative it is probable Byron alludes to the shipwreck scene in Don Juan. The *Peggy*, commanded by Captain Harrison, sailed from New York in 1765, for the island of Fayal, and discharged her cargo, weighed anchor upon the twenty-fourth of October. The weather was fine until the twenty-ninth, when it began to blow hard, and so continued for a whole week until the first of December. The rigging was so injured that the ship could make but little way through the water, and the provisions, except a quantity of bread, were all exhausted: a quarter of a pint of wine, and a quart of water, each formed the daily allowance of those on board. The ship was also, from continual straining, in a wretched condition, leaky and much injured. The weather ran very high. Thunder and lightning pre-empted without intermission, and the starving crew were in great fear of the ship going down. The gale continued so strong, that there could be no communication with another vessel, they had no opportunity to see two ships pass them with possibility of communicating their sufferings. Only the miserable prospect before them of death by hunger. The allowance of bread and wine was now further reduced by the general confusion. At length the food was all eaten up, and

only two gallons of water were left at the bottom of a cask, which was thick and dirty. The crew, while they could obtain sustenance, were obedient to superior orders, but every thing being consumed, their sufferings made them desperate. They drank the wine and brandy, became intoxicated, and mingled their cries of distress with oaths and imprecations.

The captain, to whom they abandoned the dregs of the water-cask, abstained from wine as much as possible, and husbanded the wretched remnant of the liquid. In the midst of this, their desperation, a sail was seen. All beheld it with eager eyes, and even their despair was for a moment hushed. They hoisted a signal of distress, and the stranger sail came so near them, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the day she was first seen, that they were able to communicate their pitiable condition. The weather was calm, and the captain promised them a supply of bread, but he had nothing more which he could spare. Yet even this the inhuman wretch delayed sending, coolly occupying himself with taking an observation for the space of an hour, while the famishing crew of the Peggy, with wild and ravening eyes, expected the food, without which they could hardly hope to exist longer, and which they made sure of ultimately obtaining. Captain Harrison was then so weak he was obliged to leave the deck with hunger and faintness; a film came over his eyes, and suffering as well from rheumatism as hunger, he went down into his cabin.

In a short time one of the crew came down to him, *in an agony of despair*, telling him the strange vessel

was gone without sending them the scanty assistance which had been promised. Captain Harrison again crept upon the deck, and saw the ship standing away with additional canvass: in five hours she was out of sight.

As long as the vessel of this inhuman commander was to be descried, the poor fellows in the Peggy hung about the rigging, and ran from one part of the ship to another, in frantic consternation. Their looks were ghastly: their cries rent the air, and must have been plainly heard by the commander of the vessel which had gone away when he had got under sail, coming louder and quicker upon his ear every yard the ships separated from each other. Their lamentations and supplications were reiterated until despair choked their voices, and they died away in feeble groans. When they recovered the cruel disappointment a little, they were not idle in studying means to preserve existence as long as possible. They had two pigeons and a cat on board: the former they cooked for their Christmas dinner; the cat was killed on the following day, and divided into nine parts by lot. The head fell to the share of the captain, who enjoyed it better than any food he had ever before tasted. The day following they began to scrape the bottom of the ship for barnacles; but most of these, which had been within reach, were beaten off by the waves, and the men were too weak to hang long over the vessel's side to get at them. The crew now got intoxicated again, and they vented their sufferings in imprecations and oaths.

The captain continued eking out his miserable pittance of dirty water, half a pint of which, mingled with some drops of a medicinal balsam he found by him, made all his sustenance for twenty-four hours. The crew, in the meanwhile, were heating wine in the steerage, reckless of every thing in their frenzy. The captain quietly contemplated the doom which they now cared nothing about. The approach of the king of terrors he could have beheld without the slightest emotion, but that he had a wife and children, whom it would involve in difficulties. He now and then flattered himself that some vessel might yet come in sight, and relieve them; but he was aware that unless it appeared very quickly, from the weakness and ebriety of the crew, and the leakiness of the vessel, they could hardly be expected to keep much longer a-float. The pumps they were too feeble to work. They had no light during a night of sixteen hours but what the glimmering of their fire afforded. The candles and oil had all been used for food. The vessel made a little progress, until the twenty-eighth of December, when their only remaining sail was blown away, and she lay a wreck upon the ocean. For sixteen days, until the thirteenth of January, it is not known how the crew subsisted, yet on that day they were still alive. In the evening the mate entered the cabin, with the crew at his heels, half drunk. Thy wore countenances of the most frightful ghastliness. They told the captain they could go on no longer; they had exhausted their tobacco, eaten up the leather from *the pumps*, and even the buttons from their jackets,

and that they had now no way of averting death but by casting lots which should die to sustain the lives of their comrades. They trusted the captain would agree to the proposal, and demanded his determination. The captain tried to divert them from their purpose, by saying that if they would postpone until the morning the execution of their scheme, and by that time they were not relieved by an interposition of providence, he would confer with them further.

This only made them more outrageous. They with oaths and execrations declared what was done must be done at once. They said it was indifferent to them, whether he consented or not. They had paid him the compliment of consulting him, but he must take his chance with the rest, for the calamity levelled all distinctions. On this they left him, and went into another part of the vessel, from whence they returned in a few minutes, and told the captain that they had taken a chance for their lives, and that the lot had fallen on the negro who was part of the cargo. They loaded a pistol, which the poor fellow seeing, flew to the captain, who, though he imagined the negro had not been fairly treated by the rapidity of the proceedings, told him he could only lament he was unable to protect him. The negro was dragged upon deck and shot.

His life was scarcely extinct, when they made a large fire and began to cut up the body; as in order to make it last, they intended only to dress the entrails that night. One of the crew, James Campbell, was so ravenous, that he snatched the liver from the

body and devoured it without dressing. That night, until morning came, they were busy at their loathsome meal. The next day they demanded from Captain Harrison, if they should pickle the body. This proposal was so shocking, that he took up a pistol, and declared if they who made such an application did not leave the cabin, he would send them after the negro. The crew then cut up the body, threw the head and fingers overboard, and duly preparing it, put it in pickle.

Three days after, Campbell, who had eaten the raw liver, died mad. The crew became more sober from this circumstance, but for fear of contracting madness by using their comrade's body, they threw it overboard. On the following day, the men said, "though he would not give his consent, let us give the captain some of the meat." A boiled piece was taken to him in the cabin, but he refused it with horror, chid the messenger, and threatened him. His appetite went away from nausea at the spectacle of human flesh.

The negro's body, which had been used with the utmost economy, lasted from the seventeenth to the twenty-sixth of January. They were then as badly off as before. They bore it for three days, when the mate told the captain, they had delayed as long as they could sustain their hunger, that no help had come, and that they must cast lots a second time. It was better they said to die in detail, than all at once, *as the remnant might still be saved.* The captain, *who could not move from his bed, tried unsuccessfully to reason with them.* He then considered that if the

lots were not drawn in his presence he might not himself be fairly treated. He was just able to raise himself up in bed, high enough to cause the lots to be drawn equitably. The fatal lot fell on one David Flat, a seaman much beloved on board. The shock this decision produced on them all, rendered them speechless for some time, until the victim who was resigned to his doom, addressed them saying, "My dear comrades, all the favour I ask is to dispatch me as you did the negro, with as little torture as is possible." He then then said to Doud, the man who had killed the negro, "It is my wish that you should shoot me." Doud reluctantly consented. He then begged a short time to prepare for his end, which they readily conceded. They were even inclined not to insist upon the sacrifice. But they had no alternative, save that of dying themselves. They drank freely of wine, and thus lulled the last feeling of humanity. They then made preparations for the dreadful act. They kindled a fire to cook the flesh of the comrade they loved, for the protraction of their own miserable existence, and awaited the moment when they were to dispatch him, in bitter agony of feeling. As the time drew near, their reluctance increased. Friendship and humanity contended with famine and death in their hearts. They determined the devoted man should live until the next morning at eleven o'clock, praying that God would interpose during the interval, to save his life. They begged the captain to read *prayers to them*, which he had scarcely strength left to do. When they were concluded, he felt ready to

faint, and fell back in his bed. The seamen went to Flat, and were overheard by the captain talking with great kindness to him, and trusting God would yet preserve him, they told him that they had been unable to catch a single fish, but they would put out their hooks, and try if heaven would in that way relieve them. Poor Flat, however, was beyond their kind consolations, already weak, he became so agitated, that by midnight he was deaf, and in two or three hours more, raving mad. His comrades then began to think it would be a merciful act to dispatch him, but still having promised to spare his life until eleven o'clock, they resolved to abide scrupulously by their determination.

At eight o'clock in the morning, the captain whose weakness was increasing, but who was still able to think more upon the fate of his poor seamen, than his own sufferings, was surprised by two of the crew coming into the cabin in great haste. They eagerly seized his hands, and fixed their eyes on his face, but were unable to articulate. Still they looked at him so earnestly, that he was unable to conjecture their meaning. He at first imagined that as they were afraid to eat the body of Campbell, and had thrown him overboard, they were also in the same fear with respect to Flat. He imagined he saw

The longings of the cannibal arise,
(Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes !

He therefore disengaged his hands, and snatched a pistol which was within his reach, to defend himself. The poor famine-stricken fellows, seeing his error,

managed to show him that they were dumb from their emotions, which in their enfeebled state, had completely overcome them. Joy and surprize had thus affected them, at the sight of a strange sail. It appeared a large vessel had been seen to leeward, standing towards them in as good a direction as they could desire.

The remainder of the crew followed the two first into the cabin, but in addition said that the vessel seemed now to be bearing away from them. The captain at the mere mention of the ship being in sight steering in whatever direction, nearly expired with joy. As soon as he was recovered enough to speak, he told them to lose no time in making every signal of distress they were able. The sight of the ship was enough for this of itself, and could hardly give the stranger an idea that there was life on board to preserve. The crew did the best they could to fulfil the orders they received, and he soon heard from his bed, a sort of jumping movement on the deck, and the cry, "She nears us! she nears us!" The truth of this became every moment more clear, and the hopes of the crew were strong, of obtaining assistance. Yet amidst all their joy, their generous hearts turned upon their comrade Flat. He could feel none of their gratification; they lamented his situation in the midst of the eagerness with which they contemplated their hope of deliverance. A can of wine was proposed, but the captain resisted their application, assuring them that their deliverance must yet depend upon their being masters of their conduct, when their

deliverers might come alongside. They had all the self-denial, in the midst of their burning thirst, to refrain, except the mate, who retired by himself to drink, unable to resist the temptation. They continued to watch the ship for several hours, until, as it were to tantalize them, the breeze died away and she lay becalmed about two miles from them. They were cheered notwithstanding by seeing the boat put off from her, and come towards them, with all the dispatch she could make.

During the progress of the boat, their anxiety after their previous disappointment of relief may be imagined ; joy, fear, hope, anxiety, were seen by turns on their emaciated and haggard faces. They were not sure until the boat was alongside, that they should be saved. The conflict of the various passions in bodies so enfeebled was scarcely endurable by their enfeebled frames, until doubt became certainty, and then for a time they scarcely appeared to be animated. The strangers paused with surprise at the cadaverous appearance of these unfortunate people, when they came within a few yards of them. They even rested on their oars, and looking at them with countenances which cannot be pictured, asked, " Who are you — are you men ?" They came on board, but requested the crew to make haste in quitting their wreck of a vessel, as they feared a gale of wind was coming on, and they might be prevented from regaining their own. The captain was so weak he could not move, and they conveyed him more like a corpse than a man to the *deck*, and then lowered him with ropes into the boat.

The crew followed, the wretched man Flat, to whom joy and misery were the same, being among them. The mate was still missing, and was added to their number with no more strength, than just enough to crawl to the ship's side. The can of wine had produced an oblivion of everything preceding that moment. He was received into the boat, and in about an hour they were all safe on board the stranger vessel, the *Susanna* of London, of which Thomas Evers was master. She was on her return from Virginia to London. Evers received the miserable crew as might be expected from a noble-spirited British tar. He treated them with the utmost humanity and gentleness. He lay by the wreck in hopes to save some clothes for the captain the next morning, but it came on to blow hard, and he was obliged to carry sail the same night. They saw the *Peggy* no more.

The *Susanna* was scant of provisions, they were obliged to put all on board upon short allowance, and she was much shattered in the hull and rigging. They succeeded in making the Land's End on the second of March, and proceeded at once to the Downs, whence Captain Harrison reached London by land. The mate, Doud the seaman, who shot the slave, and Warren, a sailor, died on the passage to England. Three only, besides the captain, survived, they were named Ashley, Wentworth, and Flat. Whether the last was ever restored to reason is unknown.

The practice of sailing with provisions just calculated to last the usual period in which the voyage is

performed, seems to have been the common practice among owners and captains of ships some time ago, and probably arose from false notions of economy. Ship's provisions, well saved, get little injury by keeping a short time, more or less, and an additional stock unconsumed at the end of a voyage is as valuable as at first, for future purposes. Modern science and attention to the comforts of seamen, have prevented such accidents as happened in the *Peggy*, while ships remain navigable. In the stowage of a vessel, some provisions ought to be always placed where they can be easily obtained in case of necessity, and such a reserve should remain last for consumption of the stock on board. It is impossible to contemplate the horrors endured by the crew of the *Peggy*, and not be astonished at the greatness of suffering which man is able to endure, and even to survive. Captain Harrison's strength seems to have returned sooner than that of his men, though his immediate weakness was greater, but he had refrained from wine, which was probably the cause of his preservation, as he was not over-excited when his bodily frame was least able to support it.

CHAPTER VI.

Peter Viaud's Shipwreck, 1766—Madame Denoyer's abandonment in an open boat by pirates, 1766.

THE shipwreck of Peter Viaud is a narrative so singular, and in some places is so full of horrible detail, as to have had its authenticity called in question. A certificate of the British officer commanding at Fort St. Mark must remove every doubt of the correctness of Viaud's story.

1 Peter Viaud sailed from Bordeaux, in February, 1765, in the *Aimable Suzette*, M. St. Crie commander. He arrived at St. Domingo, after a good passage. Here he was taken ill, when on the point of returning to France. He set sail, hoping to get better on the voyage home, but they were obliged to land him at St. Louis, a small island close to Cuba, where he recovered his health in the house of a friend. This friend, M. Desclou, persuaded him, as he could not find a vessel going to Europe, to enter upon a partnership voyage to Louisiana. They were to take such goods with them as were likely to yield a considerable profit. Viaud and his friend set sail accordingly in a ship called the *Tiger*, commanded by M. la Couture, on the second of January, 1766. The persons on board were sixteen in number; one of them was the wife of the captain. On the twenty-sixth, they saw the Isle of Pines, to the west of

Cuba, which the captain took for the Cape of St. Anthony: Viaud tried to convince him of his error, but in vain. They soon got among the rocks, from which they with difficulty extricated themselves. The ship, however, had become leaky, and the crew wished Viaud to take the command, but he refused, contenting himself with watching the management of the vessel. They succeeded in doubling Cape Anthony, and entering the Gulf of Mexico.

The vessel soon was so leaky, that two pumps scarcely kept her afloat. The sea rose; the wind freshened; the heavens indicated the approach of a violent storm; the apprehension of all on board became very great lest the ship should founder. On the tenth they fell in with a Spanish frigate from the Havana, carrying a governor to the Mississippi. They hailed the Tiger to join company, but the two ships separated in the night.

The next morning they found that a new leak had sprung. They began to bale as well as pump, but the impracticability of keeping the sea longer became now so evident, that they determined to stand for Mobile, the only harbour the wind would allow them to make. In two hours after the wind shifted; and after making ineffectual attempts to reach Pensacola, it was agreed to run the vessel on shore in the Bay of Apalachy. This resolution they were unable to carry into execution. They continued beating about until the sixteenth of February, when, about seven o'clock at night, the ship struck on some *rocks*, two leagues from the land. The blow was so

violent, that the stern of the vessel opened, to the great terror of the crew. At last the force of the waves lifted them over the reef with the loss of their rudder. The sea came in fast, and the wind drove them towards the land. They guided the ship by the foresail in the best way they could towards the eastern side of an island, to which they got very near about nine o'clock the same evening.

Everything was then got ready to cut away the masts, it being designed to lash them together for a raft; but on a sudden the vessel overset on the larboard side, and a great many of the crew were thrown into the sea. Most of them had contrived to regain the wreck, when, just as they had recovered themselves, the moon set, and abandoned them to total darkness. They were now obliged to cling fast to the hull all night. It seemed an age of painful duration. The rain fell in torrents; the sea washed over them; there was thunder and lightning, which only illuminated the yawning waves around them for a moment, to consign them to still deeper horror and obscurity.

At last, after weary hours of painful expectation, the morning dawned to exhibit to their affrighted senses the true picture of their situation. The waves ran fearfully high; the shore was not far off, but to reach it in such a surf was impossible. The groans of the crew became more audible than the noise of the sea. Despair sat on every face. None moved or spoke for several hours, until a Dutch seaman, who had a

short time before been loud in his lamentations, suddenly ceased to be heard, and then in a voice of despair exclaimed, "Death surrounds us! why do we wait longer here! Let us meet him in the ocean—who knows if we face him he may fly from us—the land is close!" He plunged into the waves, and several others of the crew were with difficulty prevented from following his example. Now the unfortunate man was seen combating the hissing waters and touching the shore, and then he was hurried back again, only to be dashed with dreadful violence lifeless upon the rocks. The afflicting sight prevented a second attempt of the same kind from being made.

Day was again drawing towards a close; drenched to the skin, fatigued, and without food, the horrors of a second night were soon to be encountered. The cordage and masts, of which hope had been indulged that a raft might be made, were washed away. There was yet one miserable boat on board, in such a condition, that it was temerity to dare in it even the short passage to the land. Three of the sailors, however, got in secretly, having launched it unobserved, until they were at such a distance that all in the ship concluded they were lost. They arrived safe on the shore. Their success made the night, which had again come on, much more painful to those on the wreck than that which preceded it. The exhausted state also of all who were thus exposed made them less capable of sustaining the second night's exposure. The vessel had been stranded among sunken rocks, and was

so violently struck by them as the sea lifted her up and down, that they expected her to go to pieces every moment.

The morning of the eighteenth of February dawned, and they saw the sun rise again, of which they had despaired when he set. They returned thanks to Heaven for sparing them, and prayed they might soon discover some means of reaching the shore. The wind abated a little; and one of the sailors determined to try to swim to the land, that he might devise means, with the three already on shore, of caulking the boat, and getting the rest of the crew to land. The handkerchiefs of those on the ship were given him, instead of oakum, to stop her leaks. He plunged into the waves: all eyes were upon him, all hearts beat audibly with anxiety for his safety. After struggling long, he succeeded, and reached the beach. It was seven in the morning when he landed. He joined his three comrades. How anxiously those clinging to the hull watched their operations may be easily imagined, but cannot be told. It was three in the afternoon before everything was ready. The boat was then launched, and seen approaching the vessel. It would not hold a third of those upon the hull, yet all wanted to get into her at once. Viaud insisted that the matter should be settled by lot for the first four passengers. They now became more tractable; four were taken in and safely landed, and the boat returned to take off four more. Viaud in the mean time remarked that part of the stern of the vessel was *so loose it would easily separate, and by the help*

of M. Desclou and his negro servant, they succeeded in detaching it. Upon this the negro, Viaud, and M. Desclou, ventured, while the boat took off the other four, and all of them reached the shore in safety.

It was fortunate for them that the rocks afforded delicious oysters, of which they ate, and then slept through the night uninterruptedly. The mate alone, who had been sick before the storm, and whom danger had excited, again relapsed and found himself weaker than ever. He could not sleep, and in the morning was delirious. Soon after he died, and with great trouble they buried him in the sand. He was called Dutrouche.

The cargo of the ship now began to come on shore. Several trunks, some casks of tafia, a sort of spirituous liquor, and bales of merchandize were thrown up. They tried to obtain fire, as the savages do, by rubbing two sticks together, but they failed in the attempt. The sea had become comparatively calm, and Viaud determined to venture off to the wreck to try and get out some things of which they stood in need; but the sailors would not join in the attempt, though there was very little hazard. He took the boat, and went by himself, making it fast when he reached the vessel. He succeeded in getting out of the ship a keg of gunpowder, which lay in that part of her which was above water. Six muskets, a parcel of Indian handkerchiefs, some blankets, a sack with thirty or forty pounds of biscuit, and two hatchets. He could not manage to carry more; but he got safely to the land with his little cargo. He now made the

crew collect dry wood, and they soon kindled a large fire. They dried their clothes and the blankets Viaud had procured from the ship. They found some fresh water, in which they steeped the biscuit he had obtained, which the sea-water had wetted. This water was a little brackish, but they easily corrected the taste by mingling it with tafia. They contrived to kill half a dozen wild fowls, which abounded on the coast; and thus they obtained a good meal, of which they stood not a little in need.

The next night was passed round their fire, with their clothing dried and well wrapped in their blankets. When they arose they began to consult on their future measures. They knew that the inhabitants of the coast of Apalachia leave their villages in winter to hunt in the islands until April. They feared that the savages might fall in with them when they were not prepared. They were also apprehensive that if the casks of tafia, cast on shore, got in their way, they might get intoxicated, and massacre them when in that state, even should they spare them when sober. They, therefore, staved all the casks save three, and these they buried in the sand. On the twenty-second of February, they were roused by the exclamation of one of the seamen, "The savages! we are lost!" The party consisted of two men, and three women. The men had each a musket and tomahawk. They were presented with some cups of tafia, and other little presents. One of the men, who seemed superior to the others, spoke a few words of Spanish. From him it was found that the

people present with him were his nephew, mother, sister, and wife. He said he was called Antonio, and was a native of St. Mark, in the Apalachian Mountains. He had come with his family to pass the winter in an island about three leagues distant; and seeing pieces of the wreck floating about, he had roamed in search of more. He told the crew that St. Mark was ten leagues off, and offered to be the guide of the party to that place. Antonio now went away, promising to return the next day. He took three of the sailors with him. He came according to promise, and brought a bustard and part of a roebuck as a present. On the twenty-fourth, six more of the party set out with all the effects that his canoe would hold. They were safely landed in the other island, where they found their three companions. It was two days before Viaud could prevail upon the Indian to go for the five men left near the wreck, but at length, after many excuses, he set off to bring them.

On the twenty-eighth, they were all assembled together again; and Viaud begged the Indian to take them over to the continent as he had promised. But he seemed in no disposition to do so; employed the day in hunting, and did not return at night. Methods of violence were proposed by some of the sailors, but this was resisted by Viaud. Five days passed without seeing Antonio. At last, by the force of bribes, they prevailed upon him to take a part of *them over to the continent*. It was the fifth of March. *M. la Couture*, the captain, his wife and son, with

M. Desclou, the negro, and Viaud, embarked in the canoe, with six or seven pounds of biscuit, some boiled quarters of a bear, and a roebuck. Antonio and his wife also embarked in the canoe. The other Indians and the sailors remained behind. They parted, with many tears. Antonio said that the passage might be made in two days. He still contrived to linger between island and island, without approaching the continent at all. The provisions were expended. Two or three wild fowl procured from the savages, and some oysters, were the only food to be procured. Suspicion was thus aroused, and Viaud proposed seizing the savage and killing him; but he was overruled. The next night they lay down to sleep, but Viaud could only doze. He fancied a thousand things; and at length became impressed with the idea that the savage and his wife had left them. He got up, the moon shone brightly, and all the coast was visible, but the canoe was really gone. They were thus left in a desert island; their muskets, and all their property, were in the canoe. A blunt knife was the only weapon they possessed. The clothes they had on, and their blankets, the only things they possessed. Neither root, fruit, or fish, could they discover to satisfy their hunger. The island was sterile, and the loss of a moment might be irreparable. From the island where they then stood they could see another, about the eighth part of a league distant. They had passed a day and a night there with the Indian, and knew it had good water and shell-fish. They determined to try the depth

of the water between, the negro going first to find whether it could be forded. Viaud took the hand of Madame la Couture, and M. Descloû that of her son. M. la Couture, and the negro, made two parcels of their clothes, and put them on their heads. They found the creek fordable, and the bottom firm, and crossed in safety to the island. There, from having been in the water for so long, they were seized with a severe chill when they got out. They had no flint to make a fire; and though almost spent with cold, fatigue, and hunger, they were obliged to move about in search of oysters, which they eagerly devoured as they found them. The sun now cast out a considerable heat; they dried their clothes and slept; but the air in the night proved so sharp and cutting, that they were obliged to rise and walk about.

The next morning the warmth had increased, from the wind being south-east; but the tide was high, and they could not get to the oyster-bed,—nor with a southerly wind did they observe the tide to ebb at all. Neither herbs nor roots could be met with, save a little wild sorrel. In this miserable state they passed ten days, after the savage left them; for it was now the twenty-second of March. All at once they recollected seeing an old canoe at an island where Antonio had touched, and they began to flatter themselves they might obtain it. Could they do this, as they computed the coast was not more than four or five leagues off, *they might* easily, they imagined, cross over to it. *They appear to have been among a labyrinth of small islands, separated only by narrow creeks*

from each other. They accordingly set out, having a very good remembrance of the direction. Madame Couture, her son, and the negro youth, were left together until their return. In three or four hours' walking they crossed several streams, but not one of any importance. At last they arrived at a sort of channel, nearly a quarter of a league across. They found the bottom uneven; and at last they lost their footing and got out of their depth, when not more than a hundred yards from the opposite shore. After a few strokes of swimming, they got a footing again, reached the shore, and fell on the beach overcome with fatigue and chill.

The sun, from the day being serene, soon recovered them. At length they found the old canoe of which they were in search, and began to repair it with osiers, and a sort of tough moss, called Spanish beard, common on those islands, where it grows on the bark of the trees. They worked until forced to leave off by hunger; but they were fortunate enough to find shell-fish in a sufficient quantity to appease their appetites. Night was approaching, and they were lamenting what they should do without a fire, the wind coming on to blow cold, when one of them recollected that the savage had changed the flint of his gun not far from the spot the day they rested on the island, and that the rejected flint probably lay near where the fire was kindled. Viaud went, and after a long search he found it. Their joy was rapturous; they kindled a fire, and slept by it until the morning sun *awoke them*. They now continued their labours on

the canoe, and used one of their blankets in caulking it. The second morning they tried to launch it. M. la Couture deemed it to be sea-worthy, which Viaud and Desclou did not. M. la Couture took the canoe to float it over to the island where his wife and son had been left; while his two companions, who imagined they might get to the island on which the Indian Antonio lived, from that upon which they had found the canoe, set off to explore for that purpose: they hoped to find him out, and force him to take them off or perish in the attempt. They came to a channel a league broad, not fordable. They were thus obliged to give up the attempt, and return to M. la Couture and the rest of their party, whom they did not join until the next morning.

They found the sufferings of Madame la Couture had been great during their absence. The canoe had become so leaky that M. la Couture with difficulty ferried it over; and it was in as bad a condition as ever from so short a voyage, and, therefore, not to be ventured in upon the sea. This disappointment sunk their spirits. The flint, however, enabled Madame la Couture, who had been almost dead of cold, to obtain the luxury of a fire. A scanty allowance of oysters and wild sorrel had been hitherto the sustenance of the party. Viaud, walking along by the water, found a roebuck, which seemed to be quite fresh. It had swam to the island, being wounded, and bled to death. This enabled them to make a hearty meal, after which they slept comfortably *until the morning of the next day, which, as*

well as they could recollect, was the twenty-sixth of March.

Still they could not give up the idea of rendering the rotten canoe serviceable. They examined it a hundred times, renewed their labour upon it, and then gave it up as hopeless. They sacrificed two more of their blankets and three days of their labour upon it, and still found it leak. The continent was but two leagues off; and, bad as the canoe was, they determined to hazard the passage. It was agreed that two should row, and one bale out the water with his hat. They fixed to set off the next day, prepared a scanty stock of provisions, enjoined fidelity to the negro, who was to remain with Madame la Couture and her son, and giving the latter the flint and knife, early in the morning set the canoe afloat. They felt the planks give under them, and that their weight sunk it too deep in the water; the sea began to rush in through the sides, and Viaud resolved to get out, and not venture the passage. M. la Couture pressed him to get in again, and jested at his fears; but he steadily refused, and they set off without him. Viaud watched them from the beach. They proceeded with considerable difficulty, and got round a little island not far from that on which he was, and he saw them no more. It is probable they perished soon afterwards.

Viaud now returned to Madame la Couture, whom he found sitting with her back to the sea, and weeping bitterly. She was surprised to see him come back. He pretended that the weight being too much

for the canoe, he made choice of returning to her, for which she thanked him, and seemed deeply grateful. They were now four in number; and Viaud had to do the best he could to provide for them all. Madame la Couture and her son were too weak to render any assistance, and the negro could only perform exactly what he was told to do. The wind continuing south and south-east for some days, they could not in consequence get any oysters; and they were indebted for prolonging existence solely to wild sorrel, which weakened their stomachs, and was but a partial satisfaction of their hunger.

Six days had elapsed without any tidings of the canoe. Viaud began to feel his spirits sink. A thought struck him that he might collect wood enough for them to float over to the continent some fine calm day; and the idea that this had never occurred to them while his two friends were with him struck him very painfully. They all four thought the scheme practicable. Even Madame la Couture offered to render all the assistance in her power; but they were too weak to make much progress. Young la Couture was able to collect oysters, while they collected wood for their raft, owing to a change of the wind before it became low water. They broiled their oysters on the embers, and found them agree better with their stomachs than when eaten raw. The bark of the trees, which they stripped off, served to bind the branches they collected together; and Madame la Couture cut up a blanket into slips, as an additional security for the same purpose. The negro found some branches of pliant

wood, which they also interwove. A stick, fixed in the middle of the raft, to which a blanket was attached by a cross piece, served as a sail, and they unravelled their stockings for cordage. They then collected as many oysters and vegetables as they could get to take with them. Their raft was afloat, and they proposed to make the attempt the following morning. A storm arose in the night and knocked the raft to pieces; their little stock of provisions was carried away; and they were once more abandoned to despair. Still on reflection the feasibility of a raft again occupied their minds, and they determined to try and construct another. The negro found the skin and head of a porpoise on the shore, which they broiled, and of which they ate too heartily. They were immediately afterwards attacked with dysentery, which lasted five days. To drinking large draughts of water they attributed their recovery.

The fifteenth of April had now arrived, and they had completed a second raft, though young La Couture was very weak, and his mother was also indisposed and feeble. Every cloud or breath of wind now struck them with a panic; for their raft was necessarily constructed on the edge of the sea, to which, with great labour, they rolled the fallen wood necessary for the work. The remainder of their blankets and stockings were sacrificed to complete it. They spent the night preceding the day on which they proposed to embark in collecting provisions, consisting of shell-fish, roots, and sorrel, and in watching the raft. Young *La Couture* alone slept, overcome with weak-

ness and fatigue. Viaud called him, and, getting no reply, took his hand, and found it cold as marble. The heart was beating. A fire was hastily made and they chafed his limbs. His mother was so affected as to fall into a swoon. The son at last began to recover; the cold of the night had overpowered him; and they had the satisfaction to see him at last awake from a kind of lethargy which was occasioned by the chill air.

¶ They could not that day venture on their raft, for both mother and son were too ill to embark. The provisions they had collected were secured; their mast, blankets, and everything they could remove were landed to keep the invalids warm during the night. About daybreak young La Couture became worse. His mother, being at some distance, out of hearing, he urged Viaud to leave him and try to save his mother. That if they reached a place of safety they would not, he knew, forget him:—"I will die alone;" said he, "protect my mother; hide from her the condition to which I am reduced, and the counsel I give. Comfort her and depart! My not being able to accompany you ought not to make you risk the perishing with me!" Viaud knew he could easily carry the youth to the raft, but then they must leave him wherever they landed. There were no wild beasts on the island, and there were some conveniences which the continent might not afford. He must be quitted, from his weakness, on whatever spot they chanced to land, and be worse off. They might be able of themselves to get a boat and fetch the poor youth away from the

island by departing as soon as possible. Still Viaud could not propose it to Madame la Couture. Again the youth urged Viaud to go that he might not die before his mother's eyes. "Leave me a small portion of provisions, prepare some more to-night, and embark at day-break. Suffer my mother to believe I am no more!" Viaud saw there was reason in the counsel thus given. He gave young La Couture his great-coat and waistcoat, with all the shell-fish and food that he could collect, and then lay down near him and awaited day-break. Young La Couture soon seemed to be deprived of all sense, yet his heart still beat. Some oyster-shells with water were placed close to him; and Viaud hastened to his mother and persuaded her he was no more: her grief was speechless; her tears fell fast; and she suffered Viaud to lead her in silence to the raft, which they pushed from the shore. It was, as Viaud supposed, about the nineteenth of April that they thus committed themselves to the ocean. A gentle wind blew towards the main; and in twelve hours their blanket sail bore them over safely. They took their provisions and blankets, and endeavoured to travel to the eastward; but in vain—the country was overflowed with water. They found an elevated spot, sheltered by some trees in leaf, and making up a fire, ate some of their provisions and fell asleep. Scarcely were their eyes closed when dreadful howlings were heard, and the sounds seemed to approach them. The negro ran and ascended a tree with great alacrity. Madame la Couture followed, endeavouring to clamber after him. Viaud in vain

entreated her not to leave the fire, which was the place of security. In a moment Madame la Couture shrieked out she was lost. An enormous bear was close in pursuit of her. Viaud ran towards him with a blazing brand, and the bear stopped short. With trembling steps Viaud advanced to his companion, but the bear did not move, and they both succeeded in regaining their fire. The negro now began to utter loud cries; the bear was preparing to ascend the tree in which the poor fellow had taken shelter. Viaud called to him to get to the highest and most pliant branches, which were strong enough to bear the poor boy's weight, but not the animal's. Viaud then threw several pieces of blazing wood to the foot of the tree which the bear had begun to climb, and a great smoke arising from a tree catching fire the animal walked away.

The remainder of the night they were without rest, and were annoyed with constant cries of wild animals. They kept up a large fire and cast some of the blazing branches around, which Viaud feared would exhaust all they could reach before morning appeared. However the night was further advanced than he expected. When morning dawned they collected a fresh supply of wood; but it was long after before the poor negro boy would descend from the tree. They then slumbered rather than slept until the noontide hour.

They now ate some more of their wretched food, and begun their journey for St. Mark, in an easterly direction, according to the previous information of the *Indians*; but they could only walk for an hour and a

half. They were then forced to halt and collect wood for the night. They made a principal pile, and about a dozen smaller ones around it a few yards off, but did not light them. They searched for food, but could find none. Their only beverage was water, which was found tolerably good in a pool near them, and they drank plentifully. At night they lighted their fires. They heard no noises from the wild animals until midnight. Their fatigue and sound sleep, it is probable, prevented their hearing them earlier. Madame la Couture and the boy fainted from fear, and Viaud's terror was scarcely less. He crouched close to the fire, and a cold perspiration came all over him.

When morning broke they were distressed by the calls of hunger : they could not allay its pangs by anything they could find. Nothing but weeds and brambles were around them. They put everything they could lay their hands upon into their mouths, and spit them out again. They could not rest, but went forward in the hope of finding something to eat. Tears burst forth ; and then they sank into despondency as each fresh hope terminated in disappointment. At length they laid themselves down on the ground, praying fervently for death. The negro, in the rage of his hunger, started up from the earth, and rushing to a tree, at which he had been gazing earnestly, gathered handfuls of the leaves, and devoured them ravenously. Viaud and Madame la Couture followed his example, and ate a considerable quantity. They then sat down, waiting the evening hour,

when they were seized with violent convulsions of the bowels, and could hardly writhe themselves along the ground to a neighbouring spring, of which they drank immoderately. Their stomachs were now puffed-up almost to bursting, and were only relieved, by a severe vomiting and voiding of blood, from their agony, which was caused by the swelling internally of the spongy leaves they had eaten. They were now almost too weak to go to their piles of wood and light them. Night had arrived. At length they contrived to crawl to the wood, more dead than alive; and scarcely was it kindled when the wild animals again came prowling around them. They were fearfully reduced in strength, and fell asleep from weakness long before morning dawned: they slept until noon, only to awaken with no food to satisfy hunger. They could find nothing in the waste around them that they could substitute for aliment. They ascended a rising ground, but on one side was spread a boundless and barren waste, and the sea was on the other. Again they sank down in despair: hope at length urged them on towards a forest which lay not far off; thither they bent their tottering steps. The gloom of the woods, almost impenetrable, made them tremble: they soon lost themselves in despondency, and all of them fell upon the ground and wept.

At this moment it came into Viaud's recollection that mariners had cast lots who should die to preserve their comrades from famine. His eyes lighted on the negro youth with an eagerness he could not control or resist. he is dying of famine already, he

thought ; death would be a kindness to him. Humanity seemed dead, reason impaired, and the mind the slave of the body. Hunger gnawed Viaud within, its talons were in his heart ; he felt the temptation of delivering himself from insufferable agonies, and withstood it no longer. It was the only means of existence. Madame la Couture seemed to have the same idea : she turned her eyes upon the poor negro, and put on a look so full of suffering and horror that Viaud thought she felt as he had done. He hesitated no longer : he seized a knotted stick, and going up to the negro, struck him, as he slept, with all his force over the head. He awoke stunned, and could not rise at first, while Viaud could not repeat the blow. The poor victim at last raised himself on his knees, and cried, " My dear master, have I offended you ? Have mercy on me ! Spare my life ! " Compassion succeeded cruelty : for some moments Viaud was motionless, but too soon hunger and despair came back, and the deed was executed. Falling on the poor boy, he roared aloud in his own frenzy to drown the cries of the negro, and called upon Madame Couture to assist him ; then drawing his knife, he plunged it into the throat of the negro. Life being extinct, he laid him across a large tree to bleed more freely. The deed, which had been executed under violent agitation and frenzy, left Viaud and his companion quite exhausted. They rested themselves on the ground, with eyes averted from the body. Reason returned, and the cruelty of the act came upon them. They washed their hands in a spring near ; and, fall-

ing on their knees, prayed to God for themselves and for the unhappy object of their violence. They then lit the fire, and began to devour the flesh before it was warmed through. They cut the body into quarters, and hung them in the smoke to preserve them, remaining on the spot all that day and the following night.

On the 28th of April they set out, loaded with the flesh of the poor negro, and bitterly bewailing his fate. They went on for several days, not knowing whither, under great difficulty and fatigue. Sometimes they had to struggle through tall bulrushes, and then to scramble amid brambles and thorns. The stings of mosquitos and sand-flies so disfigured them that their features could not be recognized. They were obliged, in order to escape these insects, to leave the woods and make for the sea-shore. When the weather was fine, and the tide out, they met with a few cockles and flounders, which they hooked with a stick. The food thus obtained at any one time was never enough for a meal. The reeds on the sea-shore were found almost as troublesome to pass through as the brambles in the woods. They got entangled in their legs. The wild animals still kept them in terror at night; while the cravings of their ravenous appetites having been assuaged by the flesh of the negro, their minds seemed to recover a little of the right tone, and they began to loathe the horrible sustenance. Nor did they again touch it until they were reduced to the last necessity; and thus hunger anew conquered their disgust. When they

halted one evening, and were so feeble as not to be able to gather wood enough to make a circle round them and keep off the wild beasts, it occurred to Viaud that, by setting fire to the half-dry reeds around, the animals would be driven off equally as well, since the wind would keep up the flames. They tried the scheme, and the fire spread as far as they could see, completely answering the purpose, and clearing their route for a good distance of the accustomed impediments. It also provided them on the following day with very palatable food in two large rattlesnakes, which had been destroyed by the fire, one of fourteen and the other of twenty-one rattles. They cut off the heads in which the poison lies, and thus obtained nourishing food which lasted for several days. Viaud wondered at his dulness in not having thought of setting fire to the reeds before.

One morning they fell in with a cayman, about twelve feet long, asleep in a pool of water, which they succeeded in killing. They made shoes out of its skin, and also masks for their faces, and thus consumed a day and a night more. When they set out again the howlings of the wild animals had ceased. They had not journeyed far before they were intercepted by a river, not broad, but extremely rapid. They were obliged to travel by its bank upwards, in search of some shallow place where they might cross. In this manner, out of their true direction, they proceeded for two days unsuccessfully. They now began to think they should never get clear of the desert in which they were wandering. They had as yet met with no food, the flesh

of the cayman alone serving them for nourishment; the negro's flesh being kept, as the last resort, untouched. The river continued to be deep and rapid. They were now fortunate enough to turn up a land-tortoise during this the second day's journey. It weighed ten pounds, and they prepared to cook it, when Viaud missed the flint: they searched their pockets, and opened their parcels of provisions in vain,—it could not be found. Viaud was certain he could not have dropped it but where they had made a fire the night before, or else somewhere on the road they had passed since. Weak and weary, he retraced his steps back, leaving Madame la Couture behind, who could not sustain the fatigue. They had not left the place more than an hour and a half: it was early in the day, and it was possible to get back in very good time, though Viaud could move but very slowly. He searched every inch of the road they passed over, examining carefully but in vain. He was equally unsuccessful at the place they had halted; but he was determined not to return without finding the treasure he had missed. He flung himself on a heap of fern which had composed his bed, and after feeling every portion of it over and over—for it was getting too dark to see anything so small—he at last found the flint, to his inexpressible joy. He had now to rejoin Madame la Couture. The wild beasts were heard already, but it was at a distance: the fire had probably driven them a good way off from that part of the country, it having spread far and wide. Viaud now returned, and only reached the place where Madame

la Couture was huddled up in terror two hours before daylight, being scarcely able to crawl along. They kindled a fire, and broiled their tortoise. They found some eggs in it, which they roasted and ate, and then lay down to sleep.

The next day, seeing half a dozen leafless trees brought down by the current of the river, they fastened four of them together, secured their provisions round their bodies, and with a pole ventured across. The current, however, hurried them along so fast, that they began to fear they should be carried to the sea. They were in the midst of the stream, when the raft struck against a tree that bent over the water, and parted asunder: they were plunged into the river. Madame la Couture had only her head above water, while Viaud, who had firm hold of the tree with one hand, grasped and pulled her towards him with the other. The trunk of the tree against which they had struck enabled them to reach the bank in safety. They now dried their clothes and provisions by a fire, and cooked the remainder of their tortoise; they then slept to recruit themselves as much as possible for the pursuance of their journey.

They set out next morning, due east, towards the Apalachian Mountains, anxious lest they should miss their way. They soon met with a wood, so choked up with reeds and briars that it seemed impossible to get through it. The shoes and masks they had made of the cayman's skin were worked into pap by the water. Their feet and legs began to suffer terribly from the prickles and thorns. Mosquitos, sandflies,

and wasps, annoyed them so much that their bodies were swollen to an enormous size. They discovered nothing that could be used for food. Some days they struggled forward, hardly able to set one foot before the other; and when they rested it required every effort of body and mind to urge them on again for ever so small a distance. Madame la Couture supported her spirits longer than Viaud: this was owing to her mind being more at rest, and her having had no more to do during their journey than acquiesce in what her companion thought best for their mutual benefit. At last Viaud felt so exhausted that he lay down on the ground, quite hopeless of success. His sight was nearly gone from the blisters which arose out of the bites of different insects that attacked him. He felt as if the earth upon which he was extended had been heaped over him. In a tone of the deepest despondency he exhorted Madame la Couture to struggle still for the life he could no longer support. She endeavoured to rouse his spirits, weeping at the same time: "No, I will never abandon you!" she exclaimed. "Exert your spirits, and your strength will return again." She bound up his legs and arms with rags torn from her clothes, to relieve the torture he suffered; prepared a fire; and even went to the beach to see if she could find anything fresh to relieve his hunger, and had the good fortune to discover another tortoise. They washed the stings and bites of the insects in the warm blood of the animal, and it seemed to afford him a little relief. Notwithstanding this kindness on the part of his companion, Viaud

grew worse, and thought he had not long to live. At this time a hen-turkey appeared, and ran into the wood, as if going to her roost. Madame la Couture, who had been watching over Viaud, immediately followed it, hoping to find its nest : when she left him he was almost in a state of torpor.

It was near the hour of sunset. Viaud supposed he had lain like a person between sleeping and waking for the space of about three hours. He was roused from his half-senseless state, by the sound of human voices. Imagining they might be savages, he listened with fear and trembling. The sounds were repeated, and then Viaud attempted to raise himself that he might look around him. He contrived to sit up, and tried to hail the strangers, but his voice was too weak to be heard ; while the fear of missing persons, who might possibly be friends, was dreadful to his feelings. He crept on his hands as well as he could towards the shore, and saw a large boat in the offing. Revived by the sight, he raised himself upon his knees, and waved his cap ; but the exertion was so great even to do this, that he immediately fell exhausted on his face. Had Madame la Couture been near, she could have got down to the shore. He then began to think of some mode of attracting notice from the boat. Near him lay a long branch of a tree. He fastened the rags to it which had been given him by Madame la Couture to bind up his blisters, he placed his cap on the stick, and soon after discovered that he was recognized. He now placed the stick upright in the ground, and

endeavoured to creep nearer to the sea—all the time ejaculating prayers to Heaven for his deliverance. He was soon able to see that the crew were not savages, but Europeans. He looked around in vain for Madame la Couture to share in his joy; but she had not returned, though it was late and night was approaching.

While Viaud was thus anticipating the moment of the boat's arrival, the crew reached the land and came towards him. They proved to be English. The pleasure felt by Viaud was so great that he fell into a swoon. The strangers poured tafia down his throat, with prompt benevolence; and when revived, he was able to express his thanks, and relate the horrors he had endured. They spoke French to Viaud, and he thought at first they were countrymen: this, however, was of less importance than to find himself in the hands of civilized men. Madame la Couture at length heard their calls in the wood, and came towards them with a turkey and her nest. Viaud begged her to rejoice with him in their deliverance.

As it was now night, it was thought best to wait until the next day. They gathered round a fire, to which the sailors carried Viaud, and supped upon the turkey and her eggs, to which the Englishmen added pickled pork and a glass or two of tafia. The party was under the command of a British officer, named Wright. After they had supped, Viaud gave him a narrative of their misfortunes. As only the officers and one of the privates spoke French, Viaud related

the story in English, which he spoke well from having been twice a prisoner in England. Mr. Wright then told him that he belonged to a detachment, stationed at St. Mark's, commanded by Mr. Swettenham of the British army. A savage had informed them that he had found a man dead on the shore some days before, who by some remains of his dress seemed to be a European. His face and belly were wanting, having been devoured by some wild beast. Mr. Swettenham, in consequence, sent him off with an interpreter and four soldiers to traverse the coast, and offer relief to any whom they might find to stand in need of it. Mr. Swettenham feared that a brig, bringing provisions from Pensacola for the garrison, might have been lost. Viaud had little doubt but the body discovered on the shore was either that of M. la Couture or his companion, as they were never more heard of.

The night was stormy, but the sun rose after it had abated. Mr. Wright made his men carry Viaud to the boat. Madame la Couture was able to walk. The boat's crew had traversed all the islands, save that on which young la Couture had been left. They arrived there in twelve hours, and the fate of the poor boy recurring, strongly affected Viaud. He remembered that the lad was not dead when he quitted him. In vain, reason and probability whispered that it was impossible he could have survived so long since they parted. A secret impulse urged Viaud to go to the spot where he had left him. The soldiers were landed, and instructed to call out

la Couture, but in vain. Mr. Wright then sent one of his men to the spot, who reported he had seen the body, and found it cold. Still Viaud urged the officer to permit him to go and see the corpse, and let the soldiers carry him. The request was acceded to. Young la Couture was found with his face turned to the earth. The body sent forth a disagreeable smell. Worms had buried themselves in his legs, and even in his thighs, and he was become an object shocking to the eye. They dug a grave, and Viaud knelt and uttered a prayer over the body of this generous young sufferer. One of the soldiers placing his hand under the boy's breast, found it warm. "He is warm still—his heart beats!" exclaimed the man. Another soldier touched his leg, and it seemed to draw up a little. They now did the utmost in their power to revive him. They poured down his throat a mixture of tafia and water, and washed and cleansed his limbs with it. They picked out a good many worms that had rested in his flesh. Madame la Couture was almost frantic at the intelligence. She threw herself on the ground by his side, gazed sharply in the faces of the lookers on, as if to know their sentiments of his condition, and then caught him in her arms to warm him in her bosom. Her emotion was so great, they were obliged to separate them. Madame la Couture was placed near Viaud on the ground, who did all in his power to calm her agitation, entreating her to leave her son to the care of the kind Englishmen. Mr. Wright at last came to inform them that the young man had opened his

eyes, stared wildly at the strange faces he saw, and asked for his mother. When he saw Viaud and Madame la Couture he could scarcely articulate—"I have not seen you for many, many days, where have you been?" The soldiers bore him to the boat with great care, and laid him upon some of their own clothes, covering him over with a blanket. Viaud sat on one side of him, and his mother on the other, whose frenzied affection they had much difficulty in keeping within bounds, which had they been exceeded might have overpowered the sufferer.

It was late when they embarked, and they made but little way, going on shore again to pass the night. The soldiers caught three bustards which they cooked for supper, of which young la Couture tasted a little, and then fell into a sleep which lasted until the morning. The next day he seemed revived, and his reason had returned, while before he was delirious at intervals. He could scarcely recollect anything that had happened after he was left alone. He knew he had often fainted and been insensible. Between these fits he had felt great hunger and thirst, and had refreshed himself with the oysters and water placed within his reach, while they lasted. He was so weak he could not stretch out his hand to supply his wants, but trailed himself on his belly like a reptile. He could not tell how long he had been alone. The impression he was under seemed to be that his mother and Viaud had not yet ventured upon the raft. He was left thus alone for nineteen days, or

from the nineteenth of April to the seventh of May. It is true, in a state of perfect rest, and in illness, a very minute portion of food will sustain life a good while. The weather, too, was, in la Couture's instance, fine and warm.

They embarked again for St. Mark's, and Viaud was convinced that they never should have survived to reach it, but for their discovery by the English. The distance was fifteen leagues from where they were found by Mr. Wright, and a number of wide, deep, and rapid streams were to be crossed on the way. The boat arrived at St. Mark's on the eighth of May, in the evening. They were hospitably received by Lieutenant Swettenham, of the 9th British Infantry, who acted as governor of the fort. The surgeon was ordered to attend them; and all the limited means in such a situation, which the lieutenant possessed, were placed at their disposal. Their situation for some days was very critical. Their bodies were dreadfully swollen and inflamed, so that the surgeon had scarcely any hope of recovering them. Young la Couture's was the last and most difficult case to cure. Madame la Couture recovered her strength earliest.

The invalids had been eighty-one days from their shipwreck to their arrival in the fort, and had spent the whole of that time in a state of wretchedness difficult to be described. Two of their party had perished in or near the vessel. Two, M. la Couture and M. Desclou, were drowned, and the negro was

murdered. Eight seamen were left at the hut of the Indians. Respecting those men, it was learned, by Lieutenant Swettenham, from an Indian chief, that they had waited a long time for the return of Antonio in vain. A suspicion of his treachery came upon them, and at length irritated them to fury. They killed the mother, sister, and nephew, and took possession of a canoe, fire-arms, and ammunition, which they might have taken without destroying these unhappy people. Five only could embark at once in the canoe, and they cast lots for the three who were to remain. In two days after, Antonio returned with a superior force to carry off the effects from the wreck, and, perhaps, to murder the seamen. The three whom they found they put to death. The fate of the five who set sail in the canoe was never known, and it is most probable that they came to an untimely end.

Peter Viaud embarked in an English vessel for St. Augustin on the Coast of Florida—another English settlement—being sufficiently strong to bear the voyage, and also unwilling to diminish the scanty provisions which, in that desolate situation, the garrison could ill-afford. Young la Couture was not in a fit state to undertake the voyage, and Madame la Couture would not suffer him to run any risk. She was also a native of Louisiana, and preferred remaining until a vessel from thence arrived, by which time her son would probably be stronger. Mr. Swettenham gave Viaud a packet for the governor of St. Augustin, and a certificate of the truth of his almost incredible sufferings to support the authenticity of his

story. He reached St. Augustin in twenty-four days, after experiencing much ill-treatment from the captain of the ship in which he took his passage. He delivered Mr. Swettenham's despatches to Mr. Grant, the governor, who paid him great attention, and made his own surgeon carefully administer to his complaints, which the voyage seemed to have renewed. He reached St. Augustin on the twenty-third of June, and left Mr. Grant and St. Augustin on the twenty-first of July, for New York. Mr. Grant obtained him a passage, and every accommodation, even to filling a portmanteau with clothes and linen for him, besides making him a present in money. To the kind conduct of the English, both at St. Mark's and St. Augustin, Viaud did justice. He arrived at New York on the third of August, where his countrymen received him with generosity and humanity. With M. Dupeystre, one of the richest French merchants in New York, he remained until the sixth of the following February, when he gave Viaud the charge of a cargo to Nantes, where he arrived in twenty-one days.

The certificate given to Viaud by the British commander at St. Mark's, Lieutenant Swettenham, removes all doubt as to the authenticity of his most extraordinary deliverance. It is dated, Fort St. Mark, twelfth of May, 1766. It attests the truth of all those parts of his narrative to which Ensign Wright, and the soldiers under his command, were eye-witnesses, and attaches to the melancholy detail a testimony which the events in the relation, however they

may surprise, cannot give just ground for impeaching, as there is nothing that is not very possible in any part of it. The scene of the shipwreck lies in the corner of the sea formed by the promontory of Florida, and that portion of North America west of the Mississippi, or rather the Mobile River.

It was in the year 1766, that M. Dunoyer, an inhabitant of Cape François, in the French part of St. Domingo, went to Samona on the Spanish side of the island, for the purpose of forming a residence at that place. He had been there about a year, when Madame Dunoyer wished her husband to return to Cape François, the air of which being that of her native place, she thought would prove favourable to her health, which was then delicate. They accordingly embarked in a small vessel belonging to M. Dunoyer, with one infant at the breast and another about seven years old. A negress, their domestic servant, called Catharine, accompanied them. Just as they were about to set sail, an English bark was shipwrecked on the coast hard by, but the crew were saved. There happened at that time to be a French vessel at Samona about to sail, and eight of the shipwrecked party prevailed upon the commander, named Verrier, to receive and land them either at Cape François or Monte-Christo. But still thinking they were too many to afford a passage without incommoding himself, Verrier asked M. Dunoyer to take two in his little vessel. One called himself Captain John; the other was named Young. M. Dunoyer received

them, gave them necessaries, even linen, they promising, on the other hand, to help him during the passage to the utmost of their power.

It was in the beginning of March that everything was ready for sea. M. Dunoyer first discharged two Frenchmen whom he had engaged to work the vessel, because the two Englishmen offered their services for the purpose, and were good sailors. They accordingly set sail, but came to an anchor in the evening at a place called Grigri, about a league from Porto Plata, on the north side of St. Domingo. Supper was got ready near the land, not far from a Spanish dwelling where people customarily stopped to get refreshments. After supper, the stern, which was shaded with palm leaves, was divided by a sail across it from the rest of the bark. Behind it a mattress was placed for Madame Dunoyer, her children, and the negress. The two sailors lay down in the bow of the bark. M. Dunoyer slept upon a mattress which lay at the feet of his wife.

All was still before the midnight hour, when one of the children began to cry. M. Dunoyer handed aft some milk which was carried for the purpose of feeding it, and all was again hushed as at first. Between the hours of three and four, Madame Dunoyer was awakened by a kind of dull blow which seemed to be struck with a hammer or hatchet upon her husband's mattress, and she thought she heard him heave a sigh. Frightened, trembling, and anticipating the truth, she awoke the negress by crying "Oh God, they are killing M. Dunoyer!" She lifted the sail

or curtain at her feet between her husband's mattress and her own, when the man called John came to her bed, and with ferocious air lifting the hatchet, threatened to kill her if she gave the least alarm. He then struck her husband two blows more with the hatchet. Young took the tiller, and John loosened the sail, as they said, for New York. At daybreak the bark was two leagues from land, and Madame Dunoyer, who had scarcely strength to rise from the awning, saw cast over the side of the bark and floating on the sea, the mattress on which the bleeding body of her husband had just been extended. The man called John said to the affrighted wife, "Don't be alarmed—your husband sleeps well." He then came to her, and demanded the keys of the boxes and trunks and her husband's arms, which she immediately gave up. He searched through every package, but found no money. With eyes drenched in tears, she asked why the wretch had the barbarity to kill her husband; for that he had no money in the vessel. The murderer replied it was to get possession of the vessel to take them to New York.

Seeing there was no money, the assassin became milder in his manner, and offered the unfortunate lady food, tea, and chocolate. She refused his offer, upon which they told her not to vex herself or be unhappy; that they would do her no injury, but disembark her, on the contrary, with all her baggage, upon the French territory. The rest of the day they said nothing, but left this unfortunate woman to her fears and lamentations.

Night now approached ; repose was not to be expected in so dreadful a situation, being in the power of the murderers of her husband. She wept all night over her children. She thought of their father and of her own situation. Her husband's image was ever before her eyes ; and hour after hour passed away in bitter suffering. During the night, the man called John proposed to his companion to commit an outrage upon her person, and that he might take the domestic. Young refused to listen to the proposal, and having lashed the helm and set the mainsail, they lay down. The negress proposed putting out their eyes with a nail as they slept, but she thought they were not both really asleep, and this hindered her making an attempt that must have been fatal both to her mistress and herself. It is difficult to imagine, unless she had four hands to use at once, how she could have prevented one of them from taking the alarm before such a design could have been effectually completed.

In the morning they were making rapid way, when Madame Dunoyer again asked if they intended to carry her to New York. They replied, if she wished to go to Cape François, one of them would take her, together with the children and negress, in the boat. The horror of her situation with the murderers of her husband made her accept any alternative, for what doom was not preferable to remaining on board the bark ! She did not recollect that the boat was small, and not calculated to resist the waves of the *open sea*. It was, in fact, a canoe hollowed out of a

single tree, such as is used by the American Indians. On stating her determination to go at any risk, they told her to make up a packet of her linen, or what she most wished to take, as there was no room to stow away her trunks. They put an old paliasse in the bottom of the canoe, four biscuit cakes, a bottle containing a few pints of fresh water, six eggs, a little salt pork, and a kettle. The man John placed the two children and negress in the canoe first, and then searched the pockets of Madame Dunoyer, in which he found her husband's shoe and collar buckles of silver which she happened to have in her possession. These he took away, as well as the packet of linen she had made up to take in the canoe, and compelled her to follow the negress and children. She expected one of the men would have gone with them to guide the canoe. Instead of this they cast it loose, hoisted every sail, and in no great while were out of sight.

This unfortunate lady was then left with her children and servant by these pirates, for such no doubt they were, to float whither the waves would carry them. Nothing but sky and water was in view, no land could be seen. As the bark quitted them, she prayed in vain for help, even from the assassins of her husband, but she implored in vain. There was nevertheless a more powerful protection extended over her and her little ones. The Eye that never slumbers nor sleeps watched them in their hour of desolation, and they did not perish.

The consternation of Madame Dunoyer imagination cannot point. The thought of her children, one

an helpless infant, almost reduced her to utter despair. Her kind servant, or "slave" according to common parlance, tried to revive and console her mistress. All the little aid she could give—all the humble efforts she could make, she exerted to sustain and comfort her. Madame Dunoyer had swooned away at one time; the kind creature laboured to restore her, and succeeded, but Madame Dunoyer only became conscious of existence to deplore afresh the horrors of their unhappy situation. She fancied her children the prey of the shark, she pressed them to her bosom and bathed them in tears, and every look she gave she imagined was the last she should ever bestow upon the faces of the innocents, unconscious of the magnitude of the dangers that menaced them. At length she attained sufficient composure to deliver herself and children over to the care of heaven, and to leave all besides to the waves and the conduct of the negress, who endeavoured to manage the canoe without knowing how their course lay. Night came on, and dark and fearful hours were to be passed. The danger of upsetting was augmented by the rising of the wind. The waves were swollen, and one of them entering the canoe carried away their biscuit and water, leaving them in dread of another which should overwhelm them entirely. Fortunately the negress could steer well enough not to hasten such a catastrophe by any ill-management. The hours of night seemed as if they would never pass away.

The day broke over a calm ocean, but this was all *that appeared* to afford them consolation. They knew

not where to steer, had they been able to sail; no land was yet in sight. Their hope that some vessel might pick them up was past. Madame Dunoyer could only pray and implore the aid of the Protector of the widow and fatherless. Seven days and nights did these unfortunate females pass in a similar manner, exposed to the atmosphere, and without any food but the salt pork. Nearly worn out, Madame Dunoyer every moment expected to succumb. The power of women to endure bodily suffering is far beyond that of the other sex. The rigid tendons of man snap asunder quickly, while the more flexible fibres of women do not break until they have been attenuated to the utmost. The thought of her children being left in so deplorable a state was worse to Madame Dunoyer than death. She saw that they must soon perish, and proposed opening a vein to prolong the life of the infant at her breast, because the maternal stream had ceased to yield it the wonted supply. About this critical time a vessel was seen at a distance by the negress. Anxiously did they watch its approach and make all the signals in their power when it was within view. They were at last seen; the vessel made for the canoe, but a new danger arose from the sea's recoiling off the ship and nearly sinking the shallow canoe as it came alongside. The people on board were aware of the hazard they ran, and by good management got them all on board safely. The ship was bound to New Orleans, and Madame Dunoyer happened fortunately to have a relation there, M. Rougeot, a notary by profession, who received her and her

fatherless children with great kindness, arisen as they were almost from the tomb.

The inhabitants of Louisiana, which was then a French colony, generously raised a sum of money for the use of Madame Dunoyer and her children. The first thing she did was to make her relation the notary give freedom to the negress her companion in misfortune, but the faithful creature would not leave her mistress while she lived.

A deposition of the facts relating to the murder of M. Dunoyer was made at New Orleans, and transmitted to New York in the hope of bringing the assassins to justice. No such persons could be discovered there, nor is it probable they intended proceeding thither, when, from their own statement, they might be traced, if a vessel should have chanced to pick up the canoe; though it is as likely they calculated on its perishing with all the witnesses of their crime. However this might have been, nothing more was ever heard of the murderers.

CHAPTER VII.

The Grosvenor East Indiaman, 1782.

THE shipwreck of the Grosvenor East Indiaman, in 1782, on her homeward-bound voyage from Ceylon, was attended with circumstances of more than common interest. It is not the least painful reflection connected with this unhappy catastrophe, that had the ship's company been led by an officer of good resources and sound judgment, who knew how to retain an influence over his crew in all circumstances, there is little doubt but the disastrous end of most of the unfortunate passengers and seamen might have been avoided. But a few were saved after a march of one hundred and seventeen days, over deserts, through forests, and across mountains, in the midst of hunger and misery, such as never were encountered before in similar situations. They were four hundred and forty-seven leagues from the Cape of Good Hope when the ship was lost, and the distance in such a climate and country might, to reflective minds, have pointed out a better mode of rescuing themselves from a fate which must have been too likely to happen. The wonder is, how any of the unfortunate people survived at all. Had they remained on the spot near which they were wrecked, armed themselves in the best way they were able, and collected the ship's stores, they

might have built and despatched a boat to the Cape, and ensured the safety of all. Famine, in a country so well-stocked with wild animals, they need not have dreaded. Their numbers were a sufficient protection against the natives, who, seeing the show of resistance backed by the means, would have become friendly. It should be an axiom with seamen, in such cases, never to abandon the neighbourhood of the ship's hull, when it is accessible, until they know where they are, and what chances they have of preservation by other means. The captain seems to have been very ignorant of his duty, for when his ship was wrecked so far from the Cape, he ought to have known where he was, and not to have held out, that, in fifteen or sixteen days, his crew might reach the Dutch settlements. Perhaps it may be answered, he did not know the position of the vessel before she struck, or they would not have been wrecked at all, yet this consideration makes the case worse, as he ought to have known it.

On the third of August, Captain Coxen considered the ship was a hundred leagues from the nearest land. It blew hard, and the next day the ship was lying to under her foresail and mizen-staysail. Just before daylight on that day, John Hynes, one of the crew, was aloft with others striking the foretop-gallant-mast. While in this situation he asked a comrade, named Lewis, if he did not think there was land where they saw breakers? to which he answered *he thought there must be*: upon this they hastened down to inform Mr. Beale, the officer of the watch, of

what they had seen, who was incredulous, and laughed at them. Lewis then ran to the cabin, and told the captain, who instantly came out and ordered them to wear the ship. The helm was put hard-a-weather, the mizen-staysail hauled down, the fore-topsail and jib let go, and the ship's head nearly round, when she struck, and beat so hard that every one on board instantly ran upon deck. The captain endeavoured to dispel the universal panic on board, and assured the passengers he was not without hope of saving them all, conjuring them to remain composed.

No water was found in the hold upon trying the pumps, but this was easily accounted for by the stern of the ship being high upon the rocks, while the fore-part lay deeper in the sea, and the water was consequently all forward. The wind shifted and blew off the shore, which made them fearful of being driven out to sea, where they must be totally lost. Signal guns were ordered to be fired, but in vain, as the powder was already wet. The mainmast was then cut away, and afterwards the foremast. This produced no effect; the vessel lay as at first, without the hope of being saved, and only three hundred yards from the land.

Terror was seen in most faces, some were in a state of distraction at their situation; calm despair repressed all emotion in others, while those gifted with that presence of mind which no danger can shake, instantly occupied themselves with some plan for gaining the shore. Dreadful confusion prevailed in the ship, while the minds of the more composed set themselves

at work to form a raft, on which the women, children, and sick, might be safely taken on shore.

Two Italians and a Lascar attempted to reach the shore by swimming with the deep-sea line. One of these was drowned; but one Italian and the Lascar reached the beach in safety. By these means a larger line was conveyed to the land, and by that a hawser. In drawing the hawser to the shore, a number of natives rendered their assistance, who had come down to view the wreck. The masts were driven on shore and soon stripped of their iron by the inhabitants. One end of the hawser was fastened round the rocks on shore, and the other strained tight round the capstan. The people in the wreck had in the meantime been constructing a raft which was now finished. A hawser was fastened to it from the ship, it was launched, and got to the stern windows, that the women and children might get out with more facility from the quarter-gallery. Four men got upon it to give them assistance, but though the hawser was new, it was snapped asunder by the waves, and the raft upset and drove on shore, by which three men were drowned. The launch and jolly-boat had been hoisted out before the masts were cut away, and instantly dashed to pieces. They were now at a loss what was to be done. Some got on shore upon the hawser hand over hand—a bold attempt for any but sailors of strength and resolution,—yet many succeeded, and some fell off and were drowned, to the number of fifteen.

The ship soon came in two a little before the main-mast. The wind fortunately shifted and blew upon

the shore, by which means those on the wreck were enabled to land in safety. They had all got on the poop as being nearest the main. The part upon which they stood separated from the rest. They crowded upon the starboard-quarter, which soon floated into shelter, both the wind and waves lifting them in, while the other parts broke the seas that might else have washed them off. In this way all got safe to land, excepting a cook's mate who would not quit the ship, being intoxicated.

It was now drawing on towards night. They were upon a shore of which they knew nothing, not even the situation, except that it must be the southern part of Africa. Delicate women and children were among them, ill fit to combat the hardships which they had endured already, or those which were to follow. The natives had gone away with the setting sun, but had left some embers of their fire, very fortunately for the sufferers. Three fires were kindled of wood collected from the wreck, and they cooked some hogs and poultry, driven on shore, for their melancholy repast. A cask of beef and one of flour found on the beach were equally divided by the captain, and of two sails which came on shore in a like manner, two tents were constructed for the females to sleep in during the night.

The fifth of August the natives came down and began to carry off all that suited their fancy. They offered no personal violence, but were contented with plundering.

The next day they employed themselves in collect-

ing everything that could be of service to them on their journey to the Cape of Good Hope, whither they intended setting off. Two casks of spirits were ordered to be staved, lest the natives should get intoxicated and thus be led to attack them. The company were then assembled, and the provisions shared among them. The captain said, he hoped, as he had been their commanding officer before, they would allow him to be so still, which was unanimously answered in the affirmative. He then stated that, from the best calculations he could make, fifteen or sixteen days would enable them to reach some Dutch settlement.

On the seventh of August they set off. The chief mate who was ill was carried by two men in a hammock slung on a pole. In this laborious occupation all the men cheerfully took their turns. One man named O'Brien who had a swollen knee, remained behind, because it was impossible for him to keep up with the rest, and he flattered himself that by getting lead and pewter from the wreck and making trinkets to amuse the natives, he should be able to ingratiate himself with them and learn their language, by which he might ultimately get away. They found beaten paths from village to village after they set out, and the Caffres followed them some distance, taking away what they chose of their scanty stock and flinging stones at them. They met one party of thirty, and among them a Dutchman, named Trout, who, having committed murder among his countrymen, had fled away for security. On learning their story, he told them that their

journey would be attended with almost insurmountable difficulties; that they had many different nations to pass through and deserts to pass, besides meeting numbers of wild beasts. This intelligence should have been a warning to the party to have tried a different plan, but perhaps it was then too late. They offered Trout any money to conduct them to the Cape, but he refused, as he had a wife and children among the natives, and he was afraid to venture among his countrymen again, even if the natives would allow him to go, which he very much doubted.

They now pursued their journey for four or five days together. The natives constantly annoyed them in the day-time, but invariably retired with the setting sun, taking from them whatever they chose. They kept the party in constant alarm by rough usage to the ladies, and irritating the seamen to acts of retaliation.

They observed numerous villages as they proceeded, but kept as far from them as possible, to avoid ill-usage from the inhabitants. The first mate soon recovered sufficiently to be able to walk without assistance. In one place they came to a deep gully where three natives held a lance to the captain's throat several times, who, being irritated, caught hold of one of them, and wrenching it from his hand, kept the head. The next day three or four hundred of the natives appeared, armed with lances and targets. They stopped the party, and began pilfering and at length beating them. Thinking themselves marked out to die, they placed the women, children, and sick, under

the protection of a dozen of their number, and during two hours and half kept up a running fight, till getting possession of a rising ground, a sort of parley took place. Many on both sides were maimed, but none killed. One of the passengers, Mr. Newman, was struck with a lance in the ear and remained insensible for two hours. When a parley had taken place, several of the party cut the buttons from their coats to give the natives, with what other trinkets they had, upon which they went away, and were seen no more. At the close of day they made a fire and reposed near it. In the night they heard the noise of wild beasts, and kept watch and watch lest they should be surprised by them.

Trout the Dutchman joined them the next day. He told them he had been on board the wreck and got a load of iron, pewter, lead, and copper from it, which he was carrying to his village. Thus the wreck, it is evident, would have been accessible to the crew had they remained by it and fitted up a bark for the Cape of Good Hope. Trout had heard of the dispute or fight with the natives. He advised the party to make no resistance, as the want of arms would render it vain, and he thought they would be less obstructed by such a course of conduct. He then took up his plunder and went his way. The party now attempted to rest for the night in a hollow or gully, but were disturbed by the roar of wild beasts, which the watch could hardly keep off with firebrands. At day-break they again advanced, and the natives about *noon* became troublesome as usual, and took away

their tinder-box, flint, and steel, an irreparable loss. Each man was now obliged to travel with a firebrand in his hand. They came to a small river, and the tide being in, they were prevented from crossing it. The natives, who had followed them, grew more troublesome, seized the watches of the gentlemen, and carried off the diamonds which the ladies had concealed in their hair upon its falling down and disclosing them, and even searched for more. The men, who could not restrain their indignation, got nothing but blows from clubs or lances in return. They waded the river at low water. The provisions they had brought with them were nearly expended, and the fatigue of travelling slowly with the women and children was very great. The seamen began to murmur. The party therefore divided. Mr. Shaw, Mr. Trotter, and Mr. Harris, the second, fourth, and fifth mates; Capt. Talbot and his coxswain, Messrs. Taylor, d'Espinette, Williams, Oliver, and their servants; the steward, carpenter, carpenter's and caulker's mates, and the remainder of the seamen, among whom was John Hynes who first saw the breakers, together with a boy seven or eight years old, a master Law, who cried after one of the passengers, and whom the seamen agreed to carry by turns when unable to walk, in all forty-four, went on first.

Captain Coxon, the first mate and his wife; the third mate, Mr. Beale; Col. and Mrs. James; Mr. and Mrs. Hosea; Mr. Hay the purser, Mr. Newman and Mr. Nixon, passengers, with five of their children, agreed to travel slowly as before. A good many sea-

men, in consequence of high rewards offered by the gentlemen, were prevailed upon to stay with them to carry what little provisions they had left, and the blankets in which they slept at night. The two parties separated with great regret. The next day, however, early in the morning, the party which had gone on first was overtaken by the other, having waited by the side of a river for the ebb tide. They were glad to reunite again and forgot the inconveniences which had caused their separation. They now crossed the river, and travelling that day and a portion of the next, arrived at a village where they saw Trout the Dutchman, who showed them his wife and child, and begged a piece of pork. He again told them that, if inclined to depart, the natives would not let him go. He gave them directions for their journey, told them the names of the rivers they must cross, and the places they must pass, and thanking him, they departed.

The following night was spent by both parties in company. In the morning, finding their provisions expended, some of them went to the sea-side to collect shell-fish from the rocks. They found a quantity of oysters, mussels, and limpets, which they divided amongst the women, children, and sick, the flowing of the tide preventing their getting enough for the whole. About twelve o'clock that day they reached a small village, where they were ill-treated by the inhabitants.

About four o'clock the same day they agreed again *to separate*. They were moved to this by the conside

ration that together they were not a match for the natives; that by marching in separate bodies they would be less an object of jealousy to those nations through which they would be obliged to pass; and lastly, they would be better able to obtain assistance. They then separated never to meet again.

The second party was led by Mr. Shaw, the second mate of the ship. John Hynes, from whom the narrative of their sufferings during their subsequent proceedings was obtained, remained with them. They travelled until it was dark, and then made a fire where wood and water were easily attainable, afterwards reposing for the night. They proceeded about thirty miles the following day, seeing a good many of the natives, who, though inquisitive, offered them no kind of molestation. They slept the next night on the skirts of a wood, where the howling of beasts of prey allowed them but little repose. They journeyed forward in the morning, and fed upon wild sorrel and all the berries of the species which they observed the birds eat. They picked some shell-fish from the rocks, and, getting to a wide river, ended the day's journey on its banks.

The following morning they were afraid to attempt crossing the river, as some of them could not swim; and they followed its windings until they reached a narrower part, where they made a raft of dry wood, fastening it together with woodbines and their pocket-handkerchiefs. On it they placed little Law and those who could not swim; those who could, pushed the raft before them. The river was nearly two miles

over. They now travelled down towards the sea, having been three days travelling from it. They had nothing but wild sorrel and water all that time. Fortunately they got plenty of shell-fish at the sea-side. They reached a mountain four days after this; and the rocks on the sea-shore being impassable, they entered a wood with which it was covered, as the sun was rising. The road was very toilsome over untrodden paths, and they were frequently obliged to climb trees to see if they were in the right direction. Night came upon them before they gained the summit where the wood terminated, and where was an extensive plain with a fine stream of water running through it. There they slept, having first made a very large fire, as they found the beasts of prey came to the water. It was with great difficulty they were able to keep them away. At day-dawn Hynes ascended a tree to examine the trending of the coast. He discovered there was another wood between them and the bottom of the mountain, which they did not get through until night, overcome with the fatigue and difficulties of their road, for there were no paths but those which had been made by wild beasts. They reached the sea-coast late, and too tired to collect wood for more than one fire, though three were almost indispensable. In that they put their shell-fish to make them open, for the natives had plundered them of their knives and indeed all but their clothes.

The next day they found a dead whale on the sea-shore, which was an agreeable sight. They were *puzzled how to cut out the flesh*, not having their

knives. They, however, made a fire upon the carcass, and dug out the flesh as it was roasted with an oyster-shell. They subsisted several days on the flesh of this fish. They next reached a level country which they thought must be within the Dutch settlements, and some of the party imagined it would be best to keep inland. Others were still for the sea-side. They divided. The fourth and fifth mates, Captain Talbot and his coxswain, and twenty-two sailors, with Hynes, proceeded inland. The carpenter, steward, cooper, Mr. d'Espinette, Mr. Oliver, their servant, and twenty-four seamen, kept by the sea-coast. The first party travelled three days through a pleasant country, where they saw some deserted villages. They had nothing but some oysters brought from the coast, with berries and wild sorrel, to live upon during this time; and they judged it best to make for the sea again, where, the tide being out, they were able to allay the pangs of hunger with shell-fish as before. Soon after they had parted from their companions, while ascending a hill, Captain Talbot and the whole of them sat down to rest. After the others had risen and proceeded, he followed, but, being much fatigued, sat down so frequently that the party left him. His coxswain seeing him, went back and sat down by him. They were neither of them heard of more.

They next reached a river, where they found two of the party who had gone with the carpenter along the coast; being unable to swim, they had been left behind. They were overjoyed at meeting their friends and getting assistance to cross. They had no fire, and

had been fortunate in escaping the wild beasts. They came in four days more to another river, which none of the party would venture to cross, and they were obliged to ascend by the bank. They reached a village, and saw the inside of a watch which had been given by the carpenter's party for a little milk. Mr. Shaw, one of the mates, offered part of the inside of his watch for a calf; but when they had it, they drove away the animal again. They proceeded along the bank of the river and passed several villages, the inhabitants of which did not molest them. They at length crossed on a raft, leaving two of their number behind who were alarmed at the breadth of the stream. They now descended to the sea-shore and reached it the third day, travelling in an inclined direction. There they slept and found shell-fish as usual, but no water that they could drink.

They now fell in with some of the natives, from whom they received many blows, and could offer no resistance. They ran away into the woods and escaped them. In three days the carpenter's party was overtaken. He himself had been poisoned by something which he had eaten in the woods to allay his hunger. Messrs. d'Espinette and Oliver, being worn out, had been left behind; but the poor little boy Master Law was still with them, and had borne the fatigues of the journey in a wonderful manner for one of his tender years. The parties now again formed into one, and continued their route. They found two spike-nails in a plank on the sea-shore, which were a great acquisition. They burned the planks, and getting

the nails out, beat them flat between two stones into a substitute for knives. Finding water on turning up the sand, they remained for the night in the same place.

The day following after crossing the river, they found a dead whale upon the beach. A number of the natives seeing them, came down; but observing their deplorable condition, and that they were not able to resist them, seemed to pity their state, and one of them lent his lance to those who were attempting to cut out the flesh, to aid them in doing it. They were thus, with the assistance of their homely knives, enabled to sever the pieces which they wanted. These they carried away until they could find a spot having wood and water, where they might dress them. The next day one of the party was taken ill, and they were obliged to leave him behind near a river. Having the flesh of the whale for provisions, they were enabled to proceed without halting in search of food, as they must have done without so seasonable a supply. They went on at a good rate for four days until they arrived at a river, when, it being evening, they stopped to eat some berries growing near it, to allay their thirst. The morning after it was cold, and some of the party were not inclined to venture across. Hynes and ten of the others were impatient to go forward, and swam over, after which they proceeded until they found a place where there were wood, water, and shell-fish. They remained two days in the same spot, in hopes those whom they had left behind would come up; among them was

the child. Not making their appearance, however, the party with Hynes set out again. The wind had blown fresh, and they judged that those whom they had left behind had been deterred from crossing the water.

A dead seal was at this moment fortunately discovered on the beach. With one of the rude knives which they had retained, and some sharp shells, they cut up a portion to take away, and cooked some on the spot. At this time the party they had left behind came up and shared the seal with them. When the carpenter died of the poison he had eaten, the steward took the direction of the party, and the care of little Law was undertaken by him. The frame of a child so young was ill calculated to bear the privation and fatigue of such a journey. The steward did all in his power to succour the frail and tender being in his charge. He soothed the sufferings and listened to the complainings of the poor little fellow with an attention which did honour to him as a man; he fed the child whenever he could obtain food for him as carefully as a parent would have done. In truth, such kindness in similar circumstances pleads highly for human nature. The natives had handled the party which last came up very roughly, and five of their number were left behind.

They now set forward together once more. In trying to get round a point of rock which projected towards the sea, they were nearly all of them swept away by the surf. Their firebrands were extinguished, and some of them lost the seal's flesh

which they carried for their future provision. Fortunately they came in sight of several of the native females, who ran away on seeing them. These women had made a fire to cook the mussels they had collected, and it was still burning. They procured fresh firebrands, and, resting a few hours, proceeded on their toilsome journey. They were fortunate enough to get a young bullock at a village in exchange for some buttons and the inside of a watch. This was killed with a lance belonging to one of the natives. It was then cut in pieces, and one of the party standing with his back to the rest named the individual who was to have the piece pointed out; thus an impartial distribution was ensured to each man. The skin was cut in pieces and the distribution decided by lot. Those who obtained any made it into shoes. The natives were gratified at receiving the entrails. In no other instance were these unfortunate people able to get any food from the natives, if a little milk given by the women now and then to the child in pity be excepted: It is astonishing how the boy supported the journey so far. When the path was good, he walked, and could keep up with the rest, but when it was rough or uneven they carried him by turns. At the halting-places he remained near the fires to keep them up while the party searched for food, and he shared with them on their return a portion of what shell-fish or other provision they brought back.

They next came to a desert of sand, which occupied them ten days to cross. No natives were seen, most

probably because they could find nothing to support life upon so sterile a portion of the country. During these ten days the party had no food but what they took with them. They easily found water upon digging in the sand. After this desert was crossed they passed through a nation called the Tamboukees, where they were sometimes treated well and at others but very indifferently. Once, when near the sea-coast, some of the natives whom they met advised them to go inland. They took this advice; and after travelling about three miles, they came to a village where they found only women and children. A little milk was obtained at this place for the child, and they rested themselves a short space. The men soon afterwards returned from hunting, each man carrying a portion of a deer upon the head of their lances. A number of them, amounting to forty at least, employed themselves with looking at the travellers. They offered two bowls of milk, which they were inclined to exchange, but there was nothing left among the party that attracted their attention sufficiently. They then drank the milk themselves. They now started up and hastened into the woods. They were not a great while absent when they returned with a deer they had killed, but they would not give the seamen any portion of it, and upon night coming on, insisted on their leaving the village. They journeyed four or five miles farther on, and there slept.

For several days they saw cattle in considerable numbers, but had no means of obtaining any. They *came to* three or four huts on the banks of a river,

and saw only women and children. They gave them some flesh of the sea-cow that hung up in their huts to dry—as it seemed, out of fear. The river was about a mile broad: Hynes and eight others swam across it, but the rest of the party remained behind. Three or four miles farther on they saw a seal asleep a little above high-water mark. They contrived to kill it, and cutting up the flesh, carried it away. At another river two of the party dropped their firebrands. When they crossed a river by swimming, they tied their clothes up tight in a bundle, and fastened it close round their heads. Their firebrand they carried stuck in the front of the bundle, and thus kept it dry. They found another whale a little farther on, and remained near the carcass two days, in the hope that their companions whom they had left on the other side of the river would rejoin them. Ten days after they found some rags, which convinced them their companions had passed them; and on entering upon a sandy desert where wood and water were not to be found, they saw written in the sand, “Turn in here, and you will find plenty of wood and water.” This was near the entrance of a deep ravine. They traced the fire where their companions had rested in a recess in the hollow. A few days afterwards, owing to a headland, they were again obliged to make a circuit from the sea. They had by this time exhausted all their whale’s flesh, and were forced to subsist upon land-crabs, snails, and sorrel, which they found near a pond of fresh water. They went on at daybreak, and came to a spot where some trees had been uprooted, for which

they could not account, but thirty or forty large elephants which were seen among the long grass explained the mystery. Afraid to advance, the party scarcely knew what to do; but at last they made a circuit and avoided the animals, of which they saw no more.

Towards night they reached the sea-shore, but could not find any shell-fish. The extremity of hunger in which some of them were, made them singe off the hair from the bullock's skin of which they had made shoes, broil it, and eat it with some wild celery growing near the spot. For five or six days they discovered the tracks of their companions who had preceded them; they also fell in with some natives hunting, who wore a sort of shoe on the right foot, which they used in pursuit of game to facilitate making a leap from that foot. The party now came to a more barren country, where they had to encounter great difficulties. They could obtain no provisions from the natives, who drove them away whenever they approached their villages; so that, without having recourse to shell-fish they must have speedily perished. They saw one of the natives with a bit of silver buckle belonging to the cook stuck in his hair, which the owner had broken and bartered for food, though the natives frequently retained the article and gave nothing in exchange.

A storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, overtook them one night on the sea-shore, and they were obliged to hold their clothes over their fire to prevent its being extinguished. They remained the next day until low water to collect shell-fish and dry their

clothes. About four o'clock that day they reached a village, where the inhabitants attacked and wounded some of the party. One had his skull fractured and soon after died. Hynes was knocked down and left for dead. When he recovered, the natives were gone and his friends out of sight. However, recollecting the way it was their intention to proceed, he followed and came up with them in two or three hours. They concluded he was dead. He also received a wound in the leg from a lance.

They saw no more huts or villages; and after travelling for some days over a sandy desert, they fell in with three savages, who fled from them. They now obtained food with great difficulty, for the sea-shore was seldom rocky; and when they found a reef, they were often obliged to wait half a day for the ebb-tide. If they found plenty of shell-fish they collected as many as possible, threw away the shells, and put the fish in a cloth which they alternately carried. On reaching a large river called Bojisman's river, they found Thomas Lewis, one of the party which had preceded them, left behind. He said he had travelled into the interior of the country, and had seen several huts, at one of which he was beaten, and at another got some milk. He was so weak and the river so wide, while he was incapable of bearing any fresh hardships, that he determined to go again to the next village, as he could but be killed there, and he was certain of dying if he proceeded. His companions strove to urge him forward in vain. In spite of entreaty, he returned to the natives, and they saw nothing more of him.

To the great joy of the party, they found another dead whale on the sea-shore. They halted there for two days, cut the flesh into junks, and took away as much as they were able to carry. They crossed the river on a raft, but on reaching the other side were alarmed with the howlings of the wild beasts, which appeared more numerous than at any place they had passed before. On the fourth day from passing the river they came up with the steward and the little boy, and found that they had buried the cooper in the sand two days before. Hynes wished to see the spot, and the steward accompanied him, but they both found, to their surprise, that some animal had disinterred and carried off the body. The track was perceptible for half a mile in the sand. They could follow the traces of wild animals hunting in the night for their prey, round every stone and stump they came near. They gave the steward and child some of the whale, which appeared to do them good. In about ten days more, the whale's flesh being gone, they came to some rocks and were obliged again to gather shell-fish for food, as well as to sleep on the rocks, where they could only find brackish water. In the morning both the steward and child became ill, and requested the party to remain that day where they had stopped, which they willingly agreed to do. The next day they all found themselves ill, owing to the coldness of the rocks on which they had slept in their scanty clothing. The steward and boy were also still unwell, and the party agreed to remain with *them* another day, though, should they not afterwards

better, separation was unavoidable. In the morning they prepared what they could obtain for breakfast. Wishing to indulge the poor child to the last moment, they suffered him to sleep as they thought the fire until everything was ready; but on going to awaken him, they found the soul of the innocent sufferer of so many miseries had fled to a better world. The end of this child was a mercy to him, though a cause of deep concern to the gallant and generous men, and particularly to the steward, who, ere long, was to follow him. The child's death nearly broke him. The poor little fellow had been the object of his care through so many privations and dangers, and had carried himself so well, that the grief of the kind-hearted man was overwhelming, and his companions could with difficulty drag him away from the place. They all looked upon the remains of the innocent child, forgot for a moment their own situation in a sigh over them, and departed again on their melancholy way.

They had travelled about two hours, when Robert Fitzgerald, one of the party, asked for a shell of water; Hynes gave it him, and he drank eagerly. He then asked for a second, received, swallowed it, and fell himself down, and expired. His body was left where he died; and the survivors, as if steeled against the worst of human calamities, saw his fate with composure,—a fate rather to be envied than shunned in their circumstances. About four o'clock the same evening, another man, named William Frueel, complained

of weakness, and sat down on the sand by the sea. His companions set out to seek wood and water, telling him they would soon return. Looking back, they saw him crawling after them. Having hunted in vain for water or a comfortable place of repose, they lay down for the night. One of the party, however, returned to try whether he could get Frueel forward; but although he went in view of the place, he could find no traces of him, and it was concluded he had been carried off by wild beasts.

The want of water was now added to the other calamities of these miserable men. Their throats and mouths became swollen, and they were at last forced to drink their own urine. Their previous sufferings were not to be compared with the present. They had been two days without food and water, when the steward, the guardian of the poor child Law, expired, and another of the party soon followed him.

The road was on one hand bounded by arid and sandy hills, and on the other by the sea, so that they were obliged to sleep in the sand. They found half a fish, but no water; and though it was not half a mouthful to each man, some of them rejected it, fearing it might add to their tortures. The next day two more of the party became very weak, but yet crawled along, dreading to be left alone. One of them soon lay down; the rest shook hands with him, and he was left to expire. In a deep ravine which they searched for water, they found another of the crew of the Grosvenor dead, with his right hand cut

off. Wormington, the boatswain's mate, who had lost his clothes in crossing a river, took those of the deceased man. The party then proceeded and lay down to repose, having taken nothing all day but their own urine. Morning broke upon their misery, but brought no alleviation. Another of their number soon dropped, and was left behind to perish. Three only were now left gifted with better temperaments for endurance than their companions. These were Wormington, Hynes, and Evans. Their faculties were much impaired by their sufferings, and the rays of an ardent sun made them still weaker. The morning that followed, they were in horrible torments from thirst. Wormington entreated them to cast lots which should die to preserve the others. Hynes was reduced to childishness; his mind was gone. He wept at the proposal, but refused to consent. He told them that if he fell down from feebleness, they might do what they liked with him for their own preservation; but that while he could walk, he would not cast lots. Wormington could not go on; the other two shook hands with him and left him. As soon as his companions were gone, while still in view he tried to make them hear him, but was unable. He began to think they might save him. He tried to follow, but could not, tottered and fell on the shore, burying his right hand in the sand.

Hynes and Evans made very little progress. About ten at night they saw before them something resembling large birds. Their surprise was great to find they were four of the steward's party, who had

outstripped them. They were nearly blind, so that they could scarcely recognize them. One of the four, named Price, came to meet Hynes and Evans, and told them of water being near. The two unfortunate men then said that all their party was dead save Wormington, whom they left alive that morning. Two of them therefore went to seek him; two of their companions remained to prevent Hynes and Evans from drinking too largely. Price was ultimately obliged to close up the sand, to avert the fatal consequences of their taking the water to excess. There was a shelter near, in which they were now placed, supplied with a few shell-fish, and left to repose.

The two men who set out in search of Wormington were named Leary and De Lasso: they found and brought him to where his companions had been placed. It appeared the captain's steward's party had been reduced to such distress, that after he died and was buried, two of the survivors were sent back to bring some of his flesh, to prevent their dying from hunger. Those who were sent went beyond the place, and returning found a young seal fresh and bleeding, driven ashore not far from the steward's grave; this was a seasonable relief, and prevented their having recourse to a painful alternative. They also discovered, by watching some birds, that they pulled shell-fish out of the sand, there being no rocks on the coast, and they availed themselves of the same mode of obtaining them.

Dodge, one of the four men whom Hynes and Evans had overtaken, being informed by them that

the ship's steward was also no more, and died in very good clothes, proposed going back to get them, as they much needed such articles. Evans and Dodge set out together. Evans came back alone in the evening with intelligence that the body of the steward was not to be found, some beast of prey having no doubt carried it off. Evans said that Dodge came back so indolently and slowly, that unless he had left him and walked on, he should never again have joined them himself. Dodge returned no more, and it is likely was carried off by some prowling animal in the night. They spent the next two days in obtaining a stock of shell-fish, which were broiled to form a provision for their march. They then constructed a raft to cross a river not far off. They had much difficulty in accomplishing the task. The current was rapid, and they were borne so far down, that they were very near being driven out to sea, to their great terror. They found a singular kind of shell-fish there, which had the power of sinking itself in the sand. It was two inches long, of a triangular form, and buried itself so fast in the sand, that it was with difficulty followed and captured.

The party was now but six in number, and proceeded at a slow rate across a desert country for six days more, when it arrived at the Schwartz river, and signs of a more agreeable and even habitable territory appeared. They also fancied they saw huts at a considerable distance. They crossed the river by swimming, and had not gone far before they espied a

dead whale cast upon the shore. It was proposed to rest near it for a few days, that with such a stock of food they might recover a little strength, but they could find no water. They were compelled in consequence to load themselves with the flesh and set off again. At nightfall they met with water near a thicket, and there reposed until morning. At the dawn of day De Lasso and the youth Price remained near the fire to keep it up until evening, and lay in a stock of wood, whilst the other four returned to bring off to their quarters as large a supply as possible of whale's flesh. Two men were soon afterwards seen by Price with guns in their hands, who followed him into the thicket. They belonged to a Dutch settlement, and were in search of strayed cattle. One of them being a Portuguese understood De Lasso, and knew Italian sufficiently well to comprehend their miserable tale. They then all of them set out to find the four, who had gone to the whale again, and discovered them cutting off the flesh. One of the colonists was called Battores, and he made them fling away the flesh of the whale and follow him to his dwelling. The joy of these poor seamen was so great at finding that they were among civilized beings again, that some wept with joy, others laughed and danced, their agitation from weakness completely deranging their reason. They soon got composed enough to understand that they were only three or four hundred miles from the Cape, and within the limits of the Dutch settlements.

The residence of Battores was only three miles off;

it belonged to one Roostoff, a settler, who treated the sailors with great kindness. They were supplied with milk and bread immediately, but their voracity was well nigh being attended with dangerous consequences. They then lay down upon some sacks and slept.

They had attempted to keep a reckoning of time, but had lost the stick which they marked for the purpose. They were informed that it was the twenty-ninth of November when they were thus delivered; and having been shipwrecked upon the fourth of August, it appeared they had been a hundred and seventeen days on their journey, enduring privation and fatigue unparalleled.

The day following Roostoff gave them a good breakfast and dinner of fresh mutton, and they left his hospitable residence in a cart for the Cape. Price, the lad, suffering from bad legs, remained with his host, having a promise to be sent after his companions when he was sufficiently recovered. The other five reached the house of the owner of the cart, called Quin, a farmer, where they remained four days. They were thus sent on from settlement to settlement until they reached Swellendam, about a hundred miles from Cape Town. They were everywhere hospitably treated by the Dutch farmers. There was then war between England and Holland, and the seamen were detained at Swellendam until the return of a messenger from the Cape, who had gone to learn the will of the governor respecting them. Two of them were ordered to Cape Town for examination, and Wor-

mington and Leary proceeded thither, and, being examined, were sent to work on board a Dutch man-of-war. There Wormington, finding the boatswain had smuggled pepper on board, rather incautiously stated his knowledge of the fact, upon which he with his companion was shipped on board a Danish East Indiaman, and arrived in England the first of the unfortunate survivors of the Grosvenor.

The governor of the Cape with great humanity despatched an expedition in search of any of the crew who might chance to survive. It was composed of a hundred Europeans and three hundred Hottentots, and was accompanied by De Lasso and Evans. Hynes was ill, and Price had not yet reached Swellendam. They were unsuccessful in reaching the place of the wreck, owing to opposition from the natives; but they picked up three seamen, Lewis, Hubberly, and another. Hubberly had been the servant of Mr. Shaw, the second mate; and he stated that, except himself, all the party under the guidance of these gentlemen had perished one by one, and he had proceeded onwards alone. Seven Lascars and two black women were also found. The two women had been servants, one of Mrs. Logie, the wife of the chief mate, and the other of Mrs. Hosea, a passenger. They were ignorant of the fate of the captain, except that they concluded him dead, having seen his coat upon a native. They had again subdivided after Hynes' party had quitted. No more was for a long time heard of the fate of any of the rest. *The English were all sent to Europe, and reached home in safety.*

The fate of that part of the crew and passengers of which nothing certain had yet been heard, caused a second expedition to be sent out in 1790, for the purpose of relieving any who might be still alive. The total number of persons who reached land from the Grosvenor was one hundred and thirty-five. Six reached the Dutch settlements as already narrated. Three Europeans, two black women, and seven Lascars, were afterwards found by the Dutch expedition, making in all but eighteen survivors. The second expedition reached the scene of the shipwreck, four hundred and forty-seven leagues from the Cape. They ascertained that the ship's cook had died of the small-pox two years before, but could learn nothing respecting the fate of any others of the crew or passengers. They saw Trout the Dutchman, who told them that some had perished of hunger and fatigue, and some by the hands of the natives. The cannon, iron ballast, and lead of the ship still remained. The natives near the scene of the wreck were friendly, and promised in case of any future shipwreck to aid the sufferers, on the assurance of being rewarded by the Dutch with iron and beads. It appears from their conduct to the crew of the Hercules that they kept their word.

Reports had been circulated in 1789 that there were white women yet alive among the natives. One of the latter described a white woman having a child which she embraced and wept bitterly, to Colonel Gordon, who was travelling in the country; and it was generally believed at the Cape that the women,

of whom it appears there were three were alive long after the shipwreck. That white people had been lost on the coast long before the Grosvenor, and that some had survived, seems clear. In or prior to the year 1713, a Captain Schelling met at Tierra de Natal with an Englishman settled among the Caffres, who had two children by a Caffre wife. In 1796 the ship *Hercules* was lost near where the Grosvenor had been cast away. The natives informed the captain that Captain Coxon and the men were slain in resisting the will of a chief, who wanted to take two white ladies to his kraal. The natives further informed the captain that one of the ladies was dead, but that the other was living and had several children by the chief, though he knew not where she then was. This corroborates the account given to Colonel Gordon several years before, and is probably the correct statement. Now mention is made of only three white ladies as being on board, and some children; whether the latter were male or female does not appear. A strange sort of story has been published in the appendix to the Rev. John Campbell's *Travels in Africa*, which, as it is not on the authority of that gentleman's personal observation, is most probably a version of the accounts obtained by the expedition sent in search of the survivors which reached the place of the shipwreck. It purports that the Landroost of Graaf Reynet had seen two females habited like Caffre women and anti-European in appearance, who, on being offered restoration to their country, refused to return, saying they had *now affectionate husbands, children, and grandchild-*

dren ; that their former husbands and friends had been murdered ; that in England they might find themselves in a state of dependence ; that they were not fitted for polished society, and that their attachments were bounded by their actual enjoyments ; and they refused to resign their lives of content for an exchange to them at least not likely to be productive of peace or happiness. But if Mrs. Hosea, Mrs. Logie, and Mrs. James, were the only white women in the vessel, this account does not tally with that given at two different times by the natives. Some of the children might have been females and preserved by the natives, but neither would this agree with the statement above. It is probable that the truth, if not in one of the foregoing accounts, will never now be known. Whatever it be, the melancholy end of the company of the Grosvenor will long be remembered in the annals of shipwreck, not less as an object of pity than a warning to mariners under similar circumstances to act more judiciously.

CHAPTER VIII.

Loss of the Centaur, 1782.

THE losses of the squadron of which the Centaur was one, in their passage to England, in 1782, were the most serious disasters the British navy had sustained by the accidents of the sea for many years. The escape of Captain Inglefield, when the Centaur foundered, is a remarkable instance of good discipline and forbearance under privation and suffering. Few examples of so providential a deliverance are upon record. The narration, as given by Captain Inglefield himself, is as follows:—

“The Centaur left Jamaica rather in a leaky condition, keeping two hand-pumps going; and when it blew fresh, sometimes a spell at the chain-pump. But I had no apprehension that she was unable to encounter a common gale of wind. A storm came on in the evening of the sixteenth of September, 1782, when the ship was prepared for the worst weather usually occurring in the same latitudes: the mainsail was reefed and set, the top-gallant-masts struck, and, though it did not at that time blow very strong, the mizen-yard was lowered down; but towards night it blew a gale of wind, and the ship made so much water, that it was necessary to turn all hands up to the pumps. The leak continued to

increase. I entertained thoughts of trying the ship before the sea, and happy should I probably have been in doing so; but the impropriety of leaving the convoy except in the last extremity, and the hope of the weather growing moderate, weighed against the opinion of its being right. About two in the morning the wind lulled, and we flattered ourselves that the gale was breaking. Soon after there was much thunder and lightning from the south-east, with rain, when strong gusts of wind began to blow, which obliged me to haul up the mainsail, the ship being then under bare poles. Scarce was this done, when a gust, exceeding in violence everything of the kind I had ever seen, or could conceive, laid the ship on her beam-ends. The water forsook the hold, and appeared between decks, so as to fill the men's hammocks to leeward, the ship lay motionless, and to all appearance irrecoverably overset. The water fast increasing, forced through the cells of the ports, and scuttled the ports themselves inwards, from the pressure of the ship. Immediate directions were given to cut away the main and mizen-masts, trusting, when the ship righted, to be able to wear her. On cutting one or two lanyards the mizen-mast went first over, but without producing the smallest effect on the ship; and, on cutting the lanyard of one shroud, the main-mast followed. I had next the mortification to see the fore-mast and bowsprit also go over. On this the ship immediately righted with great violence, and the motion was so quick that it was difficult for the men to work the pumps. Three guns broke

loose on the main-deck, which took some time to secure. In attempting to do so several men were maimed, and every moveable was destroyed, either by shot thrown loose from the lockers, or the wreck of the deck. The officers, who had left their beds naked in the morning when the ship overset, had not an article of clothes to put on, nor could their friends supply them. Before the masts had been ten minutes over the side, I was informed that the tiller had broken short in the rudder-head, and, before the chocks could be placed, the rudder itself was gone. Thus we lay, at the mercy of the wind and sea, under accumulated disasters. Yet I had one comfort in finding that the pumps, if anything, reduced the water in the hold, and, as the morning of the seventeenth advanced, the weather became more moderate. At day-light I saw two line-of-battle ships to leeward, one of which had lost her main-mast, and the other her fore-mast and bowsprit. It was the general opinion on board, that the latter was the *Canada*, and the former the *Glorieux*. The *Ramilles* was not in sight, and only about fifteen merchantmen. About seven in the morning, another line-of-battle ship was seen a-head, which I soon distinguished to be the *Ville de Paris*, with all her masts standing. I immediately ordered a signal of distress to be made, by hoisting the ensign on the stump of the mizen-mast, union downwards, and firing one of the fore-castle guns. But the ensign, which was the only one we had remaining, blew away soon after being hoisted: however, I had the satisfaction of seeing the *Ville de*

Paris wear and stand towards us. Several of the merchant ships also approached, and those that could hailed us, and offered their assistance. Depending on the king's ship, I only thanked them, desiring, if they joined Admiral Graves, to acquaint him with our condition. I had not the smallest doubt of the Ville de Paris coming to us, as she appeared not to have suffered in the least by the storm, and, having seen her wear, we knew that she was under government of her helm. At this time also the weather was so moderate, that the merchantmen set their topsails. But the Ville de Paris, approaching within two miles to windward, passed us, which being observed by one of the merchantmen, she wore, and came under our stern, offering to carry any message to her. I desired the master to acquaint Captain Wilkinson that the Centaur had lost her rudder, as well as her masts, that she made a great deal of water, and I requested him to remain with her until the weather became moderate. I afterwards saw this merchantman approach near enough to speak with the Ville de Paris, but I fear that the condition of the latter was much worse than it appeared to be, as she continued on the same tack. Meanwhile all the quarter-deck guns were thrown overboard, and the whole of those, except six which had overset, of the main-deck. The ship, lying in the trough of the sea, laboured prodigiously. I got over one of the small anchors, with a boom, and several gun-carriages, veered out from the head-door, with a large hawser to keep the ship's bow to the sea. But this,

with a top-gallant-sail on the stump of the mizen-mast, had not the desired effect. As the evening came on, it grew hazy, and blew in strong squalls. We lost sight of the *Ville de Paris*, but thought certainly to see her in the morning; and the night was passed in constant labour at the pumps. Sometimes when the wind lulled, the water diminished; then blowing strong, and the sea rising, the water increased.

"Towards the morning of the eighteenth, I was informed that there was seven feet water in the keelson, that one of the winches was broke, that the two spare ones would not fit, and that the hand-pumps were choked. These circumstances were sufficiently alarming; but, on opening the after-hold to get up some rum for the people, we found our condition much more so. It is necessary to observe, that the *Centaur's* after-hold was enclosed by a bulk-head at the after-part of the well. There were all the dry provisions and ship's rum stowed upon twenty chaldron of coals, which unfortunately had been started into this part of the ship, and by them the pumps were continually choked. The chain-pumps were so much wore as to be of little use; and the leathers, which, had the well been clear, would have lasted twenty days or more, were all consumed in eight. At this time it was remarked that the water had not a passage to the well, for here there was so much that it washed against the orlop-deck. All the rum, extending to twenty-six puncheons, all the provisions which were for two months in casks, were stove, having floated from side to side until there was not a

whole cask remaining. Even most of the staves found on clearing the hold were broke in two or three pieces. The fore-hold also presented a prospect of perishing. Should the ship swim, we had no water but what remained in the ground-tier; and over this all the wet provisions, and butts filled with salt water were floating, and with so much violence, that no man could go into the hold with safety. There was nothing left for us to try but baling with buckets at the fore-hatchway and fish-room; and twelve large canvass buckets were immediately employed at each. On opening the fish-room we were so fortunate as to discover that two puncheons of rum which belonged to me had escaped. They were immediately got up and served out at times in drams; and had it not been for this relief, and some lime juice, the people would have dropped. We soon found our account in baling. The spare pump had been put down the fore-hatchway, and a pump shifted to the fish-room; but the motion of the ship had washed the coals so small, that they reached every part of the vessel, and the pumps soon choked. However, the water had considerably diminished by noon from working the buckets; yet there appeared no prospect of saving the ship, if the gale continued. The labour was too great to hold out, wanting water; yet the people worked without a murmur, and indeed with cheerfulness. At this time the weather was more moderate, and a couple of spars were prepared for sheers, to get up a jury-foremast; but as evening came on, the gale increased. We had seen nothing through the

day but the ship that had lost her mainmast, and she appeared to be in as great want of assistance as ourselves, having fired guns of distress. Before night I was told that her foremast was gone. The Centaur laboured so much, that I could scarce hope she would swim till morning: however, by great exertions of the chain-pumps and baling, we held our own; though our sufferings for want of water were very great, and many of the people could not be restrained from drinking salt-water. At daylight on the nineteenth, there was no vessel in sight; and flashes from guns having been seen in the night, we apprehended that the ship we had seen the preceding day had foundered.

“ Towards ten o'clock in the forenoon, the weather grew more moderate, the water diminished in the hold, and the people were encouraged to redouble their efforts to get it low enough to break a cask of fresh water out of the ground tier. Some of the most resolute seamen were employed in the attempt, and at noon succeeded with one cask, which, though little, was a seasonable relief. All the officers, passengers, and boys, who were not seamen by profession, had been employed in thrumming a sail, which was passed under the ship's bottom, and I thought had some effect. The sheers were raised for the foremast, the weather looked promising, and the sea fell; and at night we were able to relieve at the pumps and baling every two hours. By the morning of the twentieth, the fore-hold was cleared of water, and we had the comfortable promise of a fine day.

It proved so, and I was determined to make use of it with every possible exertion. I divided the ship's company, with the officers attending them, into parties, to raise the jury-foremast; also to heave the lower-deck guns overboard, to clear the wrecks of the fore and after-hold, to prepare the machine for steering the ship, and to work the pumps. By night the after-hold was as clear as when the ship was launched, for, to our astonishment, there was not a shovel of coals remaining, twenty chaldrons having been pumped out since the commencement of the gale. What I have called the wreck of the hold, was the bulk-heads of the after-hold, fish-room, and spirit-room. The standards of the cock-pit, an immense quantity of staves and wood, and part of the lining of the ship, were thrown overboard, that if the water should again appear in the hold, we might have no impediment in baling. All the guns were overboard, the foremast secured, and the machine, which was to be similar to one with which the Ipswich was steered, was in great forwardness; so that I was in hopes, if the moderate weather continued, that I should be able to steer the ship by noon on the following day, and, at least, save the people on some of the Western Islands.

“ But this day, had there been any other ship in company, I should have thought it my duty to quit the Centaur. The people got some rest in the night by relieving the watches; but on the morning of the twenty-first, we had the mortification to find that the weather again threatened, and by noon it blew a

storm. The ship laboured greatly; the water appeared in the fore and after-hold, and increased. I was informed by the carpenter, also, that the leathers were nearly consumed, and that the chains of the pumps, by constant exertion and the friction of the coals, were rendered almost useless. As we had no other resource but baling, I gave orders that scuttles should be cut through the decks, to introduce more buckets into the hold, and all the sail-makers were employed night and day in making canvass buckets. The orlop-deck having fallen in on the larboard side, I ordered the sheet-cable to be roused overboard. The wind, at this time, was at west; and being on the larboard tack many schemes were practised to wear the ship, that we might drive into a less boisterous latitude, as well as approach the Western Islands, but none succeeded. Having a weak carpenter's crew, they were hardly sufficient to attend the pumps, so that we could not make any progress with the steering machine. Another sail had been thrummed and got over, but we did not find it of use; indeed, there was no prospect but in a change of weather. A large leak had been discovered and stopped in the fore-hold, and also another; but the ship appeared so weak from labouring, that it was clear she could not last long. The after-cockpit had fallen in, the fore-cockpit the same, with all the store-rooms down; the stern-post was so loose, that, as the ship rolled, the water rushed in on either side in great streams, which we could not stop. Night came on with the same dreary prospect as the preceding had done,

and was passed in continual effort and labour. The morning of the twenty-second arrived, without anything being seen, or any change in the weather; and the day was spent in equal struggles to keep the ship above water, by pumping and baling at the hatchways and scuttles. Towards night, another of the chain-pumps was rendered quite useless by one of the rollers being displaced at the bottom of the pump, an evil which was beyond remedy, as there was too much water in the well to get at it. We also had but six leathers remaining, so that the fate of the vessel was not remote. Still the labour went on without any apparent despair, every officer participating in it; and the people being always cheerful and obedient. During the night the water increased; but about seven in the morning of the twenty-third, I was told that an unusual quantity had appeared all at once in the fore-hold, which, on my going forward to be convinced, I found but too true. The stowage of the hold-ground-tier was all in motion, so that in a short time not a whole cask was to be seen. We were satisfied that the ship had sprung a fresh leak. Another sail had been thrumming all night, and I was giving directions to place it over the bows, when I perceived the ship settling by the head, the lower-deck bow-ports being even with the water.

"At this period the carpenter acquainted me that the well was stove in, destroyed by the wreck of the hold, and the chain pumps displaced and totally useless. There was nothing left but to redouble our efforts in baling, but it became difficult to fill the

buckets, from the quantity of staves, stocks, and yard-arm pieces, which were from the wings, and floated from side to side by the motion of the ship. The people during this period, had laboured as determined to overcome their difficulties without a murmur, or without giving their efforts useless, many of them wept like children. I gave orders to throw the anchors, of which we had two remaining overboard; one of them, the spare anchor, almost surprisingly hove in upon the midships, and gone through the deck, lay down on her beam-ends. Every time the hatchway, I observed that the sea creased, and at noon it washed over the deck. The carpenter assured me that the ship would not swim long, and proposed making a boat of the ship's company, whom it was not in our power to encourage any longer with a prospect of safety. They appeared perfectly resigned, went to their quarters, and desired their messmates to lash themselves to the gratings, but the most predominant idea was to save their best and cleanest clothes. About noon was something moderate, but the sea had been mentioned by the carpenter as being too high to make the attempt, though I had said we could not float half the ship's company in such weather; but we were in a situation to make the attempt. I therefore called the ship's company together, and told them my intention, recomme

main regular and obedient to their officers. Preparations were immediately made for this purpose; the booms were cleared; the boats, of which we had three, namely, the cutter, pinnace, and five-oared yawl, were got over the side; a bag of bread was ordered to be put into each, and any liquors that could be got at, for the purpose of supplying the rafts. I had intended myself to go into the five-oared yawl, and the coxswain was desired to get anything from my steward that might be useful. Two men, captains of the tops of the fore-castle, or quarter-masters, were placed in each to prevent any man from forcing the boats or getting into them, until an arrangement was made. During the course of these preparations, the ship was gradually sinking, the orlop-deck having been blown up by the water in the hold, and the cables floated to the gun-deck. The men had for some time quitted their occupation of baling, and the ship was left to her fate. The weather again threatened in the afternoon, with strong squalls; the sea ran high, and one of the boats, the yawl, was stove alongside and sunk. As evening approached, the ship seemed little more than suspended in the water. There was no certainty that she would swim from one minute to another; and the love of life, which I believe was never exhibited later in the approach of death, now began to level all distinctions. It was impossible, indeed, for any man to deceive himself with the hopes of being saved on a raft in such a sea; besides it was probable that the ship in sinking would, to a certain distance, carry everything down

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with her in a vortex. It was near five o'clock, when, coming from my cabin, I observed a number of people gazing very anxiously over the side; and looking myself, I saw that several men had forced the pinnace, and that more were attempting to get in. I had thoughts of securing this boat before she might be sunk by numbers; there appeared not a moment for consideration. To remain and perish with the ship's company, to whom I could no longer be of any use, or seize the opportunity, which seemed the only one, of escaping, and leave the people with whom, on a variety of occasions, I had been so well satisfied, that I thought I could give my life to preserve them—this was indeed a painful conflict, and of which I believe no man can form a just idea, who has not been placed in a similar situation. The love of life prevailed; I called to Mr. Rainy the master, the only officer on deck, desired him to follow me, and immediately descended into the boat at the afterpart of the chains. But it was not without great difficulty that we got her clear of the ship, twice the number that she could carry pushing in, and many leaped into the water. Mr. Baylis, a young gentleman of fifteen years of age, leaped from the chains, after the boat had got off, and was taken in. The boat falling astern, became exposed to the sea, and we endeavoured to pull her bow around, to keep her to the break of the waves, and to pass to windward of the ship, but in the attempt she was nearly filled; the sea ran too high, and the only probability of living, was keeping her before the wind. It was then that I be-

came sensible how little, if anything, our condition was better than that of those who remained in the ship, at least it seemed to be only the prolongation of a miserable existence. We were all together twelve in number, in a leaky boat, with one of the gunwales stove, in nearly the middle of the Western Ocean, without compass, quadrant, or sail; wanting great coat or cloak; all very thinly clothed, in a gale of wind, and with a great sea running. It was now near five o'clock in the evening, and in half an hour we lost sight of the ship. Before it was dark, a blanket was discovered in the boat. This was immediately bent to one of the stretchers, and under it as a sail we scudded all night in expectation of being swallowed up by every wave; it being sometimes with great difficulty that we could clear the boat of the water before the return of the next great sea; all of us half drowned, and sitting, except those who baled, at the bottom of the boat: without actually perishing, I am sure no people ever endured more. In the morning the weather grew moderate, the wind having shifted to the southward, as we discovered by the sun. Having survived the night, we began to recollect ourselves, and think of future preservation. When we quitted the ship, the wind was at north-west, or west-north-west, and Fayal had bore east-south-east, two hundred and fifty, or two hundred and sixty leagues. Had the wind continued for five or six days, there was a probability that, running before the sea, we might have fallen in with some one of the Western Islands. Its change was a death blow to our hopes, for should it begin to blow, we knew there would be

no preserving life, but by running before the wind which would carry us again to the northward, where we must afterwards perish. On examining what we had of subsistence, I found a bag of bread, a ham, a single piece of pork, two quart bottles of wine and a few French cordials. The wind continued to blow southward for eight or nine days, and probably never blew so strong but we could keep the side of the boat to the sea; yet we were always miserably wet and cold.

"We kept a sort of reckoning, but the sun and stars being sometimes hid from us for twenty hours, we had no very good opinion of our navigation. At this period we judged that we had made nearly an east-north-east course, after the first night's run which had carried us to the south-east, and expected to see the island of Corvo. We were disappointed however, in our expectations, and dreaded that the southerly wind had driven us too far to the northward; thus we now prayed for a northerly wind. Our condition began to be truly miserable, both from hunger and from cold, for on the fifth day we had discovered that our bread was nearly all spoiled by salt water, and it was necessary to go to an allowance—biscuit divided into twelve morsels for breakfast, the same for dinner; the neck of a bottle broken with the cork in it served for a glass; and this with water was the allowance for twenty-four hours for each man. The partition was made without partiality or distinction, but we must have perished had we not previously caught six quarts of water, and this we should not have been blessed

had we not found a pair of sheets in the boat, which by accident had been put there. These were spread when it rained, and when thoroughly wet, wrung into the kit with which we baled the boat. We began to grow very feeble on this short allowance, which was rather tantalizing than sustaining in our comfortless condition, and our clothes being continually wet, our bodies were in many places chafed into sores. It fell calm on the thirteenth day, and soon after a breeze sprung up from the west-north-west and increased to a gale, so that we ran before the sea at the rate of five or six miles, under our blanket, till we judged we were to the southward of Fayal, and to the westward sixty leagues; but the wind blowing strong, we could not attempt to steer for it. Our wishes were now for the wind to shift to the westward. This was the fifteenth day we had been in the boat, and we had only one day's bread, and one bottle of water remaining, of a second supply of rain. Our sufferings were now as great as human strength could bear; but we were convinced that good spirits were a better support than great bodily strength, for on this day Thomas Mathews, quarter-master, perished from hunger and cold. On the day before he had complained of want of strength in his throat, as he expressed it, to swallow his morsel, and in the night grew delirious, and died without a groan. As it became next to certainty that we should all perish in the same manner in a day or two, it was somewhat comfortable to reflect, that dying of hunger was not so dreadful as our imaginations had represented

Others had complained of the same symptoms in their throats; some had drunk their own urine, and all but myself had drunk salt water. Hitherto despair and gloom had been successfully prohibited, and as the evenings closed in, the men had been encouraged, by turns, to sing a song, or relate a story, instead of a supper; but this evening I found it impossible to raise either. As the night came on it fell calm, and, about midnight, a breeze sprung up from the westward, as we guessed by the swell; but there not being a star to be seen, we were afraid of running out of our way, and waited impatiently for the rising of the sun to be our compass. As soon as the dawn appeared, we found the wind to be exactly as we wished, at west-south-west, and immediately spread our sail, running before the sea at the rate of four miles an hour. Our last breakfast had been served with the bread and water remaining, when John Gregory, quarter-master, declared, with much confidence, that he saw land in the south-east. We had seen fog-banks so often bearing the appearance of land, that I did not trust myself to believe it, and cautioned the people, who were extravagantly elated, that they might not feel the effects of disappointment. At length one of them broke out into a most immoderate swearing fit of joy, which I could not restrain, and declared he had never seen land in his life if what he saw now was not so. We immediately shaped our course for it, though, on my part, with very little faith. The wind freshened; the boat went *through* the water at the rate of five or six miles an

hour; and in two hours time, the land was plainly seen by every man in the boat, but at a very great distance, so that we did not reach it before ten at night. It must have been at least twenty leagues from us when first discovered, and I cannot help remarking, with much thankfulness, on the providential favour shown to us in this instance. In every part of the horizon, except where the land was seen, there was so thick a haze that we could not have observed anything more than three or four leagues distant. Fayal, by our reckoning, bore east by north, which course we were steering, and, in a few hours, had not the sky opened for our preservation, we should have increased our distance from the land, got to the eastward, and, of course, missed all the islands. As we approached the land, our belief strengthened that it was Fayal. The island of Pico, which might have revealed it to us, had the weather been perfectly clear, was at this time capped with clouds; and it was some time before we were quite satisfied, having traversed for two hours a great part of the island, where the steep and rocky shore refused us a landing. This circumstance was borne with much impatience, for we had flattered ourselves that we should meet with fresh water at the first part of the land we might approach, and, being disappointed, the thirst of some had increased anxiety almost to a degree of madness, so that we were nearly making the attempt to land in places where the boat must have been dashed to pieces by the surf. At length we discovered a fishing canoe, which conducted us into the *road of Fayal* about midnight, but where the regula-

tions of the port did not permit us to land until examined by the health officers. However I did not think much of sleeping this night in the boat, our pilots having brought some refreshments of bread, wine, and water. In the morning we were visited by Mr. Graham, the English consul, whose humane attention made very ample amends for the formality of the Portuguese. Indeed I can never sufficiently express the sense I have of his kindness and humanity, both to myself and people; for I believe it was his employment for several days, contriving the best means of restoring us to health and strength. It is true that there never were more pitiable objects; for some of the stoutest belonging to the *Centaur* were obliged to be supported through the streets of Fayal. Mr. Rainy the master, and myself, were, I think, in better health than the rest, but I could not walk without being supported; and, for several days, notwithstanding the best and most comfortable provisions of diet and lodging, we grew rather worse than better."

Of the company of the *Centaur* were saved Captain Inglefield; the master, Mr. Rainy; Robert Baylis, a midshipman; James Clark, surgeon's mate; the captain's coxswain, two quarter-masters, one of whom died in the boat, and five seamen. There were lost five lieutenants, the captain of marines, purser, surgeon, boatswain, gunner, carpenter, ten mates and midshipmen, and all the rest on board. This calamity happened in $48^{\circ} 33'$ north latitude, and $43^{\circ} 20'$ longitude. Captain Inglefield and the survivors, being afterwards tried by a court-martial, were honourably acquitted of all blame on the occasion.

CHAPTER IX.

Sufferings of David Woodward and five Seamen, 1793—Loss of the Dutton, 1796—Of the Nautilus, 1807.

It was on the first of March, 1791, that Captain David Woodward, then chief mate of the *Enterprise*, bound from Batavia to Manilla, left the ship in the straits of Macassar. He was sent in an open boat with five seamen: two were Americans, namely, William Gideon and John Cole, the latter a lad aged nineteen; two were Englishmen, George Williamson and Robert Gilbert; and Archibald Millar, a Scotchman. Woodward himself was an American, a native of Boston, United States, a tall thin man of a fair complexion, temperate in his habits, and capable of enduring great hardship.

The *Enterprise* had been six weeks trying to beat up the straits, and nearly all the provisions on board were consumed. On the day already mentioned they had descried a strange sail, and the errand of the boat was to endeavour to purchase provisions. In their boat they had neither water, food, nor compass. They had an axe, a boat-hook, two pocket-knives, a useless gun, and forty dollars in money. Their boat was a four-oared one without a sail. They reached the strange vessel about sunset during a squall of wind from the land and a heavy rain which obscured the atmosphere so that they could not see their vessel,

while the ship they had boarded had only just provisions enough to enable her to reach China, whither she was bound.

Night came on totally dark, and Woodward and his five men were advised to remain on board until morning. To this they gladly consented, seeing they had no chance of finding their own vessel in the dark. When morning came, the ship they were in was at the same place as on the preceding night, but the *Enterprise* was not in sight from the mast-head, and the wind blew fair to carry her out of the straits. Woodward did not wish to be carried to China, and therefore left the vessel, feeling, as it was, that they met very cool treatment. The master told Woodward it was a great chance if he ever found his own ship again, and gave him a bottle of brandy, but no provisions nor water. He added twelve musket cartridges at Woodward's request. It was noon when they pushed off from the strange ship on their forlorn undertaking. They were in latitude 9° south of the line, and they steered southward in hope of falling in with their own vessel. About twelve at night they reached an island, on which they landed in expectation of finding fresh water. They made a large fire, trusting their vessel might see it, but in vain. In the morning they ascended the highest land in the island, but could not discover their ship. No water or anything fit to be eaten was found on the island, and they re-embarked with heavy hearts, still continuing their course down the middle of the straits.

They continued to ply their oars until the second

day without tasting anything but the brandy, which by evening was exhausted. The weather was squally and rainy. They all took their turn at the oars, watching and sleeping in the same manner. Their complaints of hunger and thirst were now very great ; but, as is always the case, the sufferers were most earnest for water. The third day was passed in unavailing expressions of hope that they should find their ship, but the sun went down on their disappointment. The fourth day they looked in each other's faces with marks of deep anxiety and anguish. The fifth day was passed in silence, despondency, and gloom. The men gazed on each other ghastly and wild. Woodward had no doubt that ideas of the most desperate and fearful kind were passing in their minds, and he was very apprehensive of the consequences.

To preserve moisture in his mouth, Woodward himself kept a piece of lead in it, from which he fancied he derived benefit. In the pangs of his hunger he swallowed a bit of wood. He also rinsed his mouth with sea-water frequently, but did not swallow it. His companions drank their own scanty urine. The bodies of all of them had become hot and feverish, and their mouths parched. The night dews were cold and heavy ; but these seemed, on the whole, rather beneficial to them than otherwise, perhaps from the absorption which took place by their skin alleviating in a slight degree their raging thirst. Woodward himself slept very little.

One of the expedients adopted with great good sense, and practised with very excellent effect to relieve

their sufferings as long as it was possible. It is a recollection of a long time. Of the Woodward and his crew, but a small. The subject of this English English had been the same when he stepped into the world of the Continent. The Woodward in his companions at that time were very young. He refused their despondency, and produced a calm and cheerful and tranquillity. English's narrative of the loss of the *Centurion*, which occurred in the North Sea at Columbia, and the subsequent history of Joseph and his brethren, he related over and over again to his companions. Their stories seemed that a dream; they regarded the repetition and turned into the facts. The perseverance they displayed and, in truth, their ultimate preservation, Woodward mainly attributed to this directing their thought from their own calamity. Of course the could only have been efficacious during the first two or three days. When they began to look wild and ghastly at each other, it is probable the stories were not repeated. What a proof of the power of the mind upon the body! The story of Joseph and his brethren alleviating the sufferings of seamen on a wide sea, in an open boat, nearly perishing from famine—what a story to man!

Woodward was a believer in dreams, and he was according to his own account, much supported by the firm persuasion he should see his home and wife again: the conviction of this was foremost in his mind during all their hardships.

At length, after six days' course in the straits,

during which time they were near foundering, owing to a heavy squall from the south-west, which forced them to keep before the wind, the island of Celebes appeared in sight. They resolved to go on shore to search for something to eat. Afterwards they hoped to proceed to Macassar, which they judged might be about three degrees to the southward of the spot at which they then were.

They did not close with the land until day-break, when they saw two proas, or Malay boats, and rowed towards them. Those on board put themselves in an offensive attitude, notwithstanding which the nearly famished mariners approached in hopes of obtaining food. On making signs for some, the Malays, perceiving there were no arms in the boat, began to put on their creeses or daggers. Still soliciting for something to eat, but in vain, three of the seamen got into the first proa and begged some Indian corn, but could obtain only three or four ears. Woodward now offered the chief a dollar for two cocoa-nuts, which he took, but would not give the nuts. Instead of doing so, he came with another Malay directly into the boat, and began foraging for money with a drawn dagger in his hand. Woodward took the axe to defend himself, and the boat being cast loose, the Malays left her. They fired a pistol and snapped a musket at Woodward and his men without effect. Keeping off from the first proa, they rowed towards the second, which forbade them to come near. Their situation being desperate, they determined to pull for the shore. Woodward landed, but was soon obliged to re-embark,

on account of the proas sending down persons to attack him and his enfeebled men. Again they took to their boat, and getting about four miles more to the northward, out of sight of the proas, they landed near some cocoa-nut trees. Too weak to climb them, they contrived to cut down three with difficulty. In the mean time the Scotchman, Millar, returned to the boat, to desire two of the seamen who were in it to come and assist while he kept the boat. The fourth tree was cut down, when a cry was heard from Millar, and, on going to see what caused it, the boat was seen at some distance from the land, full of Malays, and Millar lying dead at the water's edge.

Woodward and the four seamen having lost everything, even to the best part of their clothes, fled into the mountains, and concealed themselves among the dry leaves. There they lay quiet the remainder of the day, having still to encounter hunger, wild beasts, and men. Not thinking it safe to travel in the day, they set out at night, and took a star, bearing south, for their guide. They soon lost sight of the star, owing to the underwood and trees, supposing themselves right, but, to their mortification, they found they had only made a circuit, and were at daylight near where they had first set out, having gone round instead of over the mountain. They hid themselves as before during the day, and at night set out by the sea-side, in hopes to reach Macassar that way. For six nights they thus proceeded, going into the woods to sleep in the day, where they saw many wild beasts, *but none* attacked them. Woodward was armed with

the boat-hook, the others had only the axe, two pocket-knives, and four clubs, which they cut in the woods.

On the sixth day from their landing they were very faint, weak, and hungry. They had parted from the ship thirteen days. A little water found in the hollows of the trees, and berries gathered in the woods, were all their sustenance. Their feet were sore, for they were without shoes, and their bodies were lacerated with briars and brambles. Woodward was better than his men, keeping his spirits well up, and his mind constantly engaged.

On the morning of the thirteenth day of their journey, they came to a mountain by the side of a deep bay, where, at a little distance, they saw Malays fishing. Woodward found some berries of a yellowish colour, which he ate heartily, but his companions could not touch them, yet three of them ate the leaves of the bushes.

They now consulted together upon taking a canoe from the natives and embarking in it, or contriving a raft on which they might venture to sea, to make the island where they first landed after they left their ship, a very ill-judged proceeding, when it afforded them neither water nor provisions. These schemes were frustrated by three of the party who had eaten the leaves of the bushes being attacked with pains in the intestines and vomitings, so that they uttered loud cries all the following night. In the morning these three poor fellows were objects of pity, looking more like spectres than men. Woodward did not dare

to pity them, lest he should affect their spirits, but he addressed them roughly, told them they would soon be better, and able to move again the following night. He brought them about a pint of water from the hollow of a tree, they complaining bitterly of thirst, and he made them suck it through a reed. They were so exhausted, that, after taking it, they lay down powerless. It was thus clear that proceeding to the island as they proposed was impossible. It was then agreed by all that they should deliver themselves up to the natives, except John Cole, one of the Americans, who said he would rather die in the woods than be massacred by the Malays. Woodward here exerted his authority, but Cole came into the scheme with great reluctance.

They concealed their weapons in the earth, together with their solitary dollar, near a large tree which served them for a mark to find them again, and then set out for the bay where they had seen the Malays in the morning, uncertain whether life or death would be the result of the step. On arriving at the beach they could not see a single native. At length they found three girls fishing in a brook, who ran away at their approach. They followed them for some time, and then sat down upon a fallen tree and waited the event. In a short time three men were seen approaching from the direction in which the girls had gone away. Woodward alone went to meet them, begging his companions to sit still. He proceeded until he had come within a very short distance of them, when they drew their creeses. Woodward

advanced until he was about two yards from them, when he fell on his knees and craved mercy. The Malays then shook hands with him, took away his hat and cut the buttons from his coat, but they did him no other mischief. They treated his companions in the same manner.

They gave Woodward five cocoa-nuts, and took him to a town called Travalla, where they were all placed near the seat of judgment, and awaited the entrance of the rajah. He was a tall, well-made man, with a fierce, wild look. He bore a creese with a blade two feet and a half long, brightly polished. He had a red handkerchief on his head, a pair of short breeches, and a girdle round his waist. He fixed his eyes on the seamen, and Woodward then approached him, so near as to place his foot upon his own head, as a token of submission. A consultation took place among the Malays, and the chief brought five pieces of beetle-nut, and gave Woodward one, as a token of friendship. This made the mind of the captain a little more at ease. The afternoon approached, and Woodward and his companions lay down to sleep. When they awoke, they were conveyed to the rajah's house, and had some sago bread and peas provided for them. A number of strange Malays came and showed great surprise at Woodward's height and size, he being six feet and an inch. They had never seen a man so tall. The captives went to sleep until morning, when they were awakened by the concourse of people who came to see them. A cocoa-nut and an ear of Indian corn were their allowance at dinner and sup-

per. They were not permitted to go out, except to bathe. Two men shortly arrived; one of them, named Tuan Hadjee, spoke a few words of English, Moorish, and Portuguese. When he found who Woodward was, and whence he had come, he asked the rajah permission to ransom both him and his companions for a hundred dollars in gold-dust, but it was refused. Upon this Tuan Hadjee went away. Woodward and his companions were now employed in making bread in the woods, but were hardly allowed enough to sustain life.

After the expiration of two months, the prisoners were permitted to walk about the town during the day, but were guarded at night. Two of the men were seized with fever, and Woodward was left at home to take care of them. On returning one day from a walk, about a mile from the town, he found that Williams, one of his men, had killed a hog, which is held in abhorrence by the natives. They were hooted at in consequence, and obliged to dress it on the sea-shore. They smoked the meat and hid it in the woods for a further supply. People came from all parts of the country to see the whites. Nothing more was heard of the old priest Tuan Hadjee, but they found he lived only eight miles off, in the town of Dungalla.

At Parlow, on a bay of that name, the head rajah resided, and the whites were conveyed thither. The sick men went in a proa, while Woodward and the others travelled with a guard over land. Their feet were cut by the sharp stones, and the sun was

excessively hot. They reached Parlow at ten o'clock, and were supplied with a hot supper of rice and greens. On the third day they were conducted into the presence of the rajah, attended by two thousand persons. A musket was brought, and they were asked if they understood its use, to which they answered in the affirmative. There Woodward caught a fever from the humidity of the rice-grounds. A woman behaved very kindly to him, gave him tea, a pillow, and mats, and sent him boiled rice. The rajah appointed a house for them, and an old woman tried to remove the disorder under which Woodward laboured, by incantations. The fever soon got better. There was a Dutch port about seventy miles distant, the governor of which sent for Woodward, but he refused to go, fearing he should be forced into the Dutch service; he rather wished to get to Macassar. Woodward remained at Parlow eight months. The town lies in latitude about $1^{\circ} 30' S.$, or nearly so. Woodward asked permission to go to Travalla, the place which they had first visited. He was sent in a proa, the captain of which had orders to prevent his seeing Dungalla, the town where Tuan Hadjee resided. They were fortunately becalmed when opposite to it, from which Woodward was able to ascertain its situation with accuracy. On his arrival at Travalla, provisions being scarce, he was kept upon green pompions for subsistence, which weakened his health so much, he could scarcely walk.

He now went to a village some distance off, and begged Indian corn, of which he got a few ears.

now and then, and put them under his pillow for security. He then took a Malay, who had been kind to him, to the spot where he had hid with his companions their boat-hook, axe, and knives, and these he presented to him. He took care, however, to secrete the dollar for future purposes. He provided himself with a spear of bamboo, and although guarded by three men and two women, who slept in the same house, he got up secretly, took his spear and went to the sea, hoping to steal a canoe. He succeeded in finding one, but it proved so leaky, he was obliged to put back. He was fortunate enough to return to the house, without having been missed. He then determined to make the attempt by land, and succeeded in reaching Dungalla, just as the crowing of the cock announced the morning. The town was surrounded by a fence of wood. No one was stirring, and Woodward bent his steps into the heart of the place. The first person he saw was a man coming out of the public building, who proved to be the servant of Tuan Hadjee, of whom he was in search. The man, when he saw Woodward, turned back, saying "Putu Satan! Putu Satan!" which means "a white devil is sitting there." A man who had seen Woodward at Travalla then came out, and taking his hand, said, "Steerman," meaning "messmate," and then led him to Tuan Hadjee. The priest and his wife, a girl about sixteen years of age, then got up. They asked Woodward if he was hungry, and on his replying in the affirmative, ordered him some rice and fish. The distance he had travelled was about nine miles. He was scarcely

covered with any garments, and what he had were full of vermin. Woodward presented his dollar to the priest, who adding two more, bought him linen for a shirt, jacket, and a pair of trowsers. The chief of Travalla sent to Dungalla to demand Woodward, but Tuan Hadjee and the rajah of Dungalla refused to deliver him up. They told him that, in three months, they would convey him to Batavia, or to Macassar, and desired him to send for the four men from Parlow, who had remained there while Woodward went in the proa to Travalla. The old priest procured a slip of paper, and with a bamboo pen he wrote to the men by the captain of a proa to come away to him secretly. They succeeded in getting away, and greatly to the joy of all, reached Dungalla in safety. They left Parlow in the evening during a feast, and arrived at Dungalla about twelve the next day. The distance was not more than twelve miles.

Tuan Hadjee proposed to set off in a few days, first making a short trip to procure some provisions. Woodward remained behind with the family of the priest. The four seamen were lodged in the house of public business, and food was procured for them by the rajah. Before the return of the old priest, they became short of provisions, and were obliged to go farther up the country, where they were supplied by others of the same tribe.

The rajah of Parlow, enraged at the rajah of Dungalla for not delivering up Woodward and his men, made an attack upon the town. The people of the place got in their crops, and recalled Woodward and

men, Woodward being armed with a musket, was stationed in a tower where there was a swivel-gun, which he was to use in their defence. In a skirmish between the two towns, eight of the people of Dungalla were slain. The rajah now refused leave for Woodward to go to another town with Tuan Hadjee, telling him he must remain at Dungalla, and keep guard. Upon which, taking the guns, and all they had belonging to the rajah, they returned them to him, Woodward saying he wished to go to Macassar. The rajah said he should not. They were now obliged to subsist by begging, until Woodward's patience being exhausted, he came to the resolution of stealing a canoe, and his men agreed to the plan. They were, however, surrounded by armed men, when they were going to put their scheme into execution, and taken before the rajah. Woodward said they got nothing to eat, and were determined on that account to get away.

Woodward, finding the old priest had proceeded to a place called Sawyah, followed him with the four men, and giving him the slip, embarked in a canoe, but they were captured on their way by a proa, and taken to the old priest, from their saying they were going after him. The old man gave them some rice, and sent back the canoe to Dungalla. They remained some time with him there, and he presented to Woodward an island lying in the bay, which he made him take possession of in due form. They were soon after employed in making sago, at a place called Dum-palis, which they bartered for fish or cocoa-nuts.

Tuan Hadjee went to a place called Tomboo, and

Woodward declined going with him. He was to return in about twenty days. In the interim, a proa bound to Solo, one of the Philippines, touched at the place where they had been left, and Woodward agreed with the master to take them to Solo. English ships occasionally touched there, and it was but seven days sail off. The master of the proa, instead of taking them to Solo, took them to Tuan Hadjee, and disclosed their intrigue with him; Woodward then avowed his wish to proceed to Solo or Macassar. Tuan Hadjee was very angry, and after this treated them with great neglect. His conduct affected Woodward greatly; even the natives seemed to shun them; in fact their duplicity had operated so much against them in the eyes of the people, that they could scarcely expect different treatment. Woodward was moved even to tears by their conduct. Tuan Hadjee then relented, clasped Woodward in his arms, and told him, while he had himself a mouthful, he, Woodward, should not want. The old priest then ordered them some supper, and they remained with him ten days. It is probable the old man dared not thwart the will of the rajah of Dungalla. Woodward therefore determined to seize a canoe, and get to Macassar at all risks. He went to work and made five paddles. He then sent the men to beat out rice for the natives, who always paid for the labour with a share. In two days they collected by this means between four and five quarts. They were unwilling to touch the property of private individuals, and therefore planned to steal the rajah's canoe, but he had ordered it to be drawn up from the sea.

One day a pirate's proa with a fine canoe came up to Tomboo, where they then were. Woodward borrowed it to go out and fish. He caught several, and shared them with the people to whom the canoe belonged. Woodward then asked for it at night, to go fishing again. They refused the loan, intimating that it was at his service for the day, but not the night. That night, therefore, determined to steal the canoe, which was made fast to the stern of the proa. When all were asleep, Woodward went towards the proa, leaving orders with his men, that if he succeeded in seizing it, they were to come down to the beach a small distance off. Woodward heard some talking in the proa when he came up to it. The canoe was fast to the stern, he entered it nevertheless, having a fishing line in his hand, that, if descried, it might be thought he was going to fish. He remained undiscovered, and pushed off the canoe; then he got it to the beach and took in his men, who had their little stock of provision, consisting only of four quarts of rice, and two of sago. The latter was unbaked. They had considerable difficulty to procure a fire. Woodward luckily had the blade of a Dutch knife and a flint, with some tinder made of the bark of a tree used for that purpose by the natives, and they were thus fortunately able to make what they could scarcely have done without, even in the warm climate of Celebes. The natives were observed to strike fire with a piece of china and a bamboo, but this was beyond their skill.

They now proceeded as rapidly as they could towards the south, calculating Macassar to be

about five degrees in that direction. After being three days at sea, a strong southerly wind came on, and they were nearly lost. Woodward was in hopes to make the shore in some place where no inhabitants could be found. Just as they imagined they had succeeded, they discovered a small proa making for them with all its power. Woodward tacked directly, but the proa soon came up, and he recognized all the Malays. They asked where he was bound; he replied to Macassar. They told him he must put back. They took in their sail, and were running before the wind close by the canoe. They then ordered Woodward and his men on board. The latter, seeing the proa was weakly manned, having only five men, were determined not to be taken, they, therefore, rowed directly to windward. This the proa, from her weight, could not do readily, and getting up their sail, they ran into the land. The canoe was in great danger, for the sea was high, and it became necessary to go on shore. This they determined to do as far as possible from where the proa had made the land. They were desirous too of avoiding any of the inhabitants. Seeing none, they went on shore at Tannamare, about twelve leagues south of Travalla. They landed, hauled up their canoe, and made a fire, intending to cook some rice. One of the men having broke his paddle while going along the beach to get a stick to mend it, was seized by two Malays. One of them proved to be the captain of the proa which had brought Woodward from Parlow to Travalla. They had considerable difficulty in getting clear of these men, and

jumping into the canoe, they pulled away. They now passed the place where the proa lay which had chased them in the morning: but a heavy squall, thunder and lightning, coming on at the time, favoured their escape along shore in the dark, and also afforded them water, of which they had none. When day broke, they found themselves a good distance to the southward, and for two or three days saw nothing to alarm them.

On the eighth day they came to a part of the island which appeared well cultivated, and thickly inhabited. They saw a good many towns, and proas in the harbours. At one retired place they landed to procure some fresh water to drink with their raw rice, and had just drunk a draught each when three canoes were observed coming to the spot where they had landed. They, therefore, pulled off again and kept on all day. Just as the sun went down, they saw two canoes fishing, and went alongside them to inquire how far they were from Macassar. Seeing that those who addressed them were white men, they pulled away towards the shore, desiring their pursuers to follow them. Two proas lay not far off at anchor, and only one old man, appearing to be on board, they asked him where the captain was: on which he came on the deck, armed with a spear, and called up two or three others also armed with spears. The captain, upon hearing Woodward was bound to Macassar, said he could not get there for a month and a day. He then invited Woodward and his men on board the proa, which they declined, wished him

good night, and pushed off. The captain called to a canoe from the shore to give chase, and four Malays accordingly set off in pursuit, who continued the chase until ten or eleven o'clock, when they lost sight of them. Woodward now stood in again towards the shore.

At daylight the next morning, two fishing canoes ran alongside. An old and intelligent man from one of them came into the canoe, and Woodward asked him how far off Macassar might be. He replied it would take thirty days to reach it, but at last confessed it might be reached in two. Woodward now directed his course along the shore. In the evening, a proa full of men was seen setting off from the shore. It soon came up, and took Woodward and his men prisoners to the town of Pamboen. Stripping them of all they wore, they were conducted to the house of the rajah, where Woodward was examined. He told them where he was bound, and that he must not be stopped. The rajah asked Woodward if he understood the use of a gun; he replied in the negative, saying he was a sailor, and not a soldier. He then showed Woodward about a hundred stand of arms, and wished him to remain and take the charge of them. He also offered Woodward a wife, which he also refused. Some supper was then sent to them, and they slept surrounded by a guard of twenty Malays.

On the following day, Woodward begged the rajah would send them to Macassar, for if they were de-

boat, came into the port. He was overjoyed to meet one whom he supposed dead, and prevailed with Woodward to sail with him. They arrived at the Mauritius in forty-two days. Captain Hubbard told Woodward he had sent his clothes and wages by an American captain bound to Boston, that they might be delivered to Mrs. Woodward, with the account of his supposed decease. Soon after this, Woodward got the command of Captain Hubbard's ship at the Isle of France. He also found there three out of the four of the men who had been his fellow-sufferers, the fourth having proceeded to America. From the Isle of France Woodward sailed with his ship to Europe, touching at the Isle of Wight, where he landed, and set off for London, consigned to Messrs. Vaughan, who first got him to publish the narrative of his sufferings and adventures.

The Dutton East Indiaman had put into Plymouth, and lay at anchor in the Sound, on the twenty-sixth of January, 1796. The vessel was crowded with soldiers and their families, besides the customary complement of seamen, and numerous passengers, in all about five hundred persons. The heavy seas which then rolled into the Sound, in a south-west gale, are well known, and, notwithstanding the excellence of the holding ground, ships often parted from their anchors and went ashore, if they were unable to make Catwater, or get under the shelter of Drake's Island. The Dutton unhappily was compelled to run for her security, having parted from her anchors, and she

unfortunately went on the rocks under the citadel, in front of the south face of the works. Consternation was upon every countenance in the ship, for destruction appeared inevitable. The masts were cut away, but no communication with the shore could be effected. The tide began to flow, and the sea broke over the vessel in the most furious manner. Thousands of spectators but a few yards off awaited the catastrophe, which seemed inevitable, without the power of affording any relief to the sufferers.

Among the numbers of seamen who stood looking upon this distressing scene was Captain Pellew, subsequently Lord Exmouth. Observing that not a moment was to be lost, and a rope from the ship having reached the land from the vessel, though none could tell how to make it available, as the roar of the waves prevented any voice being heard from the shore, he gallantly asked if any one would volunteer to accompany him to the wreck. All appeared to pause, as if reflecting on the danger, and hesitated, when Mr. Edsell, a midshipman, stepped forth, and with Captain Pellew was drawn to the vessel, now, as the ship rolled outwards by the recoil of the surf from the rocks, lifted up high in air above the raging waters, and then, when a wave struck her from the windward, plunged into the foaming waves; notwithstanding which, they got on board in safety.

To a hawser made fast in the ship, and firmly held on shore, travellers with hauling lines were affixed, by which means the people were drawn in safety

to the land and saved, when every hope of an existence of more than a hour or two longer was given up. The ship soon afterwards went to pieces. Captain Pellew and his fellow adventurer were the last who quitted the vessel.

Many shipwrecks might claim a priority to that of the Dutton, both in respect to date and to the distressing interest of the detail, and, therefore, have a just claim to precede it in these pages; but a few hours before it was penned, the announcement appeared that the heroic saviour of the Dutton's crew, and the conqueror of Algiers, had ceased to belong to the living. That event seemed to demand for it the preference, as a humble record not less of the fortunate escape of the crew, than of the heroic humanity of their preserver, who is gathered to his fathers.

On the third of January, 1807, the Nautilus sloop-of-war was sent to England with despatches from Admiral Sir Thomas Louis, at Constantinople. A fresh breeze took her safely through the Dardanelles, and she soon reached the Greek islands. The ship was approaching Negropont, and the navigation in that part of those narrow seas required the greatest attention. As the wind blew hard, the pilot recommended that the vessel should lie to until the next morning, as night was approaching. They shaped their course for Falconera, which with Anti-Milo they made in the evening. The weather was too hazy to descry the island at Milo. The pilot now resigned

the command of the ship to the captain, being a stranger to the further navigation of those seas.

Captain Palmer commanded the Nautilus, and having so well ascertained his situation from the sight of Falconera, and eager to proceed as rapidly as possible upon his voyage, laid down the course for the ship during the night, and went below to go to bed, which he had not done for three nights preceding. The night was dark, but with lightning so vivid, that by its aid land might have been easily seen at a considerable distance. The gale still freshened, and the ship went nine knots an hour. The sea was high, and the lightning continued brilliant, when about half-past two in the morning lofty land was seen, which was supposed to be Cerigotto, and the watch concluded from thence that all was right. The ship's course was now changed in order to pass that island, and she continued on the same point until half-past four, when the cry of "Breakers ahead!" was heard from those on the look-out, and the ship struck almost immediately afterwards.

The shock was very violent, for the vessel had been going at a rapid rate through the water. Those in bed were flung out, and rushed immediately upon deck, where they were obliged to hold on by the rigging to secure themselves. The ladders below quickly gave way, for the water rushed in rapidly, and unfortunately some were left struggling in it. The captain, who had not gone to bed at all, came upon deck, and instantly endeavoured to remove as

much as possible the general alarm. He then went back to his cabin, and destroyed his papers and private signals. The sea lifted up the vessel, and then let her fall with great violence on the rock. The crew were now obliged to take to the rigging, where they remained exposed to the spray of the sea and the cold of the night. They could not see the length of the ship around them, they only knew they were among rocks and amid a stormy sea. They bitterly bemoaned their situation, and some broke out into lamentable cries. The lightning had ceased, and the deep darkness which prevailed rendered their situation more terrible from its uncertainty. About half an hour before break of day the main-mast fell over upon the rock, and by this means they were enabled to get upon it. The giving way of the mast caused great confusion and loss of life, as well as grievous injuries to many of the crew. Captain Palmer remained the last on the wreck, and from this circumstance was much hurt by the violence of the sea before he left the vessel, and then he must have perished had not the seamen ventured through the surf to his assistance. The boats were knocked to pieces, except the jolly-boat, which they endeavoured to haul in, but could not accomplish.

The ship lay between the crew and the sea, and sheltered them for a considerable time from the surf. As she was torn away piecemeal by the waves, they became more exposed, and their situation consequently more dangerous; in fact they soon discovered that they must, at all hazards, quit the rock on which

they had taken refuge, for another, a little distance off, which was larger. The first lieutenant, watching the reflux of the waves, got thither safely, and the rest resolved to follow his example, for they could remain very little longer where they then stood. Some in crossing were severely wounded, and the survivors suffered more in seeking this second refuge than they had in escaping from the ship. A quantity of wreck and of loose spars was driven into the interval between the rocks, among which they got entangled, and hurt. They were most of them without shoes, their feet and legs were torn by the rocks in a dreadful manner, and covered with blood. The daylight fully disclosed their terrible situation. The ocean around was strewed with wreck, and many of the crew were seen drifting away on spars and pieces of the ship, only to perish by more protracted woe than that of their comrades, who were already beyond the power of beholding more the agonies of suffering humanity. Those on the rock could give their friends, who were thus floating, no assistance. All this misery had been the work of less than two hours. Within that time they had been proudly careering over the deep in all the pride and security of a British ship-of-war. Now some gave themselves up to despair; others, with wild and affrighted looks which spoke the sensations which passed within, seemed as if they could hardly yet credit the fact of their existence, while a few brave hearts, whom no danger could shake, resigned themselves to the will of Heaven, and with calm intrepidity

dity set themselves to reason inwardly upon their actual situation, and upon the best means of alleviating their own distresses, and those of their comrades.

They were cast away upon a coral rock nearly level with the ocean, about three hundred yards long by two hundred broad. The nearest islands were Cerigotto and Para, distant about twelve miles. Cerigotto lies north-west of Candia.

It was reported that the small boat and several men had escaped from the wreck. This was not known to be the fact, and the survivors on the rock relied more upon being relieved by some passing vessel. They contrived to hoist up a long pole with a signal of distress at the top. They were unfortunately too far from the neighbouring islands to be seen from them. The weather was very cold. Ice had been seen upon deck the day before the shipwreck. A fire was therefore kindled by using a knife and a flint, which one of the sailors had in his possession, by means of some damp powder which had come on the rock in a barrel. A species of tent was made with pieces of sails and boards which had come on shore from the ship, and they were thus enabled to dry a few of the clothes which they had saved.

The night which followed was long, dreary, and comfortless. The fire was kept up during the hours of darkness in full vigour, in the hope of its being seen and understood to be a signal of distress.

The rumour was correct that a boat had made its escape from the wreck. When the ship struck, a *small* whale-boat was hanging over the vessel's

quarter, into which a master's mate, Smith the coxswain, and nine men, getting, lowered themselves into the sea, and fortunately were enabled to get clear of the ship. They rowed four leagues through a heavy sea, and reached the island of Para, which is uninhabited except by sheep and goats belonging to the people of the neighbouring islands. They could find no water, except a small quantity of rain which had lodged in a hole of a rock, barely sufficient for their use. They saw the fire which had been kindled by their shipmates during the night, and thence began to think some of them must have survived, contrary to their expectations. The coxswain, impressed with the idea, proposed attempting their relief, and persuaded four of the nine men to accompany him. At nine in the morning, the second day, they reached the rock, and were received with shouts of joy. The coxswain and his little crew were surprised to see so many of his comrades alive. The surf ran high, and several people imprudently tried to brave it. The coxswain laboured to induce the captain to come away, but he refused, desiring him to save his comrades. "No, Smith," said Captain Palmer, "save your shipmates, do not mind me." It was then judged best to embark the Greek pilot for Cerigotto, where there were some fishermen who would doubtless do their best to relieve the wants of those on the rock.

Soon after the boat departed, the wind increased, and everything indicated an approaching storm. In two hours it blew a gale; the sea rose and put out the fire on the rock, and compelled the people, ninety in

number, to seek the highest part of the rock for a refuge, for there only could they obtain security. There they passed a night of horrors, only preserved from being swept away into the surf, by a rope fastened round the summit of the rock, and holding fast by each other. The fatigue they had previously suffered rendered them very unequal to such a struggle. Several became delirious. Others, wanting strength to retain their hold, relaxed their grasp, and perished. They were under fearful apprehensions every moment that the wind would come more round to the north and raise the sea higher, in which case they would all be swept away. Nor were these all the sufferings they had to endure. Many of the unfortunate men were much bruised. One of them, in crossing between the rocks, at an improper moment, was dashed against them so as to be nearly scalped, and was a dreadful spectacle. Even he lingered through that terrible night to expire in the morning. Hunger, too, began to enfeeble the bodies of the survivors, and despondency at the little prospect of ultimate relief, from the very rational fear that the coxswain and his boat had perished in the storm, as they could not have got near Cerigotto when the gale arose. In the morning the scene was deplorable. The bodies of many lay around lifeless, while others were seen in their last struggle with mortal pain. All night the sea had broken over them; some were victims of cold, among whom was the carpenter.

As if these sufferings of the body were not enough

to try the utmost of human endurance, they saw soon after daybreak a vessel coming down before the wind, and steering directly for the rock. They made every signal of distress their miserable means permitted; nor were they unseen, for the ship hove to and hoisted out a boat. All was now joy. They made preparations, as far as their feeble powers would let them, to get rafts ready to float out to the boat. It came within pistol shot of them, full of men dressed as Europeans; they gazed upon the poor sufferers; the person steering took off his hat and waved it, and then they rowed back to the ship. Nor was this the only barbarism of these people; they employed themselves the whole day in picking up the floating fragments of the wreck in sight of the unfortunate survivors on the rock. A more disgusting act of barbarity in civilized men can hardly be found in the history of naval disasters; few savage tribes have ever shown such inhumanity, and many a very different example.

They had now no hope but in the salvation of their boat. They looked for her all that day over the beautiful ocean around them, but they looked in vain. The prospect of death was more than ever present. Despondency and thirst renewed the work of mortality. Some drank salt water; madness and death very speedily closed the scene with these. Another night approached. The weather was more moderate, but scarcely less cold than before, and they crowded close to each other in hopes to keep in a little warmth, covering themselves with their few remaining rags.

The exclamations of those who were in a state of madness from having drunk salt water, prevented the few who were able from forgetting their sufferings in momentary ease. At midnight, the faithful coxswain hailed them from the sea, and told them a fishing vessel would take them off in the morning. The reply from the rock was only "Water! water!" but it was vain; the boat had some in earthen vessels, but these could not be conveyed through the surf. Yet though the assurance of help was something, and the morning arose with a sun of splendour beaming upon them for the first time, they could see neither vessel nor boat. It was the fourth morning, and famine as well as thirst was busy among them. Nature could submit herself no longer to the lessons of habit or the kindlier emotions of the heart. The body of a young man who had died the preceding night did these poor sufferers use as food, first asking, in the honesty of their noble hearts, a pardon of Heaven for the most venial sin they could commit.

What relief was afforded by this aliment is not known, but soon the boldest spirits sank under their hardships. The captain, who was only in his twenty-sixth year, together with his first lieutenant, died that day. He had endeavoured to comfort the sufferers to the last moment. Of the hurt he had received in getting to the rock he never once complained; and to the last moment exhibited that fortitude by which some minds, from their undying energy, show their triumph over bodily ruin.

They had now to pass another night on the rock, and some of them began to advise the construction of a raft to float themselves to Cerigotto. The chance of drowning it was better to run than abide inevitable death from hunger and thirst. A number of large spars were lashed together for the purpose. They launched the raft, and the surf in a few minutes broke it to pieces. Five, who were become desperate, trusted themselves to five small spars, and being carried out to sea were never more heard of, and most probably perished.

In the afternoon the coxswain again appeared. He had found great difficulty in prevailing upon the Greek fishermen to venture their boats, from the dread of the weather, nor would they permit him to take them. He regretted the fate of his comrades, but encouraged them with the hope that if the next day was fine they would certainly come. Twelve or fourteen of the men on the rock now plunged impatiently into the sea, and very nearly reached the boat. Two got so far as to be taken in, and one was drowned. The rest fortunately succeeded in regaining the rock. Had they all reached the boat they must have sunk her. The weakness of those on the rock now increased, and towards the evening of that day it seemed as if few could survive through the night. A feeling of annihilation, as if he was about to be utterly extinguished, one of the sufferers described as being felt by himself. All his senses became confused, he lost his sight in a great degree. He gazed towards the setting sun, and felt a full conviction he

should behold it no more. Others, of stronger frames than his own, succumbed during the night, yet he survived. This is one of those unaccountable results in similar circumstances, for which it is difficult to assign a cause. In the meanwhile all seemed to consider the next morning the last of their existence; and while thus thinking, the Greek boats appeared. Water was quickly landed, the sufferers drank largely, which seemed to convey instantaneous invigoration. The taste they described as beyond anything delicious which imagination could form.

There were one hundred and twenty-two people in the Nautilus when she was wrecked. Of these, fifty-eight had perished, namely, eighteen who were drowned when the vessel struck, one in attempting to reach the coxswain's boat, five on the small raft, and thirty-four of hunger or thirst. Fifty-one now embarked in four fishing-vessels for Cerigotto, where they were landed the same evening, making all together sixty-four who survived, including those taken away in the boat. They landed at a small creek in Cerigotto, and had some distance to go before they reached the habitation of their friends. They then sent to Para for their comrades who had been left there by the coxswain. The master's mate and his companions had drunk all the fresh water they could find, and lived upon the sheep and goats, and drinking their blood. They were in a state of great anxiety respecting their friends in the boat.

The poor and humane Greeks could give the sufferers no medical assistance, but they treated them

with all the hospitality in their power, and with the greatest care. Shirts were torn up to bind the limbs of the wounded, who were anxious to reach Cerigo, of which this island, inhabited by twelve or fourteen poor fishermen's families, is only a dependent; they were all in extreme poverty. Yet poor as they were, they shared their coarse bread with the sufferers, formed of pease and flour made into a paste. Now and then they raised a little kid. They manufactured a spirit from corn which the sailors eagerly drank.

They were eleven days at Cerigotto before the Greeks could venture their frail boats to sea. They then reached Cerigo in safety, bidding a grateful adieu to the families of their poor and kind deliverers. They were hospitably received by Manuel Caluci, a Greek native of Cerigo, who devoted his whole means to their service, in return for which they knew not how to express their obligations. All the inhabitants, from the governor to the lowest class, exerted themselves to welcome and recreate these unfortunate men.

They were three weeks on the island of Cerigo, when hearing that a Russian ship-of-war was off the Morea, at anchor, being driven in by stress of weather, they sent to her commander soliciting a passage to Corfu. The master set out himself to visit the ship, but was so unfortunate as to be blown on the rocks, where he nearly perished. The Russian vessel at last called at Cerigo, and took them to Corfu, where they arrived on the second of March, 1807. It is hoped that the kindness of the poor Greeks of Ceri-

gotto did not go unrewarded. The unfortunate crew of the Nautilus had no means of requiting their benevolence. What a contrast did the conduct of these poor people present to the unfeeling wretches who passed the rock, plundered the wreck, and left so many brave men to perish !

CHAPTER X.

Loss of the American ship Commerce, 1815.

THE American brig Commerce left New Orleans for Gibraltar in June, 1815, having a crew of ten men, and set out on the return voyage on the twenty-third of August, in that year, intending to touch at the Cape de Verd islands, and take on board a cargo of salt. At Gibraltar a passenger was taken on board, an old Spaniard, named Antonio, a native of New Orleans.

After doubling Cape Spartel, the weather set in very hazy, so that the coast of Africa was not easy to be distinguished, and they were unable to trust to the observations which they had taken. The captain intended to shape his course between Palma and Teneriffe, wishing to fall in with the Canaries, the wind being favourable. At noon, on the twenty-eighth of August, they took an observation, and found they were in $27^{\circ} 30'$ north latitude. The currents had carried them beyond their intended course, and the Canaries were passed without being descried, so that they imagined they had gone through the passage they intended, as the wind had continued to be good. They were barely able to make their observation from the obscurity of the atmosphere, which increased towards night. After carefully examining the calculations, and not only the captain but two other

officers having made them also, they were naturally thought to be correct. The course was then changed to the south-west for the Cape de Verd islands, the furthest east. As night came on, the atmosphere was so dark that it was difficult to distinguish the extremity of the bowsprit. Soundings were tried, but no water was found at the depth of a hundred fathoms, and the course was continued. Not feeling easy, the captain desired the vessel might be kept to the north-west, and all be prepared for anything that might occur. It was ten o'clock in the evening, when, not apprehending danger, the vessel tacked and went five or six knots with a good breeze and a high sea. In a moment the sound of breakers was heard, and all hands were speedily upon deck. Imagining that it was a gust of wind coming on, the sails were reefed, when all at once breakers were seen to windward. At first they were going to drop anchor, although nothing dangerous was observed ahead. The ship, hurried on by the current and the wind, then struck with such violence, that those who were standing on the deck at the time were thrown down. Every effort was made to get off the ship, but in vain, and she became fixed upon the rocks. All hope of saving her was speedily abandoned. The crew made every exertion, and when it was no longer possible to exert themselves for the preservation of the vessel, they got up some provisions and set the boat afloat, and the captain, named Riley, with one of his men, got into her on the lee side of the ship. They were scarcely clear, when a wave almost filled the boat,

yet, after being for some time beaten about, they succeeded in making the land, which was only five hundred yards distant. They had taken the precaution to carry a rope on shore from the ship, by which means a hawser was dragged to land and a communication opened between the vessel and the shore. The long-boat with provisions was attempted to be sent on shore with two men by this means, but it was upset and borne upon the sand by the waves, which ran exceedingly high. A few of the provisions were picked up and saved. The crew easily reached the land by means of the hawser, and by the assistance of those already on shore they were all preserved.

The provisions and water were placed under a sort of tent, which had been constructed with the oars and two small sails. Their hope was not to meet with any of the inhabitants of that inhospitable coast, but by getting time to repair the injuries of their boat, or building a new one, to put to sea again when the weather became fine. By this means they trusted they should reach some European settlement. Their hopes were doomed to disappointment. While they were drying their garments, an Arab was seen approaching. Captain Riley went towards him with every sign of friendship that he thought the savage would understand. He made a sign in return, that the captain should remain where he was, and then set about pillaging his property. He was old, but hardy and vigorous, and was soon joined by two women of hideous appearance, and a girl of eighteen or twenty, of a good figure. There were besides half

a dozen children, from six to sixteen years of age, stark naked. They had a heavy hammer with them, an axe, and long knives, which hung in sheaths by their sides. They forced and emptied the boxes and trunks, and carried the contents to the top of the sandhills on their backs. They emptied a mattress to wrap them in, and were much amused at seeing the feathers of the bed fly about in the wind. They wrapped their heads for an instant in the lace veils they pillaged, and bound their legs up in the silk handkerchiefs, and then added them to the general stock of pillage.

Although Captain Riley and his men were without arms, it was easy enough to have routed and driven these savages away with what they had at hand, but there did not seem to remain any mode of escape by sea or land, and, if driven off, they would hardly have failed to return with their companions and put the whole of the ship's company to death. They therefore suffered them to plunder as long as they pleased anything but the few provisions they had saved, which they determined to defend to the last moment.

About mid-day the sea became calmer, and one of the men went to the ship and procured some nails and tools to mend the boat, about which they employed themselves until night, during which time a guard, armed with spars, was kept round the tent. The savage Arabs contrived nevertheless to steal one of the sails which covered it. They attempted to take the other, but Captain Riley opposed them. They menaced him with their hatchets and then went

A fire was now made, and some of their provisions were cooked. Two men were left to guard the tent while the rest slept. It may easily be conjectured that they scarcely closed their eyes. At dawn of day the old Arab again appeared, accompanied by the two females and two young men. He was armed with a lance, which he brandished above his head. He ordered Captain Riley and his men to go towards their ship, and pointed to a troop of camels which was seen approaching from the east. The women set up loud howlings, and threw sand in the air to induce the camel-drivers to approach. The old Arab then went and drove the guards from the tent, while Captain Riley ran to the edge of the sea for a small spar to parry the blows of the lance. The Arab then made a signal to the camel-drivers that he did not want assistance, fearing he should be obliged to divide the booty with them.

Captain Riley and his men now assembled round the boat, which they tracked along in the sea by means of the hawser. The crew got into it too suddenly, and the waves filling it, the boat sunk. They then took the long-boat, which had remained upon the shore, and, embarking one after another, they succeeded in gaining the lee side of the vessel, which broke the waves off, although it was half full of water when they reached her. They now got on board, the captain and another remaining in the boat to empty her of the water. The Arabs, in the mean time, having increased their number by two youths armed with scimitars, went to the tent. The camels

came up, and they began to load them with the and the provisions to carry them away to the inter The old man now went down to the shore, breaking the barrels of water and wine which been left there, let them run to waste on the s He then, with the help of his family, collected trunks, boxes, books, nautical instruments, and that had been before preserved, and set fire to the

The crew now saw that their provisions and w being gone, they could only hope to effect their escape in the long-boat, although it made a good deal water and was in a very bad state, or they must remain in the vessel, which the waves might destroy before night, unless, indeed, they chose to perish by the hands of the savage Arabs. They now expected to see them appear in greater numbers with fire-arms. There was also a chance of their soon being able to reach the vessel, for a bank of sand had formed at the place where she struck to the shore, which was nearly dry at low water. There could be no hesitation on which course to take. They therefore secured some bottles of wine and pieces of salt meat. They had but two oars left, but made others out of planks. They then attempted to put off the boat, when a wave struck it, filled it with water, and drove it away to the length of the ship. They hastened to get it secured again, two men being employed in emptying it, two in keeping it off from the ship to prevent it being knocked to pieces. Even the hearts of the barbarians, who had been the cause of the mischance, they unfortunately imagined were excited to p

They came down to the edge of the water without weapons, and made signs to the crew to come on shore. They addressed themselves more particularly to Captain Riley. To inspire confidence, one of them went and fetched a skin of water, and made signs that it was full. All but the old man then went away, and he came into the sea as far as the armpits, making signs to come and drink. Tormented with thirst, and with the idea that there was no other mode of securing water, Captain Riley went on shore, took the skin, and handed it to his men. After that, the old man made a sign that he wished to come on board, while the captain awaited his return on the shore.

There appeared to be no other mode of saving their lives but by the aid of these savages, it therefore seemed best to try and conciliate them. The children, the young men, and the women, lifted up their eyes as if to make heaven a witness of their sincerity. On reaching the shore, the old man took Captain Riley by the hand, and cried, *Allah Akbar!* He was suffered to go to the vessel, and the captain remained with the Arabs. Their curiosity seemed to be unlimited, and they testified the strongest signs of amity.

When the old man came over the side, the captain called to his crew to keep him back until he himself was free. The noise of the sea prevented his being heard. The Arab examined the hold of the ship, asked if there were any tassetas on board, or money, or fire-arms, as well as he was understood; finding none, he

returned to the land. When he had got near the shore, the captain was on the point of rising to go to meet him. The two youths, who were on each side of him, held his arms that he should not stir. At the same moment the women and even the children turned their knives and lances against his face and breast, making the most ferocious grimaces; their appearance was beyond imagination horrible. The old man seized the captain by the hair and took up a scimitar. Captain Riley gave himself up for lost, and recommended his spirit to his Maker. His air of resignation, without showing fear, seemed to arrest them in their menaces. The old man having passed the scimitar lightly over the neck of his shirt, but not without cutting it slightly, let go his hair, and made signs that he should order all the money in the ship to be sent ashore. The seamen, who saw what took place from the ship, swore that they would come ashore to avenge the captain, armed in the best way they were able, if a hair of his head was touched.

When the old Arab had let go the captain, and they saw from the ship all was not as bad as they feared, one of them came along the hawser and asked what they were to do. Riley told him to bring ashore all the money they could find in the ship—the noise of the waves prevented their understanding, that he added they were not to let it go until he was at liberty. The money, a thousand piastres, was accordingly brought on shore in a bucket, which was made to slide along the hawser. It was taken by one of the young *men*. The old man all the while held the point of

his scimitar to the captain's breast. The money was brought to him and emptied in the corner of his garment. He made the captain rise and follow them, holding his arms, as far as two hills of sand, about a couple of hundred yards from the shore. They there kept him with all their weapons pointed towards him until they ascended the summit of the sands, and made him sit down among them. The old man divided the piastres into three lots. Each Arab then wrapped up his lot in some piece of the plundered clothes of the crew. While this was going on, they had let go one of the captain's arms, who, determining at all chances to escape, made a motion with that object at a time when all eyes seemed to be turned from him. In an instant one of the youths struck at him with a sabre. He eluded the blow by throwing himself with his belly on the ground. The youth was going to strike again, but the old man forbade him.

The money thus divided, they were proceeding inland with the captain, holding his arms, when the thought struck him to tempt their avarice again, and thus get once more to the sea-side. He told them by signs that the crew had still money left on board. They seemed pleased with the intelligence, and instantly reversed their route, after sending the money they had received into the interior by one of the young men. When about fifty fathoms from the shore, they made the captain sit down, and held his arms, commanding him by signs to order the money on

shore. He very well knew there was no more in the vessel, but thought that, if he could get Antonio, one of the company in the ship, on shore, he should be able to escape. He hailed the crew, and made signs for one of them to come to him, but they esteemed his situation so dangerous they had no inclination to venture. Matters remained in this state for an hour, he being constantly threatened with death. The Arabs made him call with all his strength until he became so hoarse, that those who were near him could scarcely hear his voice. At length one of the crew, in whom compassion had subdued fear, named Savage, came along the hawser, and was coming on shore, when they would have seized him, but the captain made him understand he must keep out of the reach of the Arabs. As he did not understand what was said, the Arabs, who supposed the order was to be given him for the piastres, made the captain approach nearer that he might understand; Savage then returned into the ship. Antonio the Spaniard then came from the vessel straight to the captain, who had by this time been withdrawn to a little distance from the sea. The Arabs, deceived in their desire to see the money forthcoming, began to rifle his garments, and struck him and tortured him that he might die slower. He demanded his life upon his knees without softening them. In the desire to mitigate their fury, the captain told him to make known to them by signs that he had buried piastres in the sand near where the tent had been. This

was the fact. When Antonio had given them to understand this, some of them went to the place which was designated, and began to search.

Captain Riley was left sitting between the old savage and the stoutest of the two younger. The spot where the others were searching was some little distance behind. The two guardians of the captain, hearing a noise among them, having loosened their hold of his arms, turned their heads to whence it proceeded. He watched the movement which their curiosity had caused, and springing on his legs in a moment, rushed to the shore, reached it in an instant, and, knowing he was pursued, at the critical moment flung himself with all his strength head foremost into the sea, remaining below as long as his breathing would allow him, and then raising his head, he saw the Arab about ten feet from him up to the chin in water. He flung his lance just as a wave was passing over the captain's head, which drove the Arabs back on the beach. After fresh efforts, the captain succeeded in reaching the vessel, and was speedily taken in, so exhausted as not to be able to observe what passed on shore. In the meanwhile, the Arabs who had pursued the captain stood like statues on the beach, until they saw that he had gained the vessel and was safe. They then ran to where poor Antonio the Spaniard was, and killed him with the blow of a lance, after which they plundered him of all the clothes he had upon him, and went away into the interior.

The captain and crew were much affected at the

end of the unfortunate *Amman*. The captain accused himself of being the cause of his murder, and it was not without a good many reasonings with himself, that he began to consider he was, after all, but the unintentional instrument of his fate. It was now time to form some resolution for their future conduct. The Arabs might again be expected in greater force, and there was no chance of escape from their hands with life. Still the wind blew fresh, and the waves broke over the ship with great violence; there was but little hope of getting out to sea in the long-boat, which leaked fast in every seam, so that there was the greatest chance of ultimately perishing in the attempt. The ship's sides were giving way, and the deck was breaking up, so that a moment's delay might be fatal to any step they should resolve upon. Captain Riley now got below, and found under water a cask of that necessary article with the bung fast. They contrived to pull up this, and fill out of it a small barrel which would contain sixteen quarts; they also put a second in the boat, out of which they drank, together with some pieces of salt pork, a live pig weighing about twenty pounds, about four pounds weight of figs, which had been injured by the sea, and four hundred useless piastres, which one of the men brought from the shore, when he had gone to bring back two broken oars.

Captain Riley now encouraged his men, and told them that heaven still watched over them. He prayed fervently to God for protection, and soon afterwards they all embarked during a temporary lull

of the sea. They rowed about a mile from the shore, fortunate in escaping beyond reach of the surf, and then they hoisted a sail. They were without a rudder, and the boat had lost her keel, but the wind was favourable, and they hoped by its aid to double Cape Bojador. They steered the boat with an oar; unfortunately they had no compass. The sun went down, and the night which followed was exceedingly dark; the wind rose, and it continued to be fresh until the next morning. In the night they were near being carried upon the rocks which line the coast. The weather was very hazy, and they were in consequence forced to keep further from the shore than they desired, and thus run the risk of missing any stream of fresh water from which they might renew their stock.

On the thirty-first of August the wind died away, but the atmosphere was still loaded with a cold humid fog. The pig being nearly dead for want of water, they killed it, preserving the blood, which they drank. They divided equally the liver and intestines, of which they ate a portion raw, to appease in some degree their terrible thirst, which had become the more insupportable, from their being obliged to work constantly at the oars. Night came and threatened a storm; the sea came in so fast, they were obliged to bale continually, and that night the boat was half full, so that they expected every wave would engulf them. The lightning, which was very vivid, flashing through the intense darkness of the night, increased the horrors of their situation. The boat creaked and seemed disjoining in all parts. The crew were so

fatigued that several of them ceased to labour any more, resigning themselves to their fate and recommending their souls to God.

All the next day the wind continued to blow a storm, and did not cease on the following night. Their labour fatigued them exceedingly, the water gained upon them, and their provisions rapidly diminished. They began to give up all hope of meeting a vessel at sea, or of being able to remain much longer in their present situation. Captain Riley represented to the crew that, by remaining at sea, they must infallibly perish, and, come what might, it would be as well to die on shore; that Providence, in its wisdom, might yet send them on the shore where they were cast away, because that might be a means by which they might be restored to their families. The company all applauding the captain's opinion, they changed their course.

At six o'clock in the evening of the sixth of September, they were still out of sight of land, and they could not hope to remain afloat another day. The crew gave themselves up to despair. Fortunately, on the morning of the seventh, land was seen at a great distance; but the sight reanimated their sinking spirits and worn out bodies. It appeared a perfect level, without the least trace of elevation; and Captain Riley thought, from its aspect, it must be the Great Desert, where death alone would be their lot. A rapid current, attended with a noise like that of the tide forcing itself through a narrow passage among rocks, carried them rapidly towards the coast. They

reached it about sunset, and discovered that it was formed of precipices which rose to a great height above the sea. No beach was seen, nor any path by which they might gain the brow of the heights. Riley thought it best to keep at sea, and drive along the coast until daylight came and disclosed some spot where they might disembark without the danger of being drowned in the surf which broke frightfully on the land. The others were for disembarking at all risks. They were then very near the shore, and seeing a small space, which looked like a sandy beach, they made for it at once. An enormous wave bore them on, and retiring, left them high and dry upon a little spot of sand, not much larger than the boat itself. On all sides pointed rocks arose, against which the sea broke with a horrible noise. They were grateful to heaven that they were preserved in a situation, in which nothing short of a miracle seemed to have saved them from death.

They got out of the boat, and carried, above the reach of the surf, the water and provisions which they had left. The boat was now staved completely. They knew not how they were situated. They could see over their heads enormous masses of rock, which also shut in the view on both sides. Want of exercise had made their limbs rigid, and their bodies were attenuated from lack of food. They were so fatigued, that they could hardly speak to be understood, and their mouths were parched up. From the position of the coast on which they were, Captain Riley thought they must be close to Cape Blanco.

He attempted with one of the people to climb on the rocks upon the western side, whence they might discover a path to the summit of the precipice, but in vain.

They returned to their comrades, it being already dark, and found them preparing their bed on the sand among the rocks. They thanked God for their preservation, and prayed for a continuance of his goodness to them. They then fell asleep, and enjoyed a profound slumber until day broke.

On the eighth of September, at daylight, being refreshed by their sleep, they consulted what was best to be done. They determined to leave behind everything which might embarrass their progress, and to endeavour to advance eastward, in the hope of finding some spot where they might dig for water, while they had strength left for that purpose, or else to gain the summit of the precipice above them, where they might find some herbs or plants, the juice of which might satiate the raging thirst which tormented them now more than ever, in consequence of their having eaten some mussels which they met with on the rocks, and which were excessively salt. They agreed to keep together, and to render each other all the service in their power. They then divided the water which they had left, each putting it into a bottle, and, taking their salt meat on their backs, they set out eastward. They buried their piastres in the sand, convinced that their money was one cause of the bad treatment they had already received. During *their* march they were forced to climb steep and pointed

rocks two and three hundred feet in height, and descend again to the very edge of the sea. Often they were obliged to wait until a wave retired, to pass from one to another. Frequently they were taken up to the neck in water, and obliged to cling to the rocks to prevent the waves from carrying them away. The force of the currents and the continued action of the sea upon this coast perpetually undermined it, and immense masses of rock, sand and gravel fell from above and covered the beach, leaving intervals between them, which Captain Riley and his men were obliged to cross. In one place they climbed a ridge of rock forty or fifty feet high, which was not more than eight inches broad. Yet higher, large blocks of stone hung loosely over their heads, detached from others still higher, which seemed ready to roll down and crush them to powder; a false step would have been fatal. Their shoes were rendered useless, and their feet were torn and bloody, while the sun's rays darted with intense heat upon their suffering bodies, so that they were scarcely able to sustain it. Not a breath of air stirred beneath these perpendicular cliffs to cool their burning blood.

Thus in laborious efforts to proceed, the day passed away, and night came upon them without bringing them relief. In spite of every effort, they could not gain, in the whole day, more than four miles of distance, and their strength was completely exhausted. They saw upon the rocks numerous dead insects, which they thought had been unable to gain the summit of the precipices, and had died of want. Hence they con-

cluded that they should find above them some sort of herb, at least, which would afford them nourishment sufficient to exist. They found themselves that night in a situation where they could rest better than they had done on that which preceded it. The place was about a hundred feet from the sea, and there they lay down after eating a morsel of salt pork, or rather greasing their mouths with it, and moistening their throats with their own water. After supplicating the Almighty to have pity on them in their misfortunes, they went to sleep. During the night, the temperature was so cold, that when they awoke, their limbs were stiff and dead with the chilliness and dampness of the atmosphere.

They set out on their march in the morning with renewed hopes, and in a little time discovered a sandy beach of considerable extent, from which, to the summit of the heights beyond, the path appeared easy. They hoped to be able to procure water at this place which might be drunk, by digging in the sand near the edge of the sea, and suffering it to filter into the hole, a measure they had recourse to with success in the little islands of the Bahama bank. When they got near the place, they were arrested in their progress by a ledge of rocks which they could not climb, being as lofty as the cliffs above them, and the extreme termination of which jutted out into the sea. The waves broke upon it with violence, and had undermined a portion of it in their attack of ages upon its base. Here then seemed to be a bar to their proceeding, which was insurmountable.

length Captain Riley discovered a rock which had been detached from the cliff above, and had fallen into the sea at a place about half way round the point, that was itself undermined and assailed furiously by every advancing wave, which it broke into volumes of foam. The piece of rock which had fallen from above was left dry when the waves retired, but when they advanced, it was covered with water. To this rock Captain Riley ran when the surf retired, climbing up and holding fast by it until the wave passed over his head, reached the cliff, and broke, when, having retired, he ran to another rock, and awaited upon it the recoil of the wave in the same manner: he thus reached at last a rock, which the waves did not cover, and then the beach. His companions, observing the mode which he adopted, on imitating his example, met with the same success, and at length they all gained the sandy beach, and dug, but in vain, in search of water. That which came into the pit they excavated was as salt as the sea itself.

Whilst his comrades tried an excavation in another spot, Captain Riley mounted the cliff towards the land, and succeeded in reaching it. What was his horror to find an immense plain of desert land, extending as far as the eye could command on every side! Not a tree or shrub broke the melancholy uniformity of the arid view; not an herb showed its leaf, nor a blade of grass waved in the hot breeze that swept the inhospitable and parched surface. The sight so overcame his feelings, that he fell to the ground devoid of sense or motion. When he came to

himself, he was some time before he could recover whereabouts he was. He felt a dreadful and burning thirst assail him, and he was obliged to have recourse to the revolting extremity already alluded to, to obtain a momentary cessation of his torment. Despair seized upon him, and he felt a temptation to fling himself into the sea as soon as he reached it, and thus terminate his horrible suffering; but then came to his mind his wife and children, to whom he was bound to return, if possible; the thought that he had escaped so many dangers already, and that he might escape the present; and finally, the knowledge that his comrades looked to him for an example of equanimity. He therefore descended to the beach to rejoin his men, and, finding a place on the shore favourable for a bath, he went in and remained for half an hour. This he found to refresh him very much, and almost to reanimate him. He joined his men in a livelier manner than they expected, and flung himself on the sand, being fatigued, whilst they laid themselves down around him, to know what he had made out from the top of the cliff. He at first evaded the communication of the bad intelligence to them, and advised them to bathe, as he had done, before he conducted them to the cliff. They thought they should be unable to climb it, for it looked exceedingly steep and rugged. They then lay down in the shadow of a rock, which kept off the burning rays of the sun. The air was so hot, it was difficult to breathe, yet they slept soundly for about two hours, during which a slight sea-breeze came on, which imparted a little strength to their enfeebled limbs, and

they prepared to scale the height by the aid of their hands and knees.

Although Captain Riley had prepared his companions for the dismal sight that was to meet their eyes, the lone perspective of the boundless and miserable desert was too much for them. They threw themselves on the ground. "This is enough," they cried, "here we must die! We have no hope to meet with water or provisions, or human beings, no not even wild beasts—for nothing can exist here!" Bitter tears ran over their burnt and care-worn cheeks, which, strange to say, some of them were detected unconsciously conveying to their mouths in the agony of thirst. Captain Riley exhorted them to proceed into the interior, saying that aid might yet be obtained; others seconded the advice, following on to the top of the cliff. The surface of the ground was hard as flint, composed of a mixture of sharp stones, gravel, and a reddish earth. They found a dry stem which somewhat resembled a parsnip, and before night saw some small holes which had evidently been excavated for the purpose of digging it up. At first they thought they might be the work of animals, but there was not the least trace of any to be seen, and it was much more likely they were formed by the hands of man, a hope that served to animate them to exert their efforts to the last.

By the aid of stones and bits of stick they got away the earth from around some small roots which tasted like celery, but they could not find enough to satisfy their appetites. About sunset they saw the footstep

of a camel, and fancied they also saw one of a man. They now began to feel that another day of thirst must terminate their sufferings, yet they saw no more chance of getting water on the morrow than at that moment. The despondency which was in their hearts was but too plainly painted in their faces. The sun had gone down, when they descried, about three miles off, what appeared a plain of sand. They went towards it as quick as they could, in the hope of sleeping upon the sand, the ground where they then stood being hard as rock. Clark, one of the men, all at once called out, "I think I see a light." It was, indeed, the light of a fire. The effect was electrical; hope seemed to revive in all their hearts. Captain Riley told them, in approaching the natives, to take the utmost precaution, and give them no alarm. They descended to a sandy spot, and fell asleep, all except the captain, who could not close his eyes between hope and fear.

On the nineteenth of September, at day-break, Captain Riley awoke his comrades. He told them there was no doubt the Arabs would make them prisoners, but he hoped they would spare their lives. He gave them the name of the Consul of the United States at Tangier, and advised them, if they ever had the power, to write to him an account of their situation, and to request him to inform the consuls and merchants of other nations of their situation. He exhorted them to be resigned, and to remember the interpositions of Providence which had already taken place in their behalf, since their shipwreck.

They now set out, and had scarcely got

little irregularities of the sand which were in front of them, when they saw a considerable train of camels, and a numerous body of men assembled in a sort of valley, formed by the sand-hills near the sea, and the cliffs on the other side. A steep path led to the summit of the eminences. The Arabs seemed to be occupied in giving water to their camels. When they espied Captain Riley and his men, two women and a man came with all speed towards them. The captain and two others advanced, and when they met them, threw themselves with their faces to the ground, and implored their compassion by signs. The man had a scimitar, and ran towards Captain Riley to cut him down, on which the captain prostrated himself anew. The man then proceeded to despoil him of his clothes, the women seizing the two others for the same purpose. A troop of Arabs, about forty in number, some on foot and some on camels, came up at a very quick rate, when those who had plundered the seamen threw sand in the air, and uttered loud cries, which were afterwards found to be a sign of hostilities. The Arab who had taken Captain Riley seized also the cook, named Richard, and having put all the clothes in a covering which he took off his own shoulders and placed the bundle on the back of the negro, made Captain Riley and the cook understand by signs that they belonged to him alone.

As soon as the other Arabs came up, those on the camels dismounted. They began to pull Captain Riley and the negro, first one and then another of

them, each saying he had the best right to them. They soon came to blows, their large scimitars flashed in the air, blood flowed, and horrible wounds were inflicted by these savages on each other. Captain Riley feared he should be cut to pieces among them.

When the dispute was over, the crew were divided among the troop, and the negro and Captain Riley were committed into the hands of two old women, who drove them with a stick towards the camels. Captain Riley showed them his dry and parched mouth. On arriving at a well, one of them called another female, who brought a large wooden bowl full of water. They made them go on their knees, and plunge their heads in the bowl as the camels do. Captain Riley drank nearly two pints of this water, which was as black and disgusting as bilge-water in a ship. They then emptied the bowl, and put into it a little sour camel's milk, which the captain thought delicious, and drank until his stomach was so full that a diarrhœa followed the indulgence, but it went away without leaving any ill effects.

On asking for something to eat, they could get nothing from the Arabs, who had no provisions for themselves; and they appeared sorry they had none to offer. Upwards of a hundred persons were round the well, men, women, and children, and not less than four hundred camels. The sun shot its burning rays upon the unfortunate Americans, so that their skin was brown as if it had been roasted. The Arabs drew the water for their camels which drank enormous quantities. About ten o'clock in the morning

the mate and five seamen were mounted upon camels stark naked, just behind the hump, by the hair of which they were obliged to hold fast. They bade adieu to each other in an affecting manner, and took leave of Captain Riley in the kindest way. The Arabs, so far from interrupting them in their leavetaking, showed that they felt moved by the manner in which they conducted themselves.

Three of the ship's company, the negro, and Captain Riley, remained with another troop of Arabs. After helping them to draw water for the camels, they filled a number of skins to go on the backs of the animals. Baskets were placed upon them for the women and children, and then they proceeded to mount up the ascent. Captain Riley and the seamen travelled on foot, being employed to drive on the camels. The sand beneath was fine, and at every step they sank up to the knees. Captain Riley was so fatigued he feared he should be unable to reach the top of the eminence, and sat down for a moment on the sand, on which his master applied the stick upon him so vigorously he was glad to proceed at any rate. When they got in view of the desert, they halted to refresh the camels.

They were much amazed with the trouble it cost the seamen to climb the eminence, and laughed as they beat them to make them go on. Their wives and children, who were on foot during the ascent, mounted it without the least difficulty, but the camels were covered with foam. The Arabs now made the Americans get on the camels. That on which

Captain Riley was mounted *had scarcely any* but skin on his bones; the *back, sharp and had* the blade of an ear, made him suffer dreadfully. The Arabs were very curious to know where Captain Riley had been shipwrecked, and he tried to satisfy them. The men instructed the women *in the route* they were to take, and they set off on full trot to westward. The women were on foot, and were gaged in making the camels travel as fast as possible. The movement of these animals, hard and irregular, rubbed the thighs of the sailors so much, they were soon smeared with blood, while the burning African sun covered their bodies with blisters. It seemed as if every shock of the animals would dislocate their limbs. Starved and thirsty, they saw night approach, but the women who drove the camels showed no intention of stopping. Captain Riley and his comrades begged them to be allowed to get off the camels, but they paid no attention to their request. The coldness of the night stanchd the blood which came from their wounds, but increased the pain of their blistered skins. At a moment when the camels were going very fast, the captain and his men let themselves slip off the animals at the risk of breaking their necks. The manœuvre did not excite any pity in the Arabs, who made the camels go faster than before, so that they were obliged, in order to keep up with the animals, to run over sharp stones which cut their feet and bathed them in blood. In this state Captain Riley's firmness left him, and he was on the point of ending his existence. The sufferings he

and his comrades endured made them utter piercing cries. The camels were stopped, fearing they might be lost in the darkness of the night; they were made to mount again, and the animals were urged forward with the utmost speed until midnight. They then halted in a hollow about twenty feet under the level of the desert, and were made to sleep naked in the open air on the hard ground during a chilly, humid wind from the sea. They now received from the woman about a pint of camel's milk each, fresh drawn from the animals, which was a cordial to them. They lay as close to each other as they could, but Captain Riley did not close his eyes.

About eleven o'clock the next day they received from their female guardians a little more milk, and set out again, when, after a considerable journey, they reached some tents in a valley, and found their masters there. Some dispute arose about them, and the negro and captain remained with their old masters, while the others were claimed by fresh owners. Some women, who came to see them out of curiosity, spat upon them in scorn. Upon arriving the next day in a small valley, the Arabs, on seeing the state of Captain Riley's skin, were touched with pity, and put up a tent for him to sleep under. Captain Riley found two of his comrades at this place, who had been separated just after they fell into the hands of the Arabs. About one hundred and fifty men were seen seated in conversation, apparently about the Americans. One of the old men addressed Captain Riley, as well as he could understand, by signs, about his country.

where he was shipwrecked, what the cargo was, and to what nation they belonged. Captain Riley replied, as well as he could, that they were English, indicating the position of the country. The Arabs paid great attention, and sometimes seemed to help the old man to comprehend what was said. The old man asked if Captain Riley knew anything of the Emperor of Morocco. He replied "Yes," and endeavoured to make them understand, that if they would conduct him thither, he would pay them a ransom for himself and companions. They shook their heads, and said they had nothing to sustain their camels on the road. No result beneficial to the seamen arose from this conversation.

Captain Riley, on the twelfth of September, having fallen into the hands of a new master, was sent to drive the camels. After proceeding about an hour, his feet became so cut by the sharp stones over which he passed, that he stooped from their tenderness until he was nearly double. Hamet, his first master, who was passing on a camel the same way, seeing him in such a plight, approached the other Arab, and took the covering from his shoulders and gave it him; then coming up to Captain Riley, made his camel kneel, placed a piece of skin behind the saddle, fastening it to the girths to prevent it sliding off, and then bade the captain mount. He continued his progress with four men well armed and mounted. The sun shot its burning rays upon the captain's bare head and naked body, so that it seemed as if his skull were bursting into a hundred pieces, so severe was the pain he sustained.

They stopped in a small valley where there were half a dozen tents pitched. The family of Hamet seemed overjoyed to see him. He desired Captain Riley to come towards the tent, but the women and children would not let him approach them. They struck at him with a stick, and threw stones towards him. Hamet gave him some milk and water in a bowl, which was a great relief. At night the negro arrived with the camels which he had been made to conduct. Another of the seamen, named Hogan, also came up. They were all three the property of Hamet. The cabin-boy had become the property of an old Arab with a very bad countenance. Hamet was of a whiter complexion than most of the Arabs are. He made his captives sleep on the ground without any shelter, but he brought them warm milk two or three times during the day. The next morning they set out on foot.

Captain Riley saw one of his comrades named Williams upon a camel. He was in a pitiable condition, said he felt he should die, and begged his remembrance might be carried to his wife and children. His master came up at the moment, and ordered the camel to move on. Riley bade him farewell; the sufferings of Williams were so great, that he almost forgot his own in viewing him. Riley had delayed about a quarter of an hour, and was obliged to run to overtake the camels. His master saw him, and made the camels halt until he came up, when he shook his stick over Riley's head as a threat in case he remained behind again. He then told his com-

rade and Riley to drive on the camels as fast they were able. In an hour he came up to R again, and made a sign for him to approach. was joined by an old man of tall stature, black negro, and of a most villanous countenance, accompanied by two youths, his sons, and others. A striking a hard bargain, the stranger purchased R and took him away. He was on foot, yet walked fast as the camels. He never ceased to urge R to follow quicker, which in his miserable state impossible. He then went behind him with a stick and struck him to make him go faster, but the terrible pain in which he was, prevented his increasing his pace. One of the youths, still more cruel than the father, made him carry his double barrelled musket, and the old man then ceased to beat him.

The desert appeared over its far spread extent the sea in a dead calm. Camels could be seen at the utmost distance, if above the horizon. At four o'clock they halted, and Riley resigned his musket and burthen he had been made to carry. His masters ordered him to lie down in the shade of their tent. He asked for water, but could not obtain any. The Arabs went to their prayers. Thinking to move the hearts of the women, Riley explained to them that he was dying of thirst. They spat at him and drove him away from the tent, and he was obliged to remain in the burning sun until noon came on. The male Arabs who had been absent came back at sunset and said their prayers, in which the women and children took no part. One of

seamen, named Clark, arrived with some camels. He was in a deplorable state, and said he drew near his last hour. Humid cold succeeded the heat of the day. Riley begged the Arab to let them sleep under a corner of the tent, to which he seemed to give his consent, but the women prevented it. When the camels were milked, about a bottle of excellent milk was given to Riley and his comrade, and when the women were asleep, one of the youths, called Omar, told them to come, without making a noise, under a corner of the tent, where they slept soundly until morning. The women, when they awoke, were going to drive them out, but the old Arab forbade them. They remained all that day at rest, and were permitted to remain under a corner of the tent. A piece of skin was thrown to them for a coverlid, and water and milk were given to them. This rest, and two nights of sleep, recruited them a little. The negro insulted them, and wanted to make them leave their shelter, but the old Arab chid him.

The next three days they travelled south-east, about thirty miles a day, evidently in search of something to nourish their camels. The valleys or hollows became fewer and less deep. Dry thorny bushes alone were met with, on which the camels could not browse but with difficulty, though they bit off branches as large as a man's thumb. Their milk diminished, so that the allowance to each person was shortened. The water, too, was nearly finished. These Arabs possessed four mares, which were thin as skeletons, and obtained nothing but milk and water. Riley

and his comrade were become so weak could hardly keep their legs. As they went to sleep under the tent, and, under it after it was pitched, which was done about two o'clock in the day, they had else to do but to collect what they could at nightfall. The Arabs were as near their slaves. They searched under every hope of finding some plant which could be eaten. One kind which they devoured was exactly like another resembled a tasteless onion, but was extremely rare. The Arabs now made a retrograde march towards the sea. In the valley they found some bushes about which Riley met with some snails, most of which were dead. Those which were alive he collected, inviting his comrade to partake. They had no resource, as, except a small measure of water, had received nothing for twenty-four hours. On the twenty-first they quickened their pace, but became more and more shrivelled up. They lost five others of the crew that day, and were worse off than themselves. They were driven by camel-drivers, and paid with blows. The comrade were left in idleness by their

and arms to search for plunder. The strangers appeared to be merchants trading, and held a conversation with the women respecting their goods. One of the women, in whom Riley had never seen any sentiment of pity, now came to him, and told him that Sidi Hamet was arrived with goods from Morocco, and if he chose, could buy him, and give him an opportunity of seeing his wife and children again.

Riley took an opportunity of going to the tent of Sidi Hamet to beg some water, showing him his parched mouth. Sidi asked if he was the Reis or Captain, and he made a sign in the affirmative; when, though his brother Arab refused to give Riley the water, Sidi took the vessel, and pouring out about a bottle, said, "Tcheroub Reis!" (Drink, Captain). Riley drank about half, and begging the blessing of Heaven upon Sidi Hamet, was retiring to his tent to take the rest to his comrade Clark, who lay nearly expiring for thirst, when Sidi Hamet wanted him to drink it, but pointing to his comrade, the compassionate Arab suffered him to take it.

At the return of the Arabs, about two hundred in number, they held consultations. The crowd of company in the tent forced Riley and his companion to sleep in the open air. The old Arab brought them about a pint of milk each, the first food he had given them for three days. They concluded from this he was unwilling they should die, as he had an opportunity of disposing of them. The next morning Sidi Hamet desired Riley to sit by him on the ground.

The latter had picked up a few Arabic words, and generally guessed the purport of the conversation. He asked his country, to which Riley replied English, and that he and his companions wished to return home. Sidi was touched with compassion. Riley begged him to purchase himself and companions and take them to Marocco, where he had a relation who would pay a good ransom for them. He said he could not do that, but could bring them to Souarah, a walled town and sea-port. He asked some questions about the Sultan of Marocco, and asked how much money Riley would give to be conducted out of the desert. The latter immediately counted down fifty small stones, indicating as many piastres for each of his crew. He then asked how much should be given for himself above the fifty piastres. Riley replied a hundred would be paid by his friend at Souarah. Sidi Hamet then said he would buy Riley, but if he was deceived, he would cut the captain's throat. Riley in vain tried to persuade him to buy one of the crew named Horace, who had been very ill-treated. He objected on account of the difficulty of conducting so many across the desert. Sidi desired the utmost secrecy as to the negotiation.

Riley now visited three of his comrades, all of whom were in the troop. They appeared in a most deplorable condition. He gave them hopes that the excellent man would buy them all, and Sidi Hamet put many questions regarding them to Riley, who did all he could to interest him in their favour. On the twenty-fourth, the tribe began to move to the

north-west, and the two merchants moved with them. The next day Sidi Hamet gave the old Arab two woollen blankets, a piece of blue cotton, and some ostrich feathers, as the price of Riley. The cabin-boy, named Horace, was bought on the supposition of his being Riley's son; and the three men, named Savage, Clark, and Hogan, were, after much difficulty, purchased by Sidi Hamet. A camel was killed that night by Sidi Hamet for food; it was a mere skeleton, and the other Arabs stole the greater part of the flesh. What little remained on the bones was cut off the next morning and hung up to dry. About mid-day, Horace, the cabin-boy, was brought to Riley nearly dead of hunger and thirst. "Reis," said Sidi Hamet, "behold your son!" A little water, found in the stomach of the dead camel, was given to him, which he declared delicious. Soon after Burns, another of the sailors, made his appearance, and Sidi Hamet purchased him also. In the meanwhile the Arabs so besieged the carcass of the dead camel, that at night not fifteen pounds of meat were left. The bargain had been concluded for the purchase of the seaman Hogan, but his owner made a fresh demand of another blanket, alleging he was more robust than the others. Sidi would not be thus imposed upon, besides he had not a blanket left, and the poor fellow was driven away by his master with blows of a cudgel. His body was frightfully attenuated and covered with sores.

Preparations were made the next day for setting out. A pair of sandals was made for Captain Riley

and each of his men, and a small knife being suspended round the captain's neck as a mark of distinction, he had the camels, baggage, and slaves entrusted to his charge. Some of the crew did not believe the Arab would conduct them to Souarah. Sidi said, on the other hand, that he had expended all he possessed, and that if Captain Riley had not told him the truth, he should be a ruined man. He said his own brother was a bad man, having at first done all he could to hinder the purchase, and then having consented to take a share in the speculation.

On the twenty-eighth, at day-break, they departed to water at the spot where they were first seen. The camels had been then eighteen days without water, and the well was two days' journey distant. Just as they were about to depart, Robins, another sailor, made his appearance with his master. Sidi had no means to purchase him, but Riley told him that, on recovering his liberty, he would take means to purchase him and the others who remained behind, and begged him to assure the others that remained of the same thing. The crew had consisted of ten persons besides Riley and Antonio, who was killed, namely, Williams and Savage, first and second mates; Porter, Robins, Burns, Clark, Barret, and Hogan, seamen; Horace Savage, cabin-boy; and the negro Richard, cook. Of these, Savage, Burns, Horace, Clark and the captain were purchased by Sidi, and set out for Souarah, leaving five whites and the negro behind them. Sidi and his brother were mounted on two old camels. Sidi placed Savage,

Burns, and Horace, upon another large one; Riley and Clark upon another. They were joined by a young Arab who had been the master of Savage, and all proceeded on at a heavy trot. They stopped in a hollow, where Sidi gave Riley a piece of cloth to cover him, which he declared he had stolen, and that he could not raise another piece for Horace, on which Riley kissed his hand as an acknowledgment. Savage and Horace had a piece of goat skin each added to what they had remaining of covering; Burns had a miserable jacket, and Clark a piece of old cloth, so that they were well clothed to what they had been.

After two days of fatiguing travel they arrived on the edge of a deep gulley, which appeared to have been once the bed of a river, or perhaps an arm of the sea. It was at least five hundred feet deep. After long search, a place was found where the camels could descend. All dismounted, when they had got down the worst part of the declivity, two of the Arabs being in front to find water with musket in hand. Sidi Hamet kept Captain Riley by his side, and the camels were led in a string behind. All were equally sufferers, having had nothing to drink from the evening before. Sidi Hamet again alluded to the ransom and to Riley's promises. Having searched for nearly an hour, he made a sign for Riley to mount where he was, near the foot of a precipice almost perpendicular. On reaching him and not seeing the water, Riley began to weep bitterly, thinking they were all about to perish of thirst. He pointed to a cleft in the rock below them, and there was the water.

but the cleft was too precipitous to enter; at fifty feet further on, however, there was easy access to it. Riley drank abundantly, and found it excellent; the others followed his example. A great bowl was then filled and passed upwards to those above, and a goatskin was filled for the large camel, which it emptied fifteen times, taking down at least two hundred and forty bottles. Sidi Hamet said the animal had not drunk for twenty days. The others drank nothing near the quantity in proportion to their size. Two skins of the water were filled and carried away, and they continued their journey eastward. In many places they found the ground encrusted with salt in this dark hollow, which was, if possible, more dreary than the desert. They mounted with great difficulty to the desert again, on account of the camels, that ascended with great hazard. On arriving at the summit they were tormented with hunger, being reduced to an ounce of dried camel's flesh a head.

On the thirtieth of September, they proceeded rapidly, and not long after a camel was seen at a vast distance, a mere speck in the horizon, and about sunset they came up with a troop, who invited Sidi Hamet and the rest to their encampment. These Arabs had some of the clothes which had been lost in Riley's vessel when they were cast away. After being very civilly treated by these Arabs, they set out again, taking a kind leave of the hospitable tribe. On the fourth of October, the surface of the desert became more sandy and appeared moveable; it was heated by the sun to a burning temperature. From

some places hills of sand were seen at a distance. The wind oftentimes whirled the sand in their faces; even the camels were distressed by it, and sunk into it so deeply as to make the journey fatiguing to them. On the sixth they saw the sea. Seid and Abdallah stole two camels, and robbed the owner, whom they found asleep on the sand. They turned the camels loose again, taking from them a sack of corn. The owner of the camels came up, and charged them with robbing him, when they restored him his goods.

In this manner they continued their route day by day, sometimes nearly famished and at others scantily supplied. On the fourteenth, they reached the coast, which was bordered by a perpendicular cliff from two to three hundred feet high. They also met with a woman who spoke a little Spanish, and was very kind to them. In one place Savage was near being sacrificed to the ferocity of the Arabs, but was preserved by Sidi Hamet. The country began to improve. Troops of camels were frequently seen and arms of superior workmanship. At one place Captain Riley was questioned by an Arab who understood a little Spanish, and discovered that Souarah was the city Europeans call Mogador. On the twenty-first they traversed a number of défiles, and on the twenty-second were regaled with some excellent fish. The next day they fell in with an excellent reservoir built by a charitable man and admirably adapted to its purpose. They reached a pleasant valley on the twenty-second, and remarked that, in the desert, they had seen no instance of sickness among the Arabs,

but the moment they entered the cultivated land they had applications to use their skill to cure those who were diseased, being, as all Europeans are, taken for physicians. At a vast distance an elevated spot was seen above the ocean as they travelled over the summit of a hill. It looked like an island. Sidi Hamet said it was Souarah, and that it was ten days' journey.

On the twenty-third, the Arab Seid became quarrelsome, assaulted Horace the cabin-boy, and threatened to kill him, and Sidi had difficulty to appease him. They were hospitably treated by an old Arab, for the first time, with more than they could eat. Sidi Hamet took with him a strong young man named Ben Mahommed, as he feared to proceed alone with his brother. Another Arab, named Sidi Mahommed, also joined them. Sidi Hamet, after the repast, announced that he should set out for Souarah the next day with Sidi Mahommed, and requested a letter to Captain Riley's friend, saying, he hoped he was not deceived; if he were, Riley should die, and his comrades be sold. Seid and Ben Mahommed were to remain to take care of them during Sidi Hamet's absence. Captain Riley knew no one at Mogador, but ventured a letter, detailing his miserable situation. He addressed it "To the English, French, Spanish or American consuls, or to any Christian merchants at Mogador or Souarah." Sidi Hamet then departed.

They remained seven days, treated in a horrible manner lest they should escape. Sidi Mahommed returned on the eighth day. Captain Riley was

uneasy at what might be the result of his journey. He entered with a Moor, who inquired in English how the captain did. Hope and fear assailed him and his companions by turns. The Moor asked the captain if he spoke Spanish, who replying in the affirmative, he said, "I am come from Mogador; an Englishman has read your letter, the best of men; he has paid your ransom to Sidi Hamet, and made me set off without taking leave of my wife and family. I have travelled day and night to come to you." The Moor handed Captain Riley a letter, which both the captain and mate were too much overcome to read for some time. It was from Mr. Willshire, the English Consul, saying he had sent to Captain Riley, by Reis-el-Cossim, who would receive the captain's orders, and that he had agreed to pay Sidi Hamet nine hundred and twenty-five piastres upon the arrival of the captain and his comrades at Mogador. Mr. Willshire had retained Sidi Hamet as a hostage until their arrival. He recommended them to travel by easy journeys, so as not to fatigue themselves, and had sent provisions and garments for them. Tears of joy ran down the poor captives' faces at this intelligence. They saw their sufferings near a close, and were grateful to God for it.

The next morning they set out with Seid, the brother of Sidi Hamet, the Moor, Ben Mahommed, Sidi Mahommed, and Sheik Ali, an Arab of note with whom they had recently made an acquaintance. All were armed. Sheik Ali was the head of a powerful tribe, and could command ten thousand men

when he pleased. He had married the daughter of Sidi Hamet. He said he could not conjecture at first why he travelled in company with the English. He suspected him of no good design on seeing it. They slept at a town called Schlema, the first night, and the next day saw Mount Atlas on their right. The wind blowing from the snowy summits made them quake with the cold. Sheik Ali wished Captain Riley to remain with him, and offered him his daughter in marriage. At a town called Stouka they were delayed at the gates, and suffered much from the cold wind. Reis-el-Cossim at length told them, that Muley Hassan, the friend of Sheik Ali, at his instigation, had determined to keep them there until fifteen hundred piastres should be paid down for their ransom. Reis-el-Cossim was on the point of returning to Mr. Willshire with the news, when Sidi Mahommed came up and said, that Muley Hassan and Sheik Ali would not suffer him to go, fearing he might cause a war with the Sultan. Sidi Mahommed, seeing Riley cast down, said, "I will go to Souarah, and take a letter from the Reis-el-Cossim and Riley to Mr. Willshire. I will remain with him as an hostage. I have two wives and seven children, houses, land, and beasts; I shall be a more valuable hostage than Sidi Hamet. He who is your friend will come and free you himself. God is merciful! I will get you to your family." Captain Riley kissed the hand of Sidi, called him his father, and hoped God would recompense him. Reis-el-Cossim ran to find the Reis Muley Hassan. The

Reis and Sheik Ali each asserted their right to the Americans. The Reis then interrogated Sidi Mahommed and Ben Mahommed, who gave testimony in favour of Reis-el-Cossim. The Reis then said that Sidi Hamet should return to decide the point and face his antagonist, and that, till he came, Captain Riley and his companions should be kept in the town with Reis-el-Cossim. They were then conducted to a house next to that of Muley. A mat was spread for the Arabs, and Captain Riley with his men were placed in a corner among the baggage. Armed men were planted at the doors of the house and the gates of the town.

Burns and Clark were very much cast down, and so feeble, that they cried like children. It was impossible they could have travelled further that day, and a little repose was necessary for them, though they would not see the delay in that point of view. On the second of November, paper was brought, and Captain Riley wrote to Mr. Willshire the exact state of things. A letter was also written by a scribe from the Reis. Seid, Sidi Mahommed, and Ben Mahommed set off with them, promising to return in four days. Sheik Ali also went away, saying, in four days he would return. Reis-el-Cossim assured Captain Riley and his men their detention would not be long. He added, that he had gained the good-will of the chief Muley Hassan, who ruled there. He consoled them with arguments and eloquence which astonished them, and made them view him with respect. He so conciliated Muley Hassan

towards them, that he sent them eggs and pull and wood to cook them, together with pot-herb. From these they made soup, which was of great service to their enfeebled stomachs. Muley and Reis would taste the dish, and were much pleased with it. Muley Hassan made Captain Riley part of his repast; inquired about his family, and rendered him all the service in his power. The second day an old man arrived to whom Reis-el-Cossim had written. He brought money to pay what had been had up on the credit of Sheik Ali, and two baskets of provisions. Reis-el-Cossim had so won over Muley Hassan, that he would not suffer payment to be made on behalf of the captives, and gave his word he would protect them. He even offered to escort them with guards to the frontier of the Emperor of Morocco. Reis expressed himself satisfied with the promise. On the following day, he went to a fair at Stouka, and afterwards to a Hadji, who had made pilgrimage to Mecca. Every one regarded him as sacred. Reis bought an ox, and sent this half, and the other half to Muley Hassan. In the evening, the Hadji called upon Reis, and offered his services. Reis begged him to force Sheik Ali, who was so powerful a man, to suffer them to travel quietly to Santa Cruz. The Hadji promised him. On the third of November, Sheik Ali returned alive. The Hadji counselled him to conduct Captain Riley and his friends to Santa Cruz without loss of time. As another Sheik, whom he well knew, would save them. After this, Sheik Ali sought Muley Hassan.

and tried to get his consent to carry off his captives at night, which the Moor refused. Seeing himself foiled, he sought out the Reis, and offered to conduct the captives to Santa Cruz, and on their visit to Sidi Hamet arrange the affair amicably. Reis was not to be outdone; he consented to go if Muley Hassan would procure an escort, which he agreed to do; and he actually sent two hundred horsemen to protect them to Santa Cruz from any surprise on the part of Sheik Ali.

They left Stouka on camels, and passed a tolerably good country; reaching Santa Cruz or Agadir before sunset. Reis did not wish to enter until it was night, for fear of insult, and they stopped about a mile from the town, which they entered before it was quite dark, and found the streets filled with Moors of all ages, who grossly insulted them. Some old men, however, were more polite, and addressed them in a language half English and half Spanish.

After supper, Reis recommended Captain Riley to be vigilant, as he suspected fresh treachery on the part of Sheik Ali. He went away, and soon learned that the chief was intriguing with the governor. He recommended Captain Riley to rise, and that they should all set out to get four leagues from the town, where they would be safe. They marched as quickly as possible, and had made about three leagues when they heard the feet of horses approaching through the obscurity of the night, and were fortunate enough to find it was Sidi Hamet, and his friends, with four Moors, sent by Mr. Willshire to pay the money and

receive the captives, bringing mules for the purpose. The money was counted out by the chief Moor to Sidi Hamet, and the captives being given into his hands by Sidi, they joyfully proceeded to Mogador with three of the Moors. They were rejoined the next morning by Reis-el-Cossim, Sidi Hamet, Seir' and Sidi Mahommed, the chief Moor who had gone to Santa Cruz; Muley Hassan's escort and Sheik Ali returned home. The Sheik was furious at being outwitted. The next day they came in sight of Mogador. What their feelings were at seeing a vessel lying in the port, with the English flag flying, may be easily imagined. Captain Riley's emotions were almost too much for his strength. They passed the palace about two miles from Mogador, and thought the scene around them was enchanted. Mr. Willshire welcomed them with the American colours, and came out on horseback to meet them. His kindness to them they acknowledged with tears of gratitude.

Captain Riley found a letter from Gibraltar, announcing the payment of the ransom money, which Mr. Willshire had advanced on their behalf. The captain and his men left Mogador on the fourth of January, and reached Tangier on the nineteenth. On the twentieth of March he arrived at New York. Of his four companions, two took a passage in the same ship, and two arrived soon afterwards. The rest of the crew, except two who died in the desert, were ransomed by Mr. Willshire.







